

COLLECTED  
SHORTER POEMS

W. KING BAKER



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COLLECTED SHORTER POEMS

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# COLLECTED SHORTER POEMS

BY  
W. <sup>William</sup>KING BAKER



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I  
OF THE WOODLANDS



## INVOCATION

Seed thoughts sown for centuries,  
Germs of hidden truth,  
Words to wing their way ; may these  
Lodge in heart of youth !

New birth life, that in the spring  
Uplift gives earth's soil,  
Greenness, fragrance offering;  
Blooming as men toil.

Truth imperishable shall tell  
Races that shall be  
Progress, though dark days befell,  
War's adversity :

That men shall a manhood know  
That will not kill its kind ;  
Choosing reason, will forego  
Force, for God-like mind.

Strains of far-off melodies  
Ears attuned shall hear  
Tell a happy day that lies  
Beyond realms of fear :

Until purpose and the plan  
Seen in Maker's mind  
Be accomplished, the earth span,  
God live in mankind.

Seed thoughts, seed words, herein sown,  
Send through centuries  
Inspirations, promptings known,  
Light the poet sees.

## MELODY

Hark ! awakenings ! through the forest  
Sounds float softly from the distance,  
Indistinctly rising, falling,  
Muffled and mysterious music.

What can breathe such soothing murmurs ?  
What can wake such soft low laughter ?  
Make such pleading plaintive mingling  
Of past, present, and hereafter ?

Unlike bird songs, unlike wailings  
Of the windstorm through the branches,  
Unlike subtle cooing spring dove,  
Soft as woman's sweet caressing,

Spring time rhapsody of winter  
Gentle, swift and rippling laughter,  
Over leaves and sticks and pebbles  
Music of the running water !

Running water ! running water !  
Soothing, softest, merriest music,  
Ye were made from melted snow storms,  
To gentlest, sweetest melodies.

In the woodlands, late snow whitened,  
Ye were wakened into being ;  
Ye reverse the course of nature,  
Hoary age changed into childhood.

Tenderest tones of the Creator  
Speak in infant's playful prattle,  
Catching from your merry gurgling  
Heart calls that bring heaven nearer.

Helpless, yielding, heart-strings drawing,  
By their very sense of softness,  
Babes within home's sheltered circle  
Likeness bear your wondrous power.



Ye are types of that pure river,  
Water of life, forever flowing  
Wheresoe'er death, sin or coldness  
Melt beneath warm Love's atoning.

Flow forever, running waters,  
Through the early dawn and sunset,  
Through the silent midnight watches,  
Till a new world ye awaken.

## THE MAPLEWOOD

The mandrake is in the maplewood  
With broad green leaves and fruit of gold,  
And a blackbird sings near where we stood :  
Did it hear me as love's tale I told,  
When Bessie's eyes grew warm, grew cold  
Upon the hill in the maplewood ?

The spring had passed, snow from the road,  
The clear sap springing the farmer caught ;  
Into sweetest syrup and sugar wrought  
The juice from the trees of the maplewood :  
But Bessie's lips seemed sweeter still  
In the sugar-bush upon the hill.

Bessie has gone from the maplewood,  
My boyhood friend out of my life,  
Gone, for she could not be my wife,  
Beautiful Bessie of maplewood :  
Was the blackbird's song misunderstood  
That sweet spring day in the maplewood ?

I am glad that she married, I wished her good,  
Her brown eyes have a softer hue,  
Tom made her happier than I could,  
He suited her better ; and I knew  
To the man she loved she would be true,  
Beautiful Bessie of the maplewood.

Has she forgotten the tale I told  
Upon the hill in the maplewood ?  
Forgotten our joy as there we stood  
That bright spring-time in the days of old ?  
Youth's thrill she wakened in fresh boyhood  
Made dear for ever that maplewood.

### TRACERY

Towers, cantilevers, crucifix,  
Frost wrought on the windowpane,  
More than magical the art  
That can trace each feathery line !

When and how is it ye came,  
Creations of a single night ?  
Who first fashioned this design  
Glorious in the morning light ?

Pigmy workmen could not pile  
Such airy castles, turrets, spires ;  
Fairies could not raise in air  
With unflecked light such draperies.

Ye had your birth above the skies  
Conceived for beauty and for grace ;  
Thoughts of God and harmonies  
But angel fingers thus could trace.

And ye claimed admiring love  
As through the breakfast hour we saw  
Your frail forms fading as they came  
Obedient unto Heaven's law.

Ye have vanished from our sight !  
And we question why ye came,  
Creations of a single night,  
Ye have not left the world the same.

It is more wonderful and fair  
Since ye were drawn upon the pane :  
And through all coming days of frost  
In memory ye will rise again.

## MOONLIGHT

Entrancing, glorious, golden moonbeams,  
Ministering o'er all the earth  
Calmness, stillness, restfulness,  
Yearning over love's slow birth,

Ye have never sought your own,  
Content to radiate the light,  
Received from his strong fiery heat  
Whose day-beams even dazzle sight :

To shine on when his race is run,  
Whose fading glories tinge the sky,  
To sail full-orbed, or crescent grown,  
As once each month ye seem to die.

Silvery moonbeams on the waters,  
When ye reach the forest's shade  
Ye are changed to deeper golden  
Beams that penetrate each glade.

Thro' your wondrous rich effulgence,  
When your light has clothed the leaves  
Of the brown old beechen forest,  
And a mystic pattern weaves ;

Or when through the forest archways,  
By o'erhanging tree-tops made,  
Flooding light pervades the stillness  
Penetrating depths of shade,

## OF THE WOODLANDS

There arise strong, deep emotions  
Flooding, thrilling hidden life  
Of the soul and mind and body,  
Hushing all tumultuous strife.

With a vast new ecstasy,  
Scarcely dreamed of in the past,  
And a secret holy longing  
Lives to hold the vision fast.

## THE LAST LEAF

O last maple leaf,  
Of a summer too brief,  
Too glorious in beauty to fall,  
Who will dare rapture  
Of your happy capture,  
You, crowning glory of all ?

So many flown forth  
Since springtime of birth,  
Are scattered to-day to the winds,  
Yet, as hard maple stands  
Esteemed in all lands,  
All hold the home-tie that binds.

You, loyal last leaf,  
Let no daring thief  
Steal you ; abiding God's time ;  
Should you choose to go  
To the land of long snow,  
Hold high in honour its clime.

Then let it be true  
That to God you renew  
Dedication unto highest worth :  
If joined life yours be,  
Let all therein see  
Truth, love and beauty shine forth.

## WHITENESS

Stillness ! Solitude !  
Gentle falling of first snow !  
After weary months of rains  
Frozen ground and icy streams,  
White flakes vanishing below !

Hoary forest solitude !  
Hollows echoing every sound,  
Multiplying each far call,  
While the tiny cold flakes fall  
O'er the leaf-clad ground.

Transformation, glorious !  
All the brown leaves snowy white,  
On each limb and branch a crown,  
Wondrous ! spotless feathery down  
Whitens tree trunks, gaunt, upright.

Wonder ! Mystery ! Marooned  
Far from all the outer world,  
How can words soul depths unfold ?  
Hot thoughts within, without the cold,  
All life that's gone again unfurled !

O belated falling shroud,  
All the forest pathways show,  
Gleaming white, as death's surprise  
Transforms our strongest in our eyes,  
Though love still holds our hopes laid low.

Life to be, a vision flashed  
More swift than thought's intelligence,  
Eager, grasping the unseen,  
A grail, a glory, more than sheen,  
Leading souls past all pretence !

## OF THE WOODLANDS

Supreme, Immaculate, Divine,  
Permitter of all states that come  
To men or nations, glory, shame,  
Lead rent worlds to own Thy name,  
And chastened, live for Thee alone.

## TREES

Dim in the near distance,  
O fog-enrobed trees,  
A mystic impression  
Your mistiness leaves,  
Your distant ones vanish,  
Mists enshrouding these.

Thus life in its ageing,  
Uncertain and dim,  
Swiftly loses firm grip—  
Strength full to the brim—  
Yet new life grows clearer  
Christ promised with Him.

## THE BEECH LOG AND THE OAK

Growth of centuries, ages old,  
And yet beside this knarlèd oak  
Of crooked knees and rigid beams  
Almost a modern on this wold,

Smooth, as Jacob's youthful face,  
Long limbed as his soft-fingered hands,  
Usurping still o'er mother earth  
With your sharp nuts the acorn's place,

Three-sided you were from your birth,  
As he to mother, father, God ;  
Strength you sought beneath the sod  
To win and hold your plot of earth.

And great you grew and cast out all  
That place e'er sought beneath your shade,  
Green moss alone soft velvet made \*  
Where your brown leaves a carpet fall.

But late the winds of heaven blew,  
Crashing limbs and scattering leaves,  
Shuddering, loosened soil upheaves,  
Prostrate laid your great trunk low.

Then a mocking 'midst the trees,  
Swaying birch and creeping vine  
Whispering to the dark-plumed pine  
Calling, answering, plaints like these :

'Beech log, beech log !  
From an ancient forest realm,  
Oak log, oak log !  
From a knarled hoary stem  
How you mingle now your flame  
Long imprisoned bright beech glow,  
Burning oak, like lion's mane,  
Tawny gold blaze scattering now.

'All your hoary strength has vanished,  
We envied you once at our side,  
We are left and you have fallen  
Where is now your vaunting pride ?  
You are burning in the fire,  
The woodman's meal your limbs now warm,  
We are swaying round your pyre,  
The winds have left us without harm.'

Then the beech log answer made :  
'My limbs I ever gladly gave,  
My great bole too I would not save,  
To help my nation I have prayed :

\* Scarcely anything will grow beneath a beech tree.



My wood is fashioned everywhere,  
The cotter's chair was from me wrought,  
And if for higher honour sought  
Through sacrifice, should I not share ?'

Answering spake the burning oak :—  
' I through age-long centuries grew  
To strengthen and all life renew  
And break in twain the tyrant's yoke.

All ancient builders wrought with me  
For humble cot or manor hall,  
I freely gave my beams for all,  
And stout knees for the ships at sea.

I burn beside this old beech tree,  
High honour we have ever known  
Might come to us when perfect grown  
For the transfigured life to be.'

Hushed at first that forest side,  
Swaying birch and creeping vine,  
Hushed the murmuring dark-plumed pine,  
Then the whole wide woodland cried :—|

' Yours the supreme sacrifice  
As to flame yourselves you give,  
Dying that elsewhere may live  
The fresh life yours shall fertilize :

Purer and more beauteous forms,  
Gracious, wondrous perfect plan,  
Freeing, blessing God-formed man,  
The Christ Way, which the world transforms.'



## MIRIAM

Maple leaves are curling, falling,  
Wild geese from on high are calling,  
    Calling, calling,  
Harrow-shaped they southward fly,  
Arresting with their piercing cry :  
Miriam, what has made you sigh ?  
I heard you moan as I passed by.

I loved the nightingale of springtime,  
The cuckoo, with its clock-like chime,  
    In my home across the sea ;  
Here I miss them and I moan  
I am so sad, I am alone,  
In this wide land I seem alone,  
This is why I cry and moan.

Miriam, may I comfort be ?  
Look ! The flaming maple tree  
    Shedding, spreading  
Carpet for you, red and gold,  
Crimson, scarlet, manifold  
Yellows, greens, cannot be told  
Its glories, if you will behold.

I see, but ours were russet brown,  
Modest ? yes, and tumbling down  
    Richest beds of russet brown ;  
And they stay the winter through,  
While the snow will hide from you  
All these colours from your view,  
Should I not to my home be true ?

Miriam, Miriam, put away  
Sorrow from you, some fine day  
    Shall I take—may I make  
Offer to be all your own—  
Take you where sweet violets grown  
In your homeland, grow unsown ;  
Then build you here a home your own ?

Glorious coloured maple leaf,  
Curling, falling, life is brief,  
    Yes, you may ;  
You flame your glorious life away  
Falling, calling some fine day,  
Curling, falling, yes you may,  
I'm yours forever, I'm yours alway.

### THE FALLS OF LODORE

Shafts of sunshine, light of heaven  
Through the dark defile of rock  
Gleaming, glancing, fitful, broken,  
Like a coy young maiden's smile,

Winning, wayward, conquering, yielding,  
Human source of heart's delight,  
Like this stream, turned into torrent,  
Loath to leave its sunlit sky.

Hark ! its water gurgling, rushing,  
Headlong plunging, leaping, dashing !  
Then at each new level resting  
Ere it leaps again, and downward,  
Breaks in countless crystals falling.

It has come from heights above us,  
Made those mists that veil the sunshine  
Like the tears that dim youth's dayspring,  
Seen a moment ere they vanish.

Now it gathers greater volume,  
Meets the mighty boulders, standing  
In its pathway, or protruding  
Where the rock sides sheer uprising

Make the mind stand still in wonder,  
As they make these pause in rushing,  
Twist, and turn, and tumble onward,  
Till they reach the lake's calm bosom.

\*

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\*

'Tis our life, O God, our Father,  
Given from Thy glorious heavens,  
Flowing softly in the homestreams,  
By the father's hand provided,  
By the mother's care attended.

Soft and green the banks about us,  
Ere we leave their tender teaching,  
Hear their words, but all their meaning  
Scarcely yet have comprehended.

Then the trees seem bending o'er us,  
As we leave the sheltered doorway,  
Brightly as the world allurements  
Bend before and beckon to us.

Yes, great perils in our pathway  
We shall find, like trees down fallen  
On the bare rocks blanched and broken—  
Like life wrecks,—a warning to us.

Life has deep and darksome shadows,  
But God's hand will guide us through them,  
Give them glory, like the mosses  
That now clothe these naked boulders.

And our progress will grow brighter,  
As these waters, green and tawny,  
Grow through grey and gold to crystal,  
Then reflect the blue of heaven.

\* \* \* \*

May these hallowed days at Keswick,  
Long remembered days of blessing,  
Make all life more full and gladsome  
With the glory God has shown us :

Glory of majestic mountains !  
Glory of the Lake's calm bosom,  
Glory of soft summer breezes,  
Glory of the sweeping rain cloud :

Greater glory of Thy presence  
In Thy saints, whose lives have witnessed  
To Thy gift of holy living,  
Christ of God, made human for us.

Glory of God-given hunger  
For the blessed Bread of heaven :  
Thirst for God, the living water  
Life of Christ, Rock for us riven.

And Thy glory, Lord, in union,  
Soul communion sweet and sacred,  
Gift of piercèd hands extended,  
Inbreathed by Thy Holy Spirit.

In all coming days of conflict  
Tossed, tumultuous, like Lodore,  
Midst life's toil, temptation, terror,  
Lead where Thy still waters are.

20. July 1914.

## AN OAK TOWN

### I.

Fair Acton, fruit of acorn growth,  
Set on thy hill to guard the west  
Of mightiest city earth has known,  
Thou famed in pre-historic past,  
Where paleolithic tools were made  
Unnumbered centuries ago  
And buried deep within thy soil ;  
Where hunters sought for weapons keen,  
Cave-dwellers, men of river drift,  
To slay the bison, mammoth, bear,  
The elk and great extinct red deer ;

Thou who hast often foremost been  
In causes moving to great ends,  
Awakened to the world's great need,  
Amidst indifference, slumber, sloth,

Faint-heartedness that will not dare,  
With faith to do God's will alone,  
Nor doubt, nor wait till others come,  
Nor lay upon some foe unknown  
The blame for what it might have done ;—  
Thou on whose roll of noble men  
Stand written souls like Matthew Hale  
And saintly Baxter in thy past—  
Thou shouldst not now be found to quail  
Nor wait to follow, who hast led.

Thou played'st of old thy part in war  
When Trinobantes set the spear  
Against the conquering Roman host ;  
And when old Brentford held the ground,  
All pike embattled at the ford,  
Behind them uprose Acton Hill  
And hill men strong, as hill men bold ;

Where later, when from Worcester fight,  
His 'crowning mercy' as he said,  
All London met the conquerer  
And with train bands great welcome gave  
Before he passed to Hampton Court ;  
Thou who of old to daring Dane,  
When he had made thy forests his,  
Didst for war galleys timber give,  
Staunch beams and knees for wooden walls  
And strongest ships upon the seas—  
Yea, e'en till thou hadst yielded all  
Thy mighty forests of oak trees,  
Once hunting ground of the wild boar,  
Thy springing floods became but streams,  
And fields thy glades of fleet wild deer ;

Thou too, who freely gavest men  
Of Saxon mould when these became  
The overcomers of the Dane,  
And, as the centuries passed along,  
Helped man the ships which from thee sprang  
And sent thy sons to share each war,

To thee now comes the higher call  
For which a war-sick world makes moan :  
To help the Christ reclaim His own,  
Lost as the centuries passed along,  
And, through His power, world peace regain.

The world has seen the war clouds break  
Thunderous and murderous from the sky,  
World madness and the rivalry  
War preparations swiftly brought :  
And futile all the thought which said,  
' To have peace, be prepared for war ' :  
As well seek brotherhood from hate,  
The outraged bride to be a mate,  
The world's warmth from remotest star,  
Or Satan Satan extirpate !

## II.

O Christ, Thou callest now again  
To ancient Acton truth to hold,  
A mightier force than might of men,  
Than pride of arms, or power of gold.  
Thou canst not bless the broken pledge,  
The outraged treaty flung aside,  
The ruthless wrong, the bitter tide  
Of hate and madness, fierce war song  
That strives to stifle in the soul  
All human feeling, fills with lust  
And pride and passion, base as dust,  
Leaves waste and ruin far and wide,  
Destroys the babe with rifle butt,  
Puts women in its battle front  
And crowns its deeds with impious cant.

Nor canst Thou bless that in us wrong :  
The war we waged, the awful waste,  
Once trampling on a little state,  
Thrice driven from their settled lands,—  
Wrong, haply, by us soon undone ;—  
Yet which made nations in such haste  
To swiftly arm, build ships, and fly,



With all life's nobler aims put by,  
Press for material force and power.  
Nor canst Thou bless a drunken land,  
Soul sodden in its senseless thirst ;  
Nor selfish greed, nor tainted wealth,  
Nor soul forgetting worldly life  
That knows no heaven here on earth ;  
Base, though refinement gilds it o'er,  
Ignoble, though puffed up with pride,  
Luxurious, yet from all denied  
That makes soul sweetness dwell within,  
And where to mankind's higher claims,  
And claims of God, the soul has died :  
And yet how patient Thou hast been  
With our slow progress in the way  
Made by Thy cross on Calvary.

## III.

Last week we felt Thy mighty lead  
When the assembled town drew near  
Thy mercy seat in silent prayer  
Within St Mary's sombre shade.  
We felt Thee in the stirring words  
The Rector spoke, as one inspired  
To turn our thoughts to might and power  
Beyond all mere material force,  
Or that of which men count the most :  
To might of God, as known of old,  
To might of Christ, the Crucified.

## IV.

Old Acton, first to see afar  
The herald of a new day's dawn,  
See thy new glories, but begun ;  
And as thou played'st thy part in war,  
Hast sought to be its conqueror,  
Wast first when Rescript of the Czar  
Pled for world peace, (e'en if in vain  
It brought us hopes ne'er lost again,)  
Didst call, by thy chief citizen  
And great assemblage in thy Hall,

To welcome that great message given ;  
 Passed down that message through the land  
 Till towns were meeting everywhere—  
 So now, led forth in lowly prayer  
 And supplicating first Christ's grace,  
 Live, labour, strive for His great peace.

## V.

Yea Thou hast called, O Christ of God,  
 With call more clear than heard before  
 Till now all claim this, 'war on war'  
 And different from all wars of yore :  
 'Tis ever so—yet war is war,  
 And hate is war which makes men kill.  
 What's wrong in one, why right in all ?  
 'Tis samples sell our goods wholesale :  
 We may not do our neighbour wrong,  
 Why right to make a whole world wail ?  
 'Ends justify the means,' they say,  
 We'll sow wild tares and hope for grain,  
 World history shows 'tis but in vain,  
 What evil may not thrive that way ?  
 'Honour demands we draw the sword,'  
 So said they in our grandsire's day :  
 Challenge and duel done away  
 Show they were wrong, yea, e'en absurd.

Is it less senseless, as a means,  
 To mow strong men in millions down,  
 Then just begin to think and plan  
 Such settlement as might have been—  
 With reason, patience, justice, truth  
 Enthroned where sits diplomacy—  
 Made ere the conflict had begun ?  
 And if in strife of arms the right  
 Had ever been the conquering side,  
 Then would arms and right of might  
 Have proved the test they ne'er have been :  
 Mightier puissance and power,  
 That has conquered where these failed,  
 Leads on still by Bethlehem's star



To where the Child in manger laid,  
Leads by the might of faith and trust,  
And bows in lowly worship there ;  
Frees men to serve in larger life,  
Frees them to give e'en unto death,  
Frees all to pass world ruler by  
If at the clear command of God ;  
And frees to bring unto the birth  
The mightiest force ere known on earth  
E'en heaven born love, instead of war.

Ill can we spare our bravest, best,  
To fill death's trenches, heap on heap,  
To feed the murderous dreadful guns  
Midst bursting shell and showering steel,  
To pass in modern Moloch bands  
To jaws of death, and not know why  
They should so soon be called to die,  
Lost to old England's pleasant lands.

God spare these willing sturdy sons  
So fit for tasks of high renown  
In making earth Thy very own :  
And spare the blue-eyed bearded men  
Needed for Russia's boundless lands ;  
And spare the brilliant Frenchmen's sons,  
Brave Belgium's few remaining men ;  
Spare too, O God, the German host  
To slaughter led in senseless fight,  
Massed millions doomed base pride to feed,  
Ignobly flung 'gainst justice right :  
Destroy the false philosophy  
That led them to this shameless wrong,  
That strives hell's methods to prolong  
On our fair earth her sons among ;  
And God forgive those dumbly led  
That they in silence thus should ply  
This base foul work, nor rather die  
With conscience clear to God o'erhead.

## VI.

Time was men sought our town for peace,  
Its sylvan shades, its restful calm,  
Its sturdy oaks, stout hearts and strong  
That braced them for the robber throng  
Frequenting many highways then.  
Again 'tis joined to further peace  
Embracing all, one church for Christ  
In this great cause which shall not cease,  
As prophet told, no ending know.  
Old oaken town, now but in name,  
Thy oaks have vanished, in their stead  
Are villa homes of city men :  
Of no mean city count it then  
If they their birthplace in thee claim ;  
And if their lot seems commonplace,  
From common things the greater grow,  
Captains of commerce, as of ships,  
Are best who know all work below.  
And we shall best our country serve,  
And patriotic fervour show,  
In living out to worthy ends  
The life, the faith, Christ will bestow.

## VII.

Swift, ever swifter in our day  
Time flies, inventions bring worlds nigh,  
One makes what many wrought before,  
And God can work by few or more  
And change a nation in a day :  
Vast China bring to seek world prayer.  
And He Who wrought His sovereign will  
Through Saul of Tarsus long ago,  
And changed great continents through him,  
Can work thro' thee, make His peace grow  
A binding power the wide world through,  
Divinely human, subtle, strong,  
Swift to discern the right from wrong,  
Thoughts from intentions, each to know,  
A power of God, so present, near,

Christ's gift, Christ's presence deep inborn,  
 No vision vanishing with morn,  
 A waking consciousness within,  
 The Christ Himself, who casts out sin ;  
 His rule and reign which must increase  
 From soul to soul, from race to race,  
 From north to south and west to east,  
 Enthronèd Love, the Prince of Peace.

## A FOREST QUEEN \*

The Queen Beech stood a sentinel  
 Upon the forest's southern side,  
 A great-limbed green memorial  
 Of this old famous woodland's pride.

Out from her grew twelve shapely trunks,  
 Each one itself a worthy tree ;  
 Her mighty bole girt thirty feet,  
 Her foliage seem'd a grove to be.

\*            \*            \*            \*            \*

The Boer war came, our soldiers fell  
 At black Colenso, Spion Kop,  
 To our good Queen a funeral knell  
 Far o'er the sea, that would not stop.

Her bleeding heart of motherhood  
 Felt in its depths a nation's woe ;  
 Upon her long sad widowhood  
 It fell a final, fatal blow.

She who had raised her nation's life  
 To highest place in moral power,  
 Brought sweet domestic joy, where strife  
 Had fawned to favourites of an hour,

\* This stately tree stood on the border of the famous Burnham Beeches forest, and showed no sign of decay up to the time of the death of Her Majesty Queen Victoria. It was a singular coincidence that in the same year, 1901, with startling suddenness, as if stricken, the whole great tree died at once, and all its trunk-like branches had to be removed forthwith.

Now fell a victim of that war,  
 Chief in the countless lives it cost,  
 Beyond all price and treasure far—  
 Our hearts still feel how much we lost.

\*            \*            \*            \*            \*

The forest queen was stricken dead,  
 Her wide flung branches scattered wide,  
 Heart broken, when her Majesty  
 Our great good Queen Victoria died.

She fell not in a lingering death  
 Limb by limb, a slow decay,  
 But like a mettled charger's breath  
 Strained till he drops, to lifeless lay,

Her green browned suddenly and fell,  
 A shiver thrilled the ancient wood ;  
 The old King Beech below the hill  
 Now mourns in grief his solitude.

### SEPTEMBER 1914

The moor is purple, purple and gorse,  
 The land is calling its riders to horse !  
 We know not the end of this awful war  
 That has shaken the world, as if some star  
 Come out of its course, collision wrought,  
 The ordered world into chaos brought,  
 Made all men shudder, and many distraught.

We know not, O God, if might of arms  
 Thou wilt even show is not true might ;  
 If Thou wilt show by the Prince of Peace  
 That all wars on earth forthwith must cease :  
 But this we know, Thou callest e'en now  
 That souls of men should Thy will know,  
 And all men's wills to Thine should bow.

Fierce, mad is the strife and black the night,  
 Of the world-war waging in Thy sight !

No words can its ghastly deeds all tell,  
No vision reveal where brave souls fell !  
O God, that both we and they had wrought  
For the peace of Christ, which His life taught,  
With but half their courage, ere they fought.

Men had great hopes, yet others sought war,  
And these won the day, the war is here :  
The nations are mad with strife of arms,  
And e'en childhood's sleep starts with alarms :  
For sin of nations has brought world fright,  
Turned truth to deceit, obscured Thy light ;  
With false philosophy and with pride  
All that which Christ said, and did, denied,  
And hellish force they have deified :

To lust of gain changed heavenly power,  
Preached culture, conquest, and crushed the poor,  
The defenceless killed, homes trodden down,  
Despised all law, set self on the throne,  
Outraged all rights the world e'er has known ;  
Made the crowning desecration this,  
Even claiming Christ, Who came to bless,  
As their sanction for this lawlessness :

The basest evil claiming as good ;  
For courage, boast of iron and blood ;  
The millions misled, reckless of cost,  
Till their fame and honour both were lost :  
All inhuman wrong, envenomed hate,  
The vilest deeds, and the bitterest fate  
Imposed on a small and neutral state !

Thy Church, O Christ, perplexed and spent,  
Sees but Thy garments soldiers rent ;  
It sees not Thy seamless robe of love  
Which loving fingers for Thee wove ;  
Has raised but a weak half-hearted cry,  
While the nations armed : the Lord Christ nigh  
In vain pled His peace and victory :

It seems to have lost its power in prayer,  
Lost too its faith, and its new birth rare ;

In the cause of peace its banners furled,  
With its watchword still, 'wait for the world !'  
Call now all people, gracious Lord,  
Send seer and prophet, proclaim Thy word,  
' In the name of Christ, put up the sword !'

He only lives whose soul is set free  
In deep obedience, O Lord, to Thee,  
Unto whom the force of arms and strife  
Has no might or power to touch his life :  
Thy secret, and Thy great mystery,  
Let dull ears hear, let closed eyes see,  
The fulness of life, Christ's liberty.

## SEPTEMBER 1921

Blackened, grey, ashes and dust,  
Where the heather bloomed of yore,  
Where the yellow, flaming gorse,  
Fragrance sent the wide heath o'er !

Fire and flame, consuming, slow,  
Leaping tongue-like crackle, blaze,  
Crawling in earth roots below,  
Leaping when a fresh breeze plays ;

Awful mysteries you might tell  
Of your work since first man came,  
When you made his touch recoil,  
Ere your nature he knew, or name.

Mysterious, consuming force :  
Confined, controlled, warmth and cheer,  
Loose, a monster in your course,  
Burning what cost years to rear.

I passed to-day, where, ere the war,  
The moor was purple—purple and gorse,  
To-day 'tis blackened, death spread o'er,  
Like blasted soul, black with remorse.



A spark let fall by a careless hand  
Into the heath, alight it flew,  
Until the wreathing fierce flames fanned  
Burned all before that e'er life knew ;

As from the land, whence sprang world strife  
The world that blackened—drove it mad,  
Swept from it the strength of its young life,  
Left the remainder stunned and sad.

When will the world a pure flame seek  
As vital inspiration's breath ?  
Poet, prophet, not cries that reek  
Of anger, lust, that lead to death ?

I seem to catch in springing blade,  
That upward shoots where death has passed,  
And feel in calm of forest's shade  
The promise that peace comes at last.

## FALLING LEAVES

O rustling leaves of Autumn,  
That swirl and fall and fly,  
You bring to age youth's springtime,  
Till death seems no more nigh

But joined in Nature's frolic,  
Though sportsmen's guns still boom,  
And swift the days in passing,  
Like shuttle in a loom.

You clothe earth with a garment  
All colours, like the coat  
Given by aged patriarch  
Ere anguish his heart smote.

You breathe decay's strange mystery,  
You speak of life to be,  
Past our vision, thro' the veil ;  
That which by faith we see,

And grasp, yet find no rustling  
 Like your material frame ;  
 But feel touch like the unseen Hand  
 By which life thro' death came.

Yet yours, too, is high mission  
 Enrichment for fruit borne  
 By mother earth, preparing  
 Her face for seed-bed torn,

That she may yield sustaining  
 And nourishment for man,  
 Upholding by your very fall  
 The purposc of Heaven's plan.

## MARY

### UNDER THE MAPLE TREE

Tender green is the maple leaf  
 Crow's foot size, so plant your corn ;  
 Ere you put it in shock or sheaf  
 Crimson and gold will each leaf adorn :

In lighter play and happier art  
 Mary too shall play her part,  
 Thro' sight and senses reach the heart.

Ruthless, severe, is the autumn chill  
 As leaves are torn from each maple bough,  
 Freezing the cold o'er vale and hill  
 The maple is hoarding its sugar now :

' Mary, dear Mary, are you love free ?  
 When spring comes again will you marry me ? '  
 ' 'Tis long to the spring—just wait and see.'

' Cruel the cold, more cruel still  
 To make me wait, and not to know  
 Until the spring sun climbs the hill,  
 Until the heat shall melt the snow :



Mary, sweet Mary, sleigh drive with me,  
Mary be mine, if you are love free.'  
'Why Jack, of course I'm not love free—  
And no one but you shall marry me,  
I'll love you alone through eternity.'

## THE QUEEN BEECH

Where she had been the foxglove grows,  
And all that late remained  
Was but the crumbling in decay  
Of soft dissected wood.  
Death struck her prostrate in each part,  
And e'en the giant bole  
Retained no soundness of fresh life  
When her great branches fell ;  
These were consumed by cottage fires  
While still the heat spores held  
Some firmness of their glorious past,  
As, wind pressed, they had filled  
Each nook and dell a wide space round  
With harvest wealth of leaves,  
Or showered down a beech-mast rain  
For hungry swine to feed.  
They came alongside o'er the fence,  
But sought the place in vain ;  
And roadside lovers who oft came  
Beneath her grateful shade  
No longer seek this trysting place  
Where whispered love was said.  
Sometime her bole's uncertain grasp  
Of Mother earth had held,  
But soon it yielded to dread death,  
Bark, fibre, heart decay.  
Amazed one afternoon, I marked  
That even this had gone,  
Dissolved the glory and the pride  
I thirty years had known ;  
The majesty of widespread life  
Seen each recurring spring,  
Had vanished, crumbled into dust—

Mate of the forest King.  
 Thus, too, o'er life once glorious  
   In spreading strength and green,  
   Swift change and mutability  
   Bring death to what has been ;  
 And yet it is but other life,  
   Though form and substance change,  
   By higher law 'tis not destroyed,  
   Though only by God seen :  
 He knows its nature, and has planned  
   In wisdom what is best,  
 Our past, our future, are as one,  
   Seen from Almightyness.

### PINES

Fragrant pine trees of youth's dream  
   Of long ago  
 Your tufted branches outward stream  
   Tossed to and fro ;  
 To right and left you rise supreme  
 O'er all the wood—a verdant gleam.

Murmuring they call your melody,  
   But to me  
 'Tis sweetest, holiest mystery,  
   Eternity  
 Vibrating, soothing, boundless, free,  
 More thrilling than the sounding sea :

As if God spake within the wood,  
   Then silence fell ;  
 Or heaven's minstrelsy, understood  
   None would tell,  
 Nor wished to fathom, if they could,  
 All that it meant for human good.

Dear evergreen, your constancy  
   Unrivalled stands,  
 Fragrant from mountain to the sea  
   Within all lands,

Rich in resonance, and to me  
Enthronement of love's witchery.

You stilled my heart in peace to-day  
    For those I love  
Joined in love's bonds, that live away,  
    Sent from above,  
Soul vision, worship : help them pray ;  
Ne'er from Thee, Father, let them stray.

And you, O pines of my desire  
    When life is past  
Sing on ; to other lips inspire,  
    Songs that shall last ;  
That beauty, sweetness and love require  
To burn with unconsuming fire.

## HARD MAPLE

Rough is your bark, O maple tree,  
    High upon the boulder hill,  
Your trunk is scarred with many a blow  
Of axe or gouge, amidst the snow,  
    For the inserted spile.

You meet the tempest's fiercest blast  
    High upon the boulder hill,  
Your bole you make of fibre to last ;  
When other woods have come and passed  
    Yours then grows harder still.

You give a pattern and a plan  
    To those who would ascend life's hill :  
Consistent courage, breadth of span,  
Uprightness, that most makes a man,  
    Joy, like sweets that you distil.

You with a strong insistent note,  
    Boughs whistling in the wind,  
Awake the woods with mighty throat  
As if you nature's music wrote  
    To show that strength is kind.

Let your grey bark, thick and hoary,  
Keep you ever true and strong,  
Raise your sweet sap, like love's story ;  
Till you're wreathed in autumn's glory  
With colours, only told in song.

### A RECLUSE

He dwelt apart, a recluse of the wood,  
And far within vast forest solitude  
Had with his own hands made his home,  
A quaint and rambling structure quickly thrown  
Together at the first, nor thought he then  
Therein to dwell, but for rain shelter raised  
This cabin of great logs of rugged oak,  
Unlike all built before or since I ween.

And there at more than threescore years he wrought  
With vigour and the natural strength of youth  
Far carried through full two decades of life,  
That ne'er had known an illness or a pain,  
Save in one fevered summer, ere a man  
He passed from youthful soundness, set within  
A well-knit, muscular, finely balanced frame.

A life more full and varied, with wide contrasts set  
And combinations strange, 'twere hard to find ;  
Yet through it all were seen integrity and sense  
Of purpose, as of inward revelation shown.

The spirit of the wood was his, that but few find,  
The moving sense of life within a life  
That deeper lies than mortal musings reach  
Save when by inspiration's hand led thro' the wood  
The eye expands, the nostrils wide distend,  
The soul has set the heart to its own beat,  
And holds or surges forward at its will  
In silence deeper than e'en sleep of death,  
Or pulsing passionate prevailings of the soul  
O'er all the trembling mental or material frame.

And with the men of earliest time and form he dwelt  
In his imagination, and he saw

Them pass in wide procession thro' the glade,  
Where sunlight held its festival, and they danced  
Between the hoary trunks of giant trees  
Whose fallen mates decayed, consumed,  
In mould or thin air vanished, let the daylight in.  
He knew them not as pixies, sprites,  
Or fancied fairies, or fabled gods of old,  
But as they were, as living thinking men,  
Women full of motherhood's high favour, grace,  
And sweetness of young girlhood's comeliness,  
Alongside vigour, strength and fire of youth.

And there he heard more than their revelries,  
Or lighter veins of life that flowed  
And satisfaction found in exercise and appetite ;  
For e'en these earliest of men knew melodies  
Caught from the bright sweet carols of the birds,  
The wailings of wild winds in leafless trees,  
The moaning surge and beat of waves upon the shore,  
Or rippling limpid sweetness of the running brooks—  
Something of mystery that inspired awe,  
And reverence wakened deep within the breast  
Until they knew the sense of worship,  
The exaltation ever found in humble human souls.

And as he held communion thus, there passed  
The conscious littleness of what we know  
Of realms and races which our earth upheld  
Or ever first we into being in turn came :  
Yet knowledge of what may lie unrevealed,  
Or that thro' dullness or thro' sin ancestors lost,  
Though it may limit, may not wholly stay  
The soul upon the great Life Giver set  
From finding in the ways of revelation still .  
Paths leading back to truths and facts of life  
That flourished in dim ages midst first men.

But this recluse was no eccentric or strange shape  
In soul, intelligence, or in outward form ;  
Nor had life habits e'er been far from men,  
Nor was there trace of misanthrope in him.  
His buoyant boyhood, learned in country lore,



Had of life's common secrets some disclosed,  
Conquest of self and self-discouragement,  
O'ercome by vital force of youth's expansive growth ;  
Then later through revealings of his need,  
Unsatisfied by moral or material gain  
His soul sought Higher strength, the Seed,  
First laid in darkness, as ' the things unseen,'  
Then shown by light, as for eternal day.

And travel he had known through many lands  
While still the bloom of early manhood's dawn  
Suffused his face, and merry sky-blue eyes  
Answered blue of bay and river as of heaven above.  
Then first he learned the happy solitude  
That can be quite alone amidst the crowd,  
Or in an instant from seclusion turn  
And enter heart and soul as one of them,  
Knowing the moving sense and magnetism  
That by its own mysterious secret thrall  
Makes many one,—and one part of the living whole.

Then too he entered the secluded world  
They only know who manifest by choice  
Capacity to share the poet's vision in their soul,  
And learn, by the discipleship of love's sweet lore,  
The inner meaning of our outward life,  
The answering cadences of songs that come  
From vocal nature to the awakened ear, ,  
The rhythm and melody that in harmonies  
Of spirit and of utterance thrill the mind  
And make it share our higher being and the life  
Beyond the mental, thus thro' inspiration shown.

O luxury of joy, love in awakened life !  
Keen sense of entry into souls of those  
Whose poems truth disclosed, esteemed of old,  
Imperishable and precious still to those who seek :  
And joy of their creations, living breath  
Of true portrayals, ' though they never lived  
Imprisoned in one set material form ;  
They yet are true—more true than measurements  
And fixed exact proportions, detail drawn,

That make no living person to arise  
And stand revealed to the enraptured sight.

As far he travelled, dwelling much alone,  
Albeit crowds were close about him as he passed,  
He found this sanctuary of the poet's life,—  
Rejoiced in its great riches, from thence drew  
Sweetness and strength, and an insight rare  
Into the nobler thought and high philosophy  
That dwells about us everywhere in common things,  
That seers sang of old, moving their fellow men  
To aspirations, which, without their strains, had never  
been.

Though recluse from the world, while in it still ;  
Though his a life alone, and yet with men  
It close and blest companionship e'er held ;  
Though separate in the setting of his thoughts,  
His none the less to know most hallowed fellowship  
And find a life companion in his wife,  
As rare in loveliness and full of happy grace  
As she was true and loyal to all in woman found  
That makes a man at heart feel tenfold strength.  
And through the years there grew—and ever more each  
year—

A greater sense of mystery that belongs  
Alone unto the soul that is set free  
To fathom its own depths, untrammelled, tho' led on  
By light of love that draws and fashions it anew,  
At each discovery made, to union's higher tasks.

And theirs was union—none are found more strong  
To stand the shocks and ills besetting common life—  
For they had faced at first the common need,  
Obedience to the welfare each of each,  
And loyalty to the law that lays down life  
For the belov'd in glad surrendered will.

And they were blessed—for sons and daughters came  
Sharing the sweetness of an atmosphere  
That made for health and vigour, as for happiness ;  
And they grew up together some in their father's path,  
Knowing close companionship but given to few,

And others sharing this no less tho' elsewhere called ;  
While all held court about their mother's feet,  
And still when men and women grown  
Deemed it high privilege and life's great joy  
To cluster round her bed ere night's deep shade  
And silence covered them within its fold.

But why a recluse if thus family life  
Great in proportions, and greater still in joy,  
His, of whom these lines some revelations make ?  
Is it that man is ever that found deep within ?  
That outward and oft constant close activities  
May less disclose the hidden inmost soul  
Than some decision in a crisis shown ?  
That patient years forbearing for some higher aim  
May make the life and will subservient long,  
That it may in the end accomplish or accepted be  
For some clear apprehended destiny or will of heaven ?

Thus His, earth's great Recluse, Who set  
Delight to do the Father's will all else above,  
And bore the patient toil and low obscurity  
And contact with the common earth-born thought,  
That through them each and all He might infuse  
The heavenliness of life that had not sinned,  
And bring compassion down in purest streams  
To melt the obdurate and sin hardened soul ;  
To make atonement, none before or since had made,  
Or ever can be made again, since He,  
Who fathomed depths of human sin and need,  
Has set redemption free and full for all,  
And written large across the world, 'love is of God,'  
And God in love to men has sent His Son.

And he who truly learns this mystery a recluse is,  
And set apart within depths of his soul  
From most that else dominion would have held,  
And made him miss life's highest joy,  
Within the world to be, yet not slave of its will,  
Nor lover first nor last of what it has to give.



## THE EYRIE

Southward to their mountain rest,  
Keelah now has come,  
Returning with a wounded heart,  
Seeking out a home  
Where the eye on every hand  
Looks on what her lover planned.

Into deepening shades of night  
Steals the evening haze,  
Plumèd chimneys smoke in sight—  
O, sweet halcyon days  
When above this valley wide  
He here rested at her side !

Long ago, ere she had known him,  
Boyhood's memories flooding back  
Bring the ample Quaker homestead  
And his old horse—pistol's crack,  
Bring again youth's glad surprise,  
Fun's light flashing in his eyes.

Then in vision all is changing,  
And, excitement mounting high,  
We are watching the bald eagle  
Soaring in the sunlit sky,  
While aloft the full fledged nestlings  
Outstretched spread their strengthening wings.

O, that throbbing thrilling moment  
When one shot and wounded fell !  
How the pride of youthful prowess  
Hastened to their grandsire tell,  
Who never lost his certain aim  
E'en when old age upon him came.

Then at dawn of day returning  
Those boy hunters tried to gain  
Another eagle from the eyrie,  
Where a tall pine crowned the plain,

And from tree-top shooting now  
An eagle fell, far down below.

Fiercely fought this king of eagles  
Those boy hunters as he lay  
On his back, with claws attacking,  
Till a gun stock won the day ;  
Then their prey they proudly bore,  
Laid him their grandsire before.

And his blue eyes brightly kindling,  
Showed the change within him wrought  
Who with bantering words had uttered,  
' That boys could no longer shoot ' :  
And the grandsire's proud eye gleams—  
Alas, how long ago it seems !

Then my cousin grew to manhood,  
Found you, Keelah, his sweet bride :  
Far and wide in many countries  
You were ever at his side,  
Till at last this mountain nest  
Gave you glad and welcome rest.

On this rock he sat beside you,  
Held your own within his hand,  
Heard the distant farm fowls cackle,  
Fled the city, loved this land,  
And, as strong arm turned the sod,  
This seemed a paradise of God.

Here he built this cosy dwelling,  
All you chose he gladly wrought,  
Shaped and planned, pulled down, rebuilt,  
Happy toil and blessed thought,  
Union sweet, mysterious, wondrous,  
Gift of God your lives to bless.

Great the love which God had given you,  
Each for other, fondly one,  
Ere, your boy denied, God gave you  
Baby from another home,  
And you took him from His hand,  
Blessed Him for this joy He planned.

Not as storm wind rends a mountain  
Trees uprooting from their hold  
Came life's desolation, Keelah,  
When your sorrow was foretold ;  
But like calm majestic silence  
When God speaks to call us hence.

And you watched his slow translation,  
Crushed your anguish and love's pain,  
Cheered and soothed, upheld, supported,  
Planned the meeting him again  
Where no death or sickness enters  
And God wipes away all tears.

He was near us in our homeland  
This last summer when you spoke  
Of those sad sweet hours of parting,  
And the gentle accents broke  
Perfume from the heart's deep casket,  
Fragrance that still lingers yet.

Hark ! A mocking bird is singing  
Clear sweet notes o'er tree top tall  
To his lover, songs outflinging ;  
Busy Texan robins call ;  
And the God of Heaven is near you,  
Who beholds each sparrow fall.

Cousin Keelah, let Him shelter  
You within that wondrous care,  
Feel His touch upon your forehead  
Who once praised a woman's hair,  
Your heart's treasures for Him pour  
For the Christ is at your door.

## OUR FATHERS WORSHIPPED

Written at Burnham Beeches in the evening after attending the opening of the Friends' Meeting at Willesden the same morning.

Our Fathers—ye who met  
This morning at the birth of Christ  
In our new place of worship,  
And heard His voice and saw His face,  
Your thoughts return this evening hour,  
When one by one the sounds of night  
Fall on my ear.

I rest beneath the 'nodding beech,'  
And hear the 'babbling brook go by,'  
Then stand within a hollow trunk  
And look out on the world above,  
Through riven stems of ancient limbs,  
Which shook and rustled in the winds  
That died a thousand years ago.

Your thoughts are with me, spoken words,  
And all the hush of silent prayer,  
And flow of soul baptising love :  
With gentle voice and holy fear  
One knelt, gave thanks, and blessed the Lord  
For mercies great, and supplication made,  
And drew our hearts to Christ.

Then he, for half a century,  
A minister of Christ,  
And now beyond threescore and ten,  
Uprose and looked upon his friends,  
And spake, 'A time of dedication ;  
Afresh to Him, this solemn, favoured hour,  
May each surrender make.

On Him alone we build,  
Who is the Rock—the living One,  
Who now transforms our hearts of stone :

Cold, helpless, dead ; and grace imparts  
That living stones they may become,  
Meet temples for the holy fire  
Of His eternal love.'

He stood within the morning light—  
The evening and the morning met  
In silvered hair and love-illumined face ;  
Sweet was his gracious spoken word,  
Which pointed upward to the Lord,  
As one who leaned upon His breast  
And supped with Him.

I felt the impress of a life  
Advancing to the perfect day,  
More eloquent than all he said—  
A life grown old yet ever new,  
In blest communion with his God,  
The harmony of Heaven's own rest,  
Begun below.

And now within the solitude,  
The distant city far away,  
I think how frail, we fade, we die,  
A breath of God, a passing day,  
Our places know us never more—  
Yet truth lives on, and God beholds,  
And life is never vain.

And you, ye ancient forest trees,  
As landmarks of the ages gone,  
And worthies of our early days,  
Distorted though ye may have been,  
While slow the centuries passed along,  
And wind and tempest tore your limbs  
With persecuting ruthless hand,

Still ye are beautiful in age,  
And green with leaves and nuts again,  
The matchless wonder of our time :  
New life wraps round each ancient stem,  
The seamed and hoary trunks of grey  
Feel Spring's fresh life, defy decay,  
And slowly grow from more to more.

## OF THE WOODLANDS

As firmly bound and intertwined,  
May old and new life still uphold  
The message of His love, who called  
To worship in His love and power  
Our fathers, and then sent them forth  
His messengers to all mankind,  
And called them Friends.

Oft as we gather in that place  
And, in our weakness, bowing low  
Present our praise and prayer to Thee,  
Our Father, throned in light on high,  
Meet with us as to-day they met,  
And when our waiting hearts are still  
Speak Thine own word.

The darkening night descending brings  
A deeper stillness o'er the wood ;  
A lone star in the western sky  
Recalls the penetrating power  
By which we knew and felt Thee near  
To thrill our souls in worships hour,  
Awakening praises to Thy Name.

## WINDS

Winds in the forest, winds whispering in trees  
Of all nature's voices which like to these ?

Soothing, melodious, in deep undertone  
As swift running water o'er smooth pebbly stone ;

Rising and falling, heaven's vast organ stirred,  
Liquid, as notes of night solitude's bird ;

Shrill and alarming, as loud clarion call,  
Presaging tempest, the lightning's dread ball ;

Booming and boisterous, resounding afar,  
Shock like great cannon in fierce raging war :



Tender and tearful, as mother's kiss sweet,  
Playful, untiring as robust boy's feet :

Round the lone woodman's hut making low moan,  
As if for the earliest of men to atone :

Weirdness of night and cries of those dying,  
Wailing sobs, for the loved agonising ;

Voice, song and moan, calls reverberating,  
Nature you move, O winds, from its resting.

Moor of green broom and blazing pink blushing,  
Late fireswept, resurrection's investing,

Sweeps waves of verdure 'neath softest breezes,  
Then smoothes to rest, as a lake o'er night freezes.

At sunset calm you give evening entrance,  
When forth lovers walk, flowers give their fragrance ;

Stillness, full moon o'er shell-pink sky rising,  
Sombre dark trees the deep skyline fretting,

Winds of the sky what limits your crying ?  
Are you voice of God answering world sighing ?

O winds in the trees why will man murmur ?  
Since promised the Spirit's inbreathing power,

Warmth, light of Him Whose miraculous birth  
Long ago bore blest redemption to earth ;

Who spake of your presence passing unseen  
As like His forgiving wrongs that have been ;

Your purpose as real as soul's rebirth free,  
You type of His promised Spirit to be.

## OF THE WOODLANDS

## FOREST FELLOWSHIP

Fellowship of the forest,  
 Mystery of ancient trees,  
 Centuries of your growth at rest  
 'Neath layers of fallen leaves,

Sense of silent majesty  
 That grew through springtimes past,  
 Hardened in cold of winter  
 For centuries to last,

Sweeps o'er the mind unbidden,  
 Mingling of joy and pain,  
 Chill, as of falling snowflakes  
 That turn to springtime rain.

O, pathos of your wooings  
 And partings that have been,  
 Plighted troth, and careless mirth,  
 Old forest you have seen.

Life's death, souls uncongenial  
 Bound with material ties,  
 Without love, heaven's hymeneal,  
 Earth folly, in the wise.

\* \* \* \* \*

Voices of your visitors  
 Answering call for call,  
 Songs to each other singing  
 While low the dead twigs fall.

Catch the first cuckoo note,  
 The harbinger of spring ;  
 Hear nightingales in darkness  
 Yielding their life to sing



Notes of marvellous sweetness,  
Varied, sustained, and strong,  
Tell again of love's triumph  
In language of love's song..

Voices, too, of the children .  
Keen-eyed, pale from the street,  
With curious thoughts and wonder  
On summer outing treat,

And old folk near you finding  
Dead limbs for cottage fire,  
With thoughts of those before them,  
Inheritance from sire,

You murmur your vast mystery  
Out on the evening breeze ;  
Stirrings of unseen Power  
You tell, O ancient trees,

\* \* \* \* \*

From depths of ice-dropt gravel  
Deep buried in the ground,  
Unmoved a million ages,  
Flint axes now are found :

But dead hands that once wielded  
These tools, ah, who can tell ?  
Lost, as winds of last summer,  
And none know how they fell.

Fellowship of the forest  
From hollow beechen bole  
Some spirit seems to answer  
To cravings of the soul :

That One who watched your springing,  
Beechmast or acorn's birth,  
Holds human hands in keeping,  
And counts all of great worth.

## THE PIONEER

The Indian summer sun sank in the west,  
The pioneer of settlements beside Hay Bay  
Saw it go down in glory o'er the crest  
Of wooded heights that west of Quinte lay  
In flaming masses, maples red and gold,  
'Neath refulgent sky, wondrous to behold.

There Constant Bogart,\* stalwart Quaker, passed  
From out the little summer clearing made  
In the dense forests, shield 'gainst eastern blast,  
That at sunrise sent their sombre shade  
Athwart the waters and the land-locked beach  
That widened out from Quinte's southward reach.

His axe upon his shoulder told the toil  
That from the break of day had claimed his care,  
Round smooth and well curved helve his fingers coil  
With grip that holds the muscles rigid there,  
While step that sprang elastic at the dawn  
Revealed the weary frame on his return.

The great felled logs were rolled and piled in heaps  
With skill, that lack of human strength supplied ;  
Through golden air this latest summer keeps  
The hot flames leapt, as if they too defied  
Wanton destruction of growth centuries old,  
And knew their greater worth 'gainst winter's cold.

All day smoke columns rose above the wood  
Or hung about him like funereal gloom,  
His strained perspiring body rarely stood  
One moment, midst the eagerness to doom  
Each log to its destruction, lest the land  
Be frost-bound ere he break it as he planned.

\* At the Hay Bay district centennial celebration held at Adolphus-town 16-18 June 1884 to celebrate the exodus of the United Empire Loyalists from the United States at the time of the Revolution, the President was Lewis L. Bogart, the oldest living male representative of the U.E. Loyalists, who was over eighty years of age.

And now exhausted, yet with kindled eye  
Of exultation for the day's work done,  
His sweet wife Mercy hears his step draw nigh  
Their log house, lately from the forest won,  
And through its welcome standing open door  
The meal she has prepared its odours pour.

Before he enters to rude bench he goes  
Where basin, pail and towel she has prepared,  
And from his blackened features, fierce sweat throes  
Had streaked as if some fiendish work he shared,  
The toil stains vanish, and his clean lips press  
Hers, who e'er to him was life's loveliness.

Long, toilsome, hazardous months had passed  
On their far pilgrimage from lost homestead,  
Where they, refusing to take arms, were classed  
As Loyalist, pursued, through forests sped,  
Hunted and robbed, by rebel bands waylaid  
Midst hourly dangers the awful journey made.

Because he was averse to making breach  
With ties that long had bound to Motherland,  
Saw not in separation what could teach  
True union with the best of old England,  
Nor squared with his mind for world brotherhood,  
Thus early he a marked man was withstood.

At last they found this shelter and content  
To build anew within the forests wild ;  
To clear some land his ceaseless toil was bent,  
To sow for sustenance of wife and child  
For whom his rifle gained their meat supply,  
And maize stooks promised meal when ripe and dry.

Then for the winter cold the wood-pile grew  
High up along the log hut's sheltered side ;  
And from the open fire hearth Mercy drew  
The savoury corn cakes from a girdle wide  
They brought from distant Breukelen's old home  
When few of their belongings thence could come.

And thus the ever shortening days sped on,  
And chances of a deer or game grew rare ;  
Stray Indians told that northward it had gone,  
Predicted a long famine, winter's care  
To gain sufficient food for sustenance,  
Advising all to get stores in advance.

The ground had frozen ere seed could be sown,  
Nor could the homemade plough break through its  
crust,  
The wooden harrow iron spiked then known  
Made no impression ; Constant felt he must  
Elsewhere supplies seek 'gainst the winter near,  
And fear of famine stilled all other fear.

Buoyant he girt on fur-lined hunter coat  
With rifle on his back, shot-gun in hand,  
North-eastward, as advised, through woods he smote  
With hand-axe marking trail across the land,  
But little found for his long days of toil,  
Save boulder roughness of northern forest soil.

At last from hopeless quest he homeward turned  
With swifter speed along his well-marked trail  
Till reaching his own clearing, his being burned  
With fevered agony, that will assail  
When fear for life of loved ones makes the strong  
Seem powerless at moments, though ne'er for long.

Upon the forest edge he knelt and prayed,  
Poured out his soul in speechless agony,  
Until no more by doubt or fear dismayed,  
His raised eye saw upon a lone dead tree  
A solitary pigeon ; with sure aim  
Quickly secured this prize, that day's sole game.

Report of gun brought Mercy to the door,  
And swiftly she was locked in his embrace ;  
But scarcely had he scanned her pale face o'er  
Ere there he saw signs that but troubles trace :  
'Lois, my little child, how is she dear ?'  
He gasped, already knowing fond love's fear.

She speechless took his hand, led him within  
Where, stretched upon the bed, the slight form lay  
Flushed with fever he knew as he came in  
Ere finding source of strength when led to pray :  
With arm around his wife beside his child  
He knelt and sought grace to be reconciled.

Even as predicted all too soon the snow  
Piled high within the forest, higher still  
In each small clearing, snow on snow  
Packed ever deeper, burying the rill  
From which fresh water they in summer drew,  
Who everywhere must needs snow tunnel through.

Woe of that winter ! cruel, keen, severe,  
Which now fell o'er the land like whitened death  
That made the hearts of strongest quail with fear,  
Who roots and bark of trees ate to keep breath  
Within enfeebled, emaciated, famished life  
Robbed of its stores by war's ignoble strife.

Theirs was no cheap and unctuous loyalty  
Who sacrificed their all for truth and right,  
Theirs to build character of lands to be,  
As centuries pass, ennobled in the sight  
Of nations, of a great world commonwealth  
A savour of true worth, of nation-wide good health.

In that lone cabin father, mother, child,  
Were leagues from source of help or healing skill ;  
Only by nature taught there in the wild,  
While night and day by turns they ceaseless fill  
The hours with pleadings and with tenderest care  
As weeks pass on, and still death hovers there.

They dare not leave their babe, their stores were gone,  
The nuts and berries gathered, summer dried,  
Beechmast, hazel, butternut, hickory done,  
Sorely indeed these Loyalists were tried,  
Yet faith and courage each had their reward,  
Their God was faithful to His promised word.



Each night found Constant watching the lone tree,  
Each night rang out report from his shot-gun,  
Each night one pigeon fell their food to be  
And broth to nourish the babe in the home ;  
Each night the parents lowly bowed to pray,  
Each night gave thanks for mercies of the day.

Month followed month with child 'twixt life and death ;  
At last she stronger grew, the feeble frame  
Began to fill once more, and easier breath  
Drew in fresh strength as sweet May flowers came,  
While more than human aid to parents given  
Claimed lasting praise for their sweet gift of heaven.

Doubt you who will the care of Providence  
But do not mock their knowledge who Him knew ;  
From lips of Quaker grandsire, whom pretence  
Could ne'er deceive, known ever true,  
This gracious providence of God I heard :  
Nor this sole instance when thus He kept His word.

And now the stores, long months by ice delayed  
England had sent for succour o'er the sea,  
At last could be procured, and Constant Bogart made  
Swift journey to the depot, speedily  
Returning home with food, and corn to sow,  
Toiling from dawn till dark more famine ne'er to know.

Nearer to blue Quinte hither others came,  
Made halt and settled at Adolphustown  
In hope there to create town of that name ;  
Ambition vain, doomed never to be done :  
'Neath silent trees they met, God's presence felt,  
Until for worship their Meeting House was built.\*

And Lois, child of God's good providence,  
In strength and beauty of sweet maidenhood  
Became bride of a Loyalist's son, and thence  
Removed to found another neighbourhood  
Where now Prince Edward County's blue lake shore  
Sounds boom of Loyalist fame the wide world o'er.

\* This was the first Friends' Meeting House built in Canada.

## A FOREST IDYLL—BURNHAM BEECHES

Deathless, imperishable Love,  
 Effulgence of earth's earliest time,  
 Dispenser of God's essence in the world,  
 Great arbiter of our destiny,  
 And mightiest power in human life,  
 To-day thy presence filled the wood,  
 Oft with the rhododendron crowned,  
 Now sad with sense of mystery  
 Where late last year the woodman died,  
 Who often walked along this path  
 Near where we passed this Sabbath Eve—  
 The pathway by the lonely pine.

Last there we met at setting sun  
 As lone beside the way he stood,  
 And, as his custom, kindly said :  
 ' Good evening, Sir ! ' with whitening hair  
 And beard about the eyes of grey  
 That in the late advancing light  
 Seemed blue, as in days of his youth.

'Twas ever pleasant to my soul  
 When he, too soon grown old, came near ;  
 And from the first day that we met—  
 When at my word he felled a tree,  
 And on and off for years would come  
 When for him other work had failed,  
 Join in our task to clear a plot—  
 I had a fellowship beyond paid toil  
 And rendered labour ; and had known  
 That he too, long ago knew thee,  
 Deathless, imperishable Love.

O sanctity of Sabbath eve !  
 Soft murmuring breezes over head,  
 Like those that once inspired the soul  
 Of young Bartholdy Mendelssohn,  
 As prone he lay along the slope  
 Hard by, across the deep ravine,  
 And heard their going, mirth and moans

Among the trees, then smiling said :  
' I think I could set this to music.'  
Owe we to this the deathless songs  
He breathed out on a restless world,  
Rustlings of comfort, soft and sweet,  
Cadences that catch each airy motion  
Of gentle breeze, sweet as Aeolian harp,  
Vibrating, quivering, thrills that stir  
Remembrance of sad undertones  
That make the heart love melancholy ?  
I know not,—but full well I know  
I never pass along his walk  
That runs above the valley road  
But grateful praises rise within,  
E'en tho' no motion moves the lips,  
And stillness tells alone the tale  
Of stirrings, strivings, soothings sent  
Thro' his immortal wordless songs.

And this sweet sabbath eve,  
Deep in the stillness of the wood,  
Is strange in contrast to the strife  
Of world conflicting rumoured war.  
The very stone that marked the spot  
Of his sweet musings long ago  
Became, 'tis said, a cause of strife !  
No place so sacred, but some tare  
Is quickly sown, e'en in good ground,  
When vacant found of heavenly seed :  
And so to-night the world is sown  
With armed battalions, khaki clad,  
And mighty warships' blackened walls,  
Made ready for destruction, death,  
And devastation's murderous work.\*  
O God, how shall Thy church fulfil  
Thy message of goodwill to men  
And have her merchandise in these ?  
Forgive us Lord, now shamed indeed

\* This poem (except the latter portion) was written in the Burnham Beeches forest the night, 4th August, 1914, in which, though not known at the time, war was declared between Great Britain and Germany. Dread apprehensions and a sense of terrible preparations had for days hung over the land.



That in our days such things should be :  
 Where we have failed give victory  
 To children rising in our stead ;  
 Make their great quest to find in Thee  
 Full answer to the world's great need :  
 And if at times the life must flow  
 Through hidden channels, like the stream  
 Hard by, that leaves its sunlit course,  
 Sweeps headlong 'neath obstructing bank  
 To reappear a mile below,—  
 Let each obstruction swell the flood  
 Of deep conviction's chastened power,  
 And make them strong in Thee to stand,  
 Die rather than to stain the hand  
 In brother's blood for whom Christ died.

How mellow is the evening breeze  
 That plays so softly midst the ferns,  
 That border now the woodman's path,  
 Like that sad sabbath silence felt  
 In French Acadia long ago  
 Along the land-locked Minas shore  
 Midst tragedy of love and war.

As backward near the pine we passed  
 Deep was the hush upon our hearts,  
 Yet, mingling with life's lighter play,  
 Came words that covered o'er sad thought :  
 For thou, imperishable love, had touched  
 Pale Annie till the colour rose  
 And crimsoned over either cheek.  
 And there were fancies, fairy bowers,  
 Reminders of the glorious day  
 Beyond the walls of Hurstmonceaux,  
 Where, long ago, our darling girl  
 Beneath the canopy of ferns,  
 Through which the broken sunlight stole,  
 Thought she had found the fairies' home.  
 Nay, farther back in thought we went  
 To that sweet song of fairy land  
 Once heard at dawn by the blue lake,

Half dream, half waking song of birds,  
Foreshadowing all that came from thee,  
Deathless, imperishable Love.

She, fairest ever in this wood,  
Whose girlhood passed beyond the sea,  
Where sweet salt breezes o'er Grand Pré  
Still waft the fragrance and the fame  
Of brave and loyal Evangeline,  
Kept pace with me this Sabbath eve  
When we returned, who part way went  
With friends and children as they sought  
To worship in the house of God :  
She stood beside me in the way  
And back there rushed the tale he told,  
To whom our thoughts for ever turn  
When walking past the lonesome pine :  
The woodman's tale of long ago,  
And how thou camest unto him,  
Deathless, imperishable Love !

I know not if her eyes were blue,  
Or grey, or black, who long ago  
Looked into his love's ageless light,  
Made him still hers when two score years  
Had o'er his life its sorrows traced,  
Made muscles twitch about his face  
With effort not to show past pain  
While telling how he loved this girl,  
And how she died when he was young,  
Left him a lone, heart-broken man.

How much the simple words revealed !  
An aching void in heart and soul,  
A chastened outlook on this life,  
A hopeless aspect o'er the world,  
Its light gone out, heaven's dimly known,  
Shown most in kindness unto men,  
Aye, e'en to cats that ate his crumbs  
And ever lingered near his seat  
Upon a log when noontide came  
And he his lonely meal partook.

He loved this ancient forest air,  
 And oft in summer time would lay  
 Beside the furze upon the moor,  
 Or 'neath the rhododendron's shade,—  
 His chosen place for life's last sleep,  
 And where they found him cold in death :  
 Joined at the last to his heart's choice,  
 Thy humble, but true follower,  
 Deathless, imperishable Love.

I know he was not praised by men :  
 What's that, if truth but live within ?  
 What's blamed today, tomorrow's praised,  
 Tho' praises may not change us then ;  
 And he had faults, aye, who has not ?  
 Great faults it may be, but who sinned  
 The most—this soul where hope was dead,  
 All earthly hope to lift his head  
 And make him what a man should be,—  
 Or they who daily passed him by,  
 Nor strove with might to mend the man,  
 With love inspire, till life's short span  
 Had given to him heart's joy again ?  
 They did not know !—'tis ever so,  
 How foolish and unwise we are—  
 And when we do, we let life go  
 Filled to the brim and overflow  
 With nameless nothings in our sin,  
 While heaven's great gift, a heart to love,  
 Is starved and famished, withered, dead  
 To all sweet sacrifice within,  
 And self and meanness reign instead.  
 How swift to say, ' 'tis he, 'tis she  
 Is in the wrong ! ' Ah, is it so ?  
 When deep within our soul we know  
 ' I'm in the wrong, to let this grow—  
 This mean low thought of one God made ! '  
 O God, forgive us, we are wrong,  
 More wrong than words can tell to Thee,  
 That we in blindness fail to see  
 What Thou didst show,—aye we were wrong.  
 We pride ourselves we love Thee so :

What in ourselves might pass, in men  
Must not find place, nor utterance know,  
Lest it dishonour Thy great name !  
We love our earthly dearest best  
We say, when we must give them pain ;  
It may be so, but gentle rain  
Oft melts, and words may wound the breast.  
And we are human, yet the brute  
Given space within us strives for more ;  
We hold ourselves in check at first,  
Then pride and passion overpower  
Till our old nature conquers all—  
Christ looks in pain at our base fall.

What I have said, 'tis true indeed,  
O God, I would it were not so :  
How often Thou hast had to seek  
The soul from this sin's overthrow :  
But Thou hast shown a better plan,  
To live, to labour here midst men,  
As those new risen live again,  
Not in themselves, but let Christ reign  
In mortal body and in soul—  
Not held in part, but through the whole,  
To shape, to fashion in Thy will ;—  
Nay more, with utter gladness give  
Our dearest, deepest, and our all,  
Not merely waiting for Thy call,  
But longing, since we want with Thee  
To walk, to be from sin set free,—  
To live e'en as the Christ, Who gave  
Deathless, imperishable Love.

We may not label ill as good,  
And truth forbids death's flattery,  
But we may well probe deep our soul  
If we to judgment much are prone.  
One sits on high, unerring, sure,  
Whom lower motives ne'er o'ercame,  
Whose judgment seeks all true and pure,  
Knows evil under every name,  
Sees when we have the single eye,  
When, in God's poor, we pass Him by.

But this old woodman, whither gone ?  
 We may not say, God only knows :  
 He ofttimes had to beg for bread,  
 He had not where to lay his head :  
 O Christ, was he a ' little one ' ?  
 Who knew, tho' knowledge seemed not much ;  
 Who strove, and fell, o'erborne by such  
 To whom much given would not touch  
 His need, or e'en cold water give.

Yet at the last 'tis good to know  
 Two kindly hearts stretched kindly aid,  
 When, with pale trembling lip he said :  
 ' I'm done,' two days before he died.  
 They little knew how true the words  
 Of this old toiler, slow indeed,  
 So slow that few unto his need  
 Would give employment for his bread :  
 Who found them few who for him cared,  
 And yet whose spirit e'er was kind—  
 O God, I would he had been spared  
 Such lonesome deathbed in this wood.

He's gone,—and yet there lives within  
 This glorious forest where he toiled  
 A sense of resurrection's song,  
 The cleansing of atoning blood,  
 Light that sometimes within him shone,  
 From blue grey eye, through kindly tongue.  
 O Saviour, was this not from Thee ?  
 For Thine he said he wished to be,  
 Deathless, imperishable Love.

We left the saddened wood behind,  
 A glory touched its limbs with light  
 As slanting shafts from setting sun  
 Pierced through the evening's gathering shade.  
 And now we reached the forest plot  
 First cleared two centuries ago :  
 When tillage stopped New Coppice called,  
 Because again it soon returned  
 To forest land, grew thick with trees



Of oak and beech and dark plumed pine  
A century and a quarter old.  
Thus it remained till ten years past,  
When, from the minister of war,  
A London Quaker bought the ground,  
And once again a clearing made,  
Room for a woodman's hut of logs.

Here one who oft on Marlow bells  
Rang old year out and New Year in,  
And out upon the mellow air  
Made melody in merry chimes,  
Built round the plot this barbèd fence :  
And when in London work was slack  
Gave eighteen campers happy toil,  
Made glad with songs at close of day,  
Helped rear the cabin of tree trunks,  
And cared for all until there came  
A Scottish woodman and his wife  
And took his place, who later passed  
To Canada across the sea,—  
He loved, he served, he honoured Thee,  
Who served so well within this wood,  
Swift to each call whene'er it came ;  
Lord, ready too to do Thy will.

And they who o'er the border came,  
And long had lived beside the Spey,  
From service and from city life  
Longed once again for country air,  
Found freedom in this forest plot,  
Learned here the parents' grateful joy  
In sweet firstborn God-given girl,  
Babe Leonora, goodly, fair,  
And firstborn in this forest shade.  
But these, too, passed beyond the sea  
To ocean bound Dominions wide.

And then there came one strangely planned  
To meet the varied needs of life,  
Self-taught, in countless things most miss,  
Thro' sight more keen, with thoughtful mind ;  
And here seven years of life he spent,

Saw tree stumps rolled in serried rank  
 Along the border of the wood  
 And round the paddock by the gate,  
 Rude fencing, used in newer lands :  
 And thus the clearing came to be  
 Again for corn or pasture grown,  
 For flocks, and Flora, now months gone  
 From fame of kindest mare e'er known.  
 And he the truth exemplified  
 How wide the range of things they know  
 Who never in the schools were taught,  
 When keen to see, compare, retain,  
 Miss not life's purpose in the main,  
 When common sense controls their view,  
 And they use well what thus they know :  
 Experience gained, results reviewed,  
 Faith leading into untried paths,  
 What's known held fast, tenacious, true,  
 They win their way, may overpass  
 Those more advantaged in life's race.  
 And what his childhood lacked he sought  
 To gain for his five girls and boy ;  
 I ne'er knew prouder father's joy  
 Than his in all his children gained.

But why these humble annals tell ?  
 And how the dog, great Dane, lived here  
 And loved the lady of this wood  
 With dog devotion, ne'er excelled,  
 Played 'hide,' and sought her midst the trees,  
 Watched for her coming at the gate,  
 And none would follow with her near ;  
 And cats, which had but kindness known,  
 Let play about him without fear,  
 E'en though his deep bay shook the wood ?  
 These are the humble tales of life  
 Lived simply, as in earlier times,  
 And tell of thee, O source of light,  
 Deathless, imperishable Love.

Yes, annals these of humble souls  
 Who no large world commotion made,

Nor grew to greatness in men's minds,  
Tho' many such came here as well :—  
As Gray, who to this forest stole,  
Beneath the great beech finding rest,  
Where still it wreathes its roots on high  
By outlet of the upper pool ;  
Or Sheridan, of tragic fame,  
Who hither brought his stolen bride ;  
Or Landseer, who with matchless brush  
Immortalized his canine friends ;  
Historian Grote, famed for his ' Greece,'  
Who from its proceeds built the house  
A mile beyond where then he dwelt,  
Upon the confines of this wood,  
And by him called his ' History hut ' ;  
And his famed consort, author too  
Of chronicles about this land,  
Who strove to keep the common rights,  
And, when the great musician died,  
To Mendelssohn memorial raised  
And railed it round within the wood.  
And here came friend of his and hers,  
Famed Jenny Lind, the Swedish girl,  
Whose soul went out through wondrous voice,  
First found when singing to her cat ;  
Tho' destined to move crowned heads,  
To bless her race with boundless joy,  
And her great talents multiply  
As she used all to serve mankind.  
And famous singers here have sought  
Refreshment when the springtime came,  
And listened to the liquid notes  
At night of countless nightingales.  
They come within the clearing shade  
And on the forest's southern slope  
Near Grenville Lodge, their favourite haunt,  
Outpour their notes when all is still  
In song that seems to fill the wood,  
Melodious, yet with mystic thrill,  
As if a new world it revealed.  
He who has listened to their song  
Should ne'er again be found untrue,



Should bow with shame to utter wrong,  
 Should see the stars of heaven look down,  
 Should feel the blanching of heaven's blue,  
 Ere he thought ill toward fellow man,  
 Dishonoured thee and heaven above,  
 Deathless, imperishable Love.  
 Out from these narrow borders look,  
 Out on the larger world of men,  
 Out through the gloom that o'er us hangs,  
 Portentous, heavy clouds that bank  
 With serried folds of dark o'er grey,  
 Like massing armies rank on rank  
 Doomed to their death ere close of day :  
 A world in agonies of strife,  
 Nations in bloody sweat of war,  
 The deadly arms, the murderous guns,  
 The great black ships, and floating mines,—  
 Look down on these, may they be Thine,  
 To cease for ever through Thy law,  
 Deathless, imperishable Love.

Last month in merrie England met  
 The rich and gay from all the world,  
 Proud luxury passed in selfish haste,  
 Their dust clouds filled e'en country lanes,  
 St Swithin's rain scarce cleared the leaves  
 Grown green again these sombre days ;  
 The river with gay launches flashed,  
 Sport spread unchecked on every hand,  
 Thy quiet Sabbaths spoiled of late,  
 Heedless of every old command ;  
 Nor care for Thee, O God on high,  
 Nor for the warnings Thou hast planned.  
 Have we dethroned Thee, Lord and King,  
 Despised Thee, and our self ease sought ?  
 Hast Thou brought judgment swift and sure,  
 When men thought there was nought to fear ?  
 And over Europe spread the bier  
 To pile in heaps her massèd dead ?  
 O Father, for Thy dear Son's sake,  
 And of His grace, who for us died,  
 That we in Thee should e'er abide,

And all men for our brothers take,  
We pray Thee come with healing hand  
And bid us all once more be whole ;  
Take from us war's foul, leprous touch  
That leaves its poison in the soul,  
Makes lands unclean, breathes pestilence,  
Prevents Christ's reign beneficent.

Old forest, wrapped in tender green,  
A wonder in mid August days,  
May there in thee new hope be seen,  
World promise for Christ's sweeter ways :  
To send through all old failing creeds—  
That oft the Christ fresh crucified,—  
The sap, the blood of brotherhood,  
The kindling light of common good,  
Man meeting man in life's great needs,  
As God meets man, He daily feeds  
With heaven's satisfying bread.

Then shall the woodman's life be sweet,  
The toiler's lot full of content,  
The artist's mind at ease to paint,  
The poet's soul no longer pent,  
The singer free to pour her song,  
The trees to teach their Mendelssohn,  
And music claim our God her own.

Strong men of England in your might,  
And men of Bucks, again be strong,  
Rise in your holy honest right  
To claim of God that you belong  
To no poor craven-hearted stock,  
Swayed hither thither at man's word,  
But those of old who roused the land—  
And all things dare for Christ the Lord :  
So live and love, so toil and strive,  
In power of God for truth and right,  
A kingdom and a world may know  
Christ's better way, Christ's nobler plan,  
Nor longer wage war's wicked wrong.

And in His might, Who on a cross  
 The victory won for all this world,  
 Make Britain great before you die,—  
 Nay, her Dominions over sea ;  
 Then if thou diest, or dost live,  
 Men praise or shall dishonour thee,  
 God shall in thee His promise prove,  
 And angels sing in heaven above  
 Deathless, imperishable Love.

O pale, pale sun, anæmic, bled,  
 By dark eclipse of yesterday,\*  
 Ashamed today that earth should see  
 War's carnage, heaping dead on dead,  
 I look unblanched on thy white face,  
 Gone all the crimson and the blood,  
 The draping white mists give no grace,  
 They make thee sickly, pale as death.  
 O God, if victory in this war  
 Be swiftly given, or thro' defeat  
 Thou givest soul clearness in our land  
 To see Thy will, bow at Thy feet,  
 Even sacrificial nation be,  
 That we may rise in heaven's power  
 Purged from our sin, in Thee made strong,  
 Stretch helping hands across the sea,  
 To nations glad deliverance bring,  
 To think, to act for God alone,  
 Two thousand years of wrong atone,  
 Show that there must, and there shall be,  
 O Lord of Peace, Thy better way.

Breathe softly spirit of the night,  
 Shine out ye stars and sailing moon,  
 Light, through the trees, that dimly shone,  
 And flood all earth with heaven's light.  
 Send down the spirit of Thy peace,  
 Thy gift the world cannot bestow,  
 Take Thou each heart tonight in woe  
 For loved ones gone, and let all know

\* 21st August 1914.

Thy throne is set in heaven on high,  
Thy Kingdom reigneth over all,  
Thou hearest each prayer, each sob, each sigh,  
Thy heart has pity for us all :  
For Thou art Christ, the gift of God,  
Deathless, imperishable Love.

## II

### EARLY POEMS AND LOVE SONGS



## BIRDIE

Blended smiles and melancholy,  
Half of earth, half more holy,  
    Little Birdie,  
Has she strayed from fairyland,  
She who shyly takes his hand,  
    Climbs his knee ?

Strange, perplexing look she wears  
Planning all the coming years  
    From infancy ;  
And the future, fixed in days,  
Quaintly, sagely, she portrays  
    All harmony.

Twilight lost in deepening shades,  
Faint starlight alone invades  
    The curtain fold ;  
Fairy castles, fancies rare,  
Rising, falling, disappear,  
    Are retold.

Was the fair youth yet a child,  
Telling Birdie he would build  
    All she chose ?  
Ah, that yearning soul's desire  
Flashed, as lit with heavenly fire,  
    Then she rose,

Gravely whispering said ' Goodnight,'  
Left them gazing, passed from sight  
    And was gone :  
Most inimitable mystery,  
Thou wert woman, child and fairy,  
    All in one.



## LOVE'S LOVE

The wind blows high, the wind blows low,  
The fleeting clouds pass to and fro ;  
The winds blow east, the winds blow west,  
The wild bird feels them on its breast ;  
I think of her whom I love best  
And face life's strain with heart at rest.

The sun is clear, the storm is past,  
The daffodil is here at last ;  
Its yellow cups are full of gold,  
Its warm life springs amidst the cold,  
Its riches never can grow old,  
Nor love for my love e'er be told.

Narcissus, fragrance comes with you,  
Within the white the deep red hue,  
Love's circle, dropt from heaven's blue  
And flaming as it downward flew,  
The loveliest flower that Eden knew,  
And my love's love will e'er be true.

O winds, that blow so strong and free,  
The oriole's nest is in the tree,  
Swing it, sway it tenderly,  
Until it bears each nestling birdie,  
Then toss and tear it leaflessly ;  
But still my love will e'er love me.

## THE DREAMER

I have a friend—the Dreamer he is called,  
I too have used the name—  
And often he will come when twilight falls,  
And oft when night grows old,  
For such he says is well-tried friendship's claim;  
And as the shadows play upon the walls,  
When all is hushed, he loves to frame  
The ballad, songs of love, and pleasing rhyme.

Thus to my willing ear full many a tale,  
    With gentle voice recounted,  
    Has wakened love for verse ; as far away  
Light music from some vale  
    Heard by the traveller, poorly mounted,  
Awakens joy, if resting he may stay  
    And join the feast : and thus I shared these songs,  
    Though each, by friendship mine, to him belongs.

## I

Bright June had come ; the roses' bloom  
    With beauty rare and rich perfume  
Filled every breeze, as to her home  
    I saw the eager Dreamer come.

Five years, with countless changes fraught,  
In many lands had left untaught  
To this youth's heart the magic power  
Of love, when, at the hallowed hour  
As the day passed into night  
And clothed the scene in mellow'd light,  
Through the orchard's lengthening shade,  
Where grand folk had their dwelling made,  
They passed in silence still unbroken  
Until in verse his thoughts were spoken :  
She listened with a face so pale  
He feared to hope—and this his tale :—

'Twas morning, when, with buoyant step,  
I climbed the mountain ; down its slope  
The sun crept with advancing day  
And dew drops glistened 'neath its ray.

I reached a plain and sank to rest  
Upon a mound, each side caressed  
By streamlets ; and, with some dismay,  
I heard the nearest streamlet say :—

O, Pride of the mountain, crystal stream !  
To thy sweet voice enchained I seem,  
Since late upon that bright May morning,  
When, in a gay mood near thee turning

I saw thee first !—ere that my course  
Had wayward been, although perforce  
I suffered little ; one drought alone  
Caused anxious fears lest it be known  
I ceased to flow : Autumn's floods  
Renewed my strength. Through tangled woods,  
O'er rocks, and 'neath the shade  
Of bush and bower I thoughtless strayed  
Till that bright day, when, meeting thee,  
Thy charms from dark captivity  
Brought noblest purposes ; unseen  
As latent power they had been.

Now that this pent force all may know,  
O crystal water with me flow,  
And I will ever to thee prove  
Strong to help and guard, with love  
Will keep our union ever pure  
Though great our work. Be sure  
That thou art willing first to take  
My name for thine, ever to make  
Our course and work a joyous one,  
Let our Creator's will be done ;  
And, if thou canst not with me mate,  
Heaven bless thee still what e'er my fate.

Then I heard a voice from the crystal stream,  
'Twas like the music of a dream ;  
Or, as the breath of love, with charms  
To banish hence all doubt's alarms :—

Friendly water !  
Oft your laughter  
Has brought pleasure  
Beyond measure,  
Reached me here  
Told you were near

And each token,  
Though unspoken,  
Of your love  
I can approve.

Though my way,  
With no display,  
Save rippling gaily  
Coursing daily  
Duty's pathway,  
Till that May day  
Had been pleasant ;  
Yet I'll consent  
To your proposal,  
Our espousal :  
Be your consort  
Help and comfort.

Since this space  
Which hides your face  
Is a rising mound  
Of hardest ground,  
As from our source  
We ran our course  
We still must go,  
And nearer flow  
Till we shall meet,  
Each other greet  
To join for ever,  
To sever never.

Time with its transforming hand  
Soon changes e'en the fairest land :  
When this scene I next explored  
In one course these streamlets poured.  
'Twas near the mound of their first greeting  
Propitious earth allowed their meeting.

Along their bank my way I took  
Through shade and sunshine ; now a brook,  
A tinkling brook, with waters clear  
As infant's laughter seemed to cheer  
The parent flood to which 'twas sent ;  
Then next a brooklet too was lent.

I watched them long with curious eye,  
 Past ripening fields of wheat and rye,  
 Through fertile valleys far below,  
 Where millers grind, and mowers mow ;  
 And ever running joyfully  
 They passed in service glad and free.

Simple tale, yet told with ardour  
 'Neath the moonlight in the harbour ;  
 'Twixt hoping, fearing, puzzled youth ;  
 He vainly guessing still in truth,  
 For she remained yet taciturn ;  
 At last he spoke his fate to learn :—  
 Is your answer like the stream's ?  
 Whisper yes, nor blight the dreams  
 With which your presence fills my life,  
 O Dearest, will you be my wife ?  
 She archly raised a queenly head,  
 But left her answer still—unsaid.

## II

Oh winds, ye messengers of health, unseen,  
 Have ye swept o'er the prairie wide,  
 Or left ye first Lake Huron's side ?  
 Ye are fresh from the plains of the west I ween :  
 In your flight did ye pass o'er a town serene  
 Beside the Thames ? Paused ye beside  
 Her fair young form, meetly the pride  
 And of some future home the queen ?  
 Did ye fan her with your gentle breath,  
 Did she speak ere ye onward sped ?  
 Will her answer be a message of death  
 To my hopes, or of joyous life instead ?  
 Does love her cheeks with rose-tints wreath ?  
 I pray you tell me what she said.

## III

The fire burns bright,  
 Shrill winds go by ;  
 'Tis a dismal night !  
 He said with a sigh.

Her last words are read,  
Eight short lines they fill ;  
Knowest thou what they said  
His young love to chill ?

'Twas he should not hope  
Lest life ne'er fulfil ;  
Lest false hopes should dupe,  
Despair torment still.

## IV

Strange sadness shadows me, dear friend :  
Last night the moonlit sky was clear,—  
Now, while ominous clouds descend,  
Their hues blending, sounds portend  
A storm,—almost I fear  
The winter cometh cold and drear.

Mark well my song today, for it shall tell  
Thoughts I would have thee read alone ;  
They came with the time I loved so well—  
The early autumn—now their spell  
Returns ; and the wind's low moan  
Has but one voice, that voice thy own.

While through a forest wandering rapt in thought  
Of other scenes than those in view,  
A falling leaf my listless eye has caught,  
And, o'er the tenor of my mind has wrought  
Marked change ; and so life's pathway through  
A glance or word may hopes of years undo.

Thus walking forth this autumn when a breeze  
Woke plaintive murmurings, while it stole  
Their mantles, rich of hue, from ancient trees,  
One upright maple fixed my gaze ;  
'Twas on the margin of a pool  
Whose deep dark waters chilled my soul.



And, westward borne upon the breeze, there fell  
 A leaf from that fair maple's height ;  
 With startled look I saw it dwell  
 Poised mid-air o'er the water's swell,  
 Then, flitting upward, light  
 Upon a neighbouring tree mid leaflets bright.

While there it lingered, restless still,  
 A fancy crossed my mind :  
 It sought a mate, a leaflet, to fill  
 A sunny nook by its native hill :  
 Its wish no welcome seem'd to find  
 For alone it was cast to the changing wind.

Then, with a wild uncertain flight,  
 To the dismal pool it sank ;  
 The waves went o'er it, from my sight  
 It passed forever : but dark as night  
 Within my heart rose doubtings rank,  
 Till earth, a waste, lay wild and dank.

## V

Far through the silent woodland rang  
 Spirit voices—and fell doubt sang  
 This song in a weird, discordant tone,  
 Read it, beloved, when thou art alone :—

Thy heart shall yearn  
 In vain my boy !  
 Thinkest thou to learn  
 Thy love is coy ?

Her heart is young,  
 Though esteemed thou be,  
 Her heart's love song  
 Speaks not of thee !



But few return  
Without wound or scar,  
Who enter love's bourn,  
'Tis doubtful as war.

And few remain  
To happily dwell  
In that blest domain,  
Ah, mark me well.

My thoughts were as a freighted train  
Beneath a darksome tunnel ; forth again  
They came, and banished doubt's distress,  
For hope sang of peace and happiness :—

Why doth sadness  
Cloud thy brow ?  
Youth, let gladness  
Light it now :  
Doubt, as madness,  
Bringeth woe.

Mark that sunset ;  
Life shall grow  
Bright for thee yet ;  
Light doth glow  
Beyond death's streamlet  
Conquering woe.

She thou lovest,  
Actions tell,  
Would thy heart test  
Ere, to dwell  
There, her love rest,—  
Thou art loved well.

Few clouds shall mar  
Thy future way ;  
As a guiding star  
Her love shall stay  
If thou wanderest far,  
And never betray.

Hearken youth,  
No fleeting spell  
But life-giving truth  
My song-words tell,  
'Tis forsooth,  
She loves thee well.

Twilight came ; then I heard the echoes play  
Long after hope's song died far away :  
Night closed, and 'neath the dim star-light  
Came a spirit form, fair truth robed in white.

She wandered the wood till the milky-way  
Lit the northern sky, then the moon's first ray  
Above the horizon gleamed with amber light  
And my life's fairest vision was revealed to my sight.

Softly she sang, oh that heaven-born lay  
Rings yet in my heart, repeat it I pray ;  
For, dearest, truth was no spectral fright  
But thy beloved form in those robes shining bright.

## VI

False Hope, thou hast been but a snare to me,  
Falsely thy songs were carolled ;  
'Twas fell doubt alone warned of this misery,  
And spirit of poesy, 'neath this dying tree,  
Farewell, ere thou too shalt seem mockery  
For the world groweth cold,  
Ah, dreary and cold.

Yet voice of young love, wake one parting strain,  
Now let a last plaint be told,  
And this noble river, rolling swift to the main,  
Shall bear it away, to return ne'er again,  
Nor to cause this bruised heart sorrow or pain,  
Which e'en now groweth cold,  
Lost, weary, and cold :—

Awake from thy lethargy,  
Far o'er the briny sea  
Stern work calleth thee,  
Heed its call.

Thou shalt forget me,  
As if borne on Lethe  
Forget that I cheated thee,  
Work cureth all.

## VII

Farewell, youth's glad Spring; thou shalt never re-  
turn,  
Farewell brightest Summer, thy fate I shall mourn,  
Farewell lovely Autumn; thoughts of thee long will  
burn,  
Though to merciless Winter tonight I must turn.

And calm serene Moon, 'neath thy silvery light  
Let youth's thrilling hope die out with this night;  
Farewell, my lost love, I have loved thee well,  
And 'twas naught to thee, farewell, farewell.

Youth's love, thou canst lie  
In thy grave 'neath this tree,  
Where the night wind's low sigh  
Shall resound plaintively.

Perchance some lone bird  
Will thy requiem pay,  
When the vespers are heard,  
When the night shadows play.

And spirit of Song,  
As a bird wounded flee,  
Nor this dull pain prolong—  
Farewell, e'en to thee!

## PRAYER

Lost now and desolate,  
Saviour compassionate,  
Hear my cry ;  
Thou fulfilled promise,  
Wondrous, mysterious,  
Raise me on high.

Sinful and wayward,  
Yet looking heavenward,  
Unseen Power,  
My supplication,  
Cleansing salvation,  
Grant this hour.

Love undeservèd,  
By Thy blood shed  
Freely given,  
Open this stained heart,  
As with a swift dart  
Shot from heaven.

Wring out pollution,  
In substitution  
Breathe new life,  
Even as a morning  
Gloriously dawning,  
Free from strife.

While heaven's glimmer,  
Blessed Redeemer,  
Shineth afar,  
Over me bending  
Pluck out offending  
Sins which mar.

Forgive all my wandering,  
Long coldly spurning  
Even Thee ;  
From the tossed main,  
From deathless pain,  
Lord, I flee.

Oh Father, receive  
My all, I believe  
As a child :  
Hold fast my hand  
Till I shall stand  
With Thee undefiled.

## FOR JESUS

Made for Jesus  
Midst pine forests  
Deepest want to feel,  
Of a Saviour  
Full of power  
Youthful sins to heal.

Made for Jesus  
Once through illness  
Wildly to deplore  
My heart's coldness,  
Sad unfitness  
For death's awful hour.

Made for Jesus  
O, how wondrous !  
Lying down to rest,  
By faith prostrate  
At His nail'd feet  
And pierced breast.

Made for Jesus,  
Oh, how piteous  
That a precious soul,  
Made for Heaven,  
Should, sin-driven,  
Spurn His sweet control !

Made for Jesus,  
 Then how precious  
     To be called His child !  
 One so sinful,  
 Wicked, wilful,  
     To be reconciled.

Made for Jesus,  
 For His service  
     In dedicating prayer ;  
 Sealed by His witness  
 Through His mysterious  
     Providential care.

## DREAMLAND

### I

#### THE SISTER

Love songs trembling on the air  
 Mingled hope, regret, despair,  
     Die away ;  
 Silence reigning hushed, profound,  
 Thoughts indebted to no sound  
     Lightly play :—

Twinkling tender stars gem-laden,  
 Rivalled now by yonder maiden  
     Where she stands !  
 Wreathe her future with a dower  
 Priceless, placed this parting hour  
     In God's hands.

Thus he spake with waved adieu  
 As she vanished—then withdrew,  
     And was gone :  
 Passions, longings, as the lover,  
 Faithful, soul-knit, sister, brother,  
     Ye had none.

## THANKSGIVING

He rose at dawn to find fulfilled  
A dream to dawning manhood given :  
From chiming bells thanksgiving thrilled,  
While banners waved to listening heaven ;  
Then glad expectance stirred his breast,  
And thought grew sweet as heavenly rest.

The noontide passed in cool retreat  
Where shaded light athwart falls round,  
They leave behind each noisy street,  
And where the waves, with lulling sound,  
Are kissing all the sandy shore,  
They pause to rest and talk of yore.

Anon her gentle voice is heard,  
And poems float, a spirit throng,  
Far o'er the lake ; and every word  
Transcends the sweetest wild bird song ;  
Then last they watch the sun descend,  
And golden paths to heaven ascend.

Are they by which our souls are led,  
When quit this tenant home of earth ?  
Oh, scene unrivalled, quickly fled,  
Speak, speak of that primal birth,  
Of man unknown to sin and shame  
Ere subtle error pierced his frame.

Wistful, she gazed till golden lanes  
To ashen hues turned grimly cold ;  
Desolate, as when the sea regains  
Long meadows diked beyond its hold ;  
Then slowly traced their homeward way,  
And breathed a sigh to part with day.

And thus he mused when twilight hour  
With slow reluctance closed her reign,  
Like one departing, fain to cower  
In shadowy haunts, to meet again  
With those beloved, nor leave alone  
All fondly called in life its own :—



Oh hungering soul, why backward turn  
 With sorrow's smile to view the past ?  
 Are they forgotten whom we mourn,  
 The cyprus where crushed hopes were cast ?  
 Do future pleasures ever fly  
 Above the urn of those gone by ?

Soul, my soul, thou art answering now,  
 And peaceful rest, as dreamless sleep,  
 With soothing touch steals o'er this brow ;  
 Keep then, as thine own oh keep,  
 Untarnished all that vivid gleam  
 Of thought, thy boyhood's happy dream !

#### DREAMLAND

Her pale flowing robes far extended in pity  
 Night hovers down o'er the slumbering city.

Dreams are floating, as feathers shed  
 From an eagle soaring on high o'erhead.

'Neath dreamland's golden sky he roves,  
 By silvery streams, through murmuring groves ;

Voices reverberant thronging the air  
 From sylvan shades resound afar ;

And at each lull of the gentle breeze  
 A lady sings to the answering trees :—

#### LADY

Will he come,  
 When will he come ?  
 The swallows are back to their northern home,  
 All day I have watched their flight alone,  
 And I am lonely—why does he roam ?  
 Tell me, oh tell me,  
 When he will come ?

## VOICES

The night winds tell of a traveller,  
He is journeying hitherward now ;  
But he bears the mark of many a year,  
Fair lady, upon his brow.

## LADY

What have ye said—that he comes alone ?  
Oh my throbbing heart he is yet thy own !

## VOICES

Alone ! Yes lady he comes alone,  
Companied only by strange unrest,  
And brown with the suns of the torrid zone,  
In garb of the Orient dressed.

## LADY

Oh, can it be ! at last—at last ?

## VOICES

A long pent flame, like evening's star  
Long lost in noonday skies  
Shining from azure the depths afar,  
Illumines the traveller's eyes.

He brings thee love and life and gold,  
He's seeking his fairy bride ;  
Then hasten to the tryst of old,  
He comes ere the rising tide.

## LADY

Vain deceivers ! As before  
Will ye probe this aching sore ?

Child I loved him—woman grown  
Yet I love him—him alone !

Bear me from this dismal shore,  
Let me hear that voice once more.

Better die in lands unknown  
Since my heart, my love, has flown.

Child I loved him—woman grown  
I can love but him alone.

## VOICES

The whispering winds are soft and low,  
Listen, lady, what they say :  
He comes—he comes, and with gentle flow  
The rising tide creeps up the bay.

## DREAMER

Fairy darling, art thou mine,  
Yet my own ?

## LADY

Thine beloved, all, all thine—  
Thy very own !  
Child I loved thee—woman grown  
I can live for thee alone.

The dreamer awakes when the reddening sky  
Expands, as the van of day drawing nigh.

He hears the flutter of sparrow wings,  
But 'tis Fairy's voice that softly sings :—

Yes, all thine—thy very own,  
Child I loved thee—woman grown  
I can love but thee alone.

He has travelled far since the break of day,  
Still twilight echoes softly say :—

All, all thine—thy very own,  
Child I loved thee—woman grown,  
Dearest, I love thee alone.

## INTERLUDE

Sister, these, my hero's dreams  
    Were of summer, and were told  
Ere the winter locked the streams,  
    Deep in snow the earth enrolled.

Silent was my home that night,—  
    We listened to the wind's low sigh,  
Speaking not, a languid light  
    Feebly trembling in his eye.

There he sat, a cheerless guest,  
    Listless, as on northern floes  
Bravest hearts lie down to rest  
    Overcome, in death's repose.

Though the winter's chilling blast  
    Seems now as a thing of yore ;  
Snow on mountains holding fast,  
    Ice yet spans the river o'er.

When last night beside my fire,  
    In his old familiar place,  
He resumed his unused lyre,  
    Strange expressions crossed his face.

When I questioned, though not speaking  
    For our thoughts are known untold,  
In his soul I saw love breaking,  
    As light waves over sandmarks rolled.

Rising, pacing to and fro,  
    Then a question answer came ;  
Well as I remember now  
    I will give his words and rhyme.

## II

## WINTER

Why thus watching the dying fire ?  
Oh, my friend why ask ?—  
Slowly, silently, the embers expire,  
And I would no longer bask  
In the generous heat of wreathing flame ;  
But fleeting pictures form the same,  
Too strange and wild to have a name.

Was it the calm pale crescent light  
That o'er the mountain stole,  
As I homeward turned at coming night,  
That made the past unroll ?  
And brought again love's low refrain,  
Awoke my harp, long silent lain,  
With one last pang of dying pain ?

A snowy mantle clothes the mountain,  
Soon come days when its embrace  
Unlocked shall yield each gushing fountain,  
Life returned to death's cold place.  
And thus within the weary heart  
A deep love spring shall wildly start,  
In riper years forget youth's smart.

I stood beside a mighty river  
Beneath an icy covering pent,  
'Twas hurrying onward moaning ever :—  
Will cruel winter ne'er relent ?  
As sun's warm rays bring glad release  
And gurgling waves, all murmurings cease  
When love breathes o'er the heart its peace.

The moon is lost in western skies,  
A star gleam studs the cloudless dome ;  
Friend, can it be from peerless eyes,  
Where artless childhood hath its home,  
That light—Oh ! radiant, half divine,  
Breaks through this troubled soul of mine,  
Remote, uncertain, though it shine ?

Lower sinks the ashen pall  
O'er the dying heat beneath ;  
Slower from the silent hall  
Sounds the clock ; with laboured breath  
Then he turns as one bereft  
Fiercely guarding hopes still left.

Lower sinks the ashen pile  
And my voice a whispered breath,  
Slowly speaking, carves a smile  
Where the shadow lines would wreath ;  
Answering with no song of bliss  
Rhyming simply only this :—

There is a tale of a precious gem  
Once sought by a petty king,  
Who thought that to one half his realm  
He would gain the wondrous thing.

And though in dreams a warning came,  
While he the quest pursued ;  
Half blind, as with a vivid flame,  
He still possession sued.

But, strange to tell, its lustre rare  
Within his touch grew dim ;  
Returned, the light still sparkled there  
The same—yet not for him :

Far better gemless diadem,  
He said with sad chagrin,  
Than chief therein a clouded gem  
Nor care nor thought could win.

Years passed away, so it is told,  
When, through experience wise,  
He found a jewel many fold  
For him a greater prize.

And with each year its lustre grew,  
As virtue brighter shone ;  
Till earth or sea held none he knew  
The peer of that his own.

The fire dies, and from his brow  
Darksome shadows pass away ;  
Then he rising turns to go,  
Says goodmorning, since 'tis day :  
Comes not to my home again  
Till the time of wind and rain.

## III

## SPRING

Strangely songs are ringing, ringing,  
In my ears tonight ;  
Like some bird e'er singing, singing,  
On its heavenward flight.

'Tis not swallow, robin, wren,  
Nor the night bird whip-poor-will ;  
In the forest, o'er the fen,  
Where the sea birds' cry is shrill,  
None have music glad and free  
Save as they resemble thee.

Pleasant is the rippling streamlet  
In long days of summer ;  
And friendship constant like to it  
Still gives a song-like murmur :

But the swallow, robin, wren,  
Solitary whip-poor-will,  
Birds of forest, moorland, fen,  
Or the sea birds, wake a thrill  
Of deep happiness within me,  
For they all resemble thee !

From where eastern suns are burning,  
Where no winters chide,  
Young in heart to thee returning  
Shall I find my bride ?



As my thrush awakening then  
Earlier notes than whip-poor-will,  
As my swallow, robin, wren,  
Shall I find thee Fairy still ?  
Let me find thee then my own,  
Lover child to woman grown.

This was the Dreamer's parting song,  
But now, forgetting thee,  
My sister I have kept thee long,  
The clock is striking three !  
One year tonight, remembering dear,  
Relationship began,  
What vivid, various scenes appear  
Called from that narrow span :  
How frail our lives, and quickly spent ;  
How dark our vision grows  
Turned from the glorious Radiant  
Who came to bear our woes.  
Joy seeming stands within our reach,  
Our paths too soon must part :  
Thought knows no distance, let it teach  
God's love, dear sister heart.

## NOT FAR

Not far to where our lost ones are,  
Not far, not far ;  
Safe, Lord, with Thee and free from care,  
Closer to Thee than angels are,  
Thy life, as here on earth, they share,  
Still valiant for Thy truth, they dare  
With Thee be there.

How shall it be O Lord, and when,  
We follow on ?  
Choose Thou the time and way, and then  
Light, as o'er hill top to some glen  
Descending glory, we shall ken  
'Twas Thy plan midst dark that has been  
Ere day begun.

And rapture of that morning dawn,  
Effulgent, clear,  
Shall clothe our spirits with delight,  
Redeem our falling from the right,  
Forever fade our sorrow's night,  
Restore our loved ones to our sight  
    Whom we mourned here.

### FATHER

Written on the hill above Rydal Mount, Windermere.

Thou in whose tender strong embrace  
Uplifted from my cradle bed  
I rest, when back by memory led  
To life's first dawning consciousness,

And from whose arms I fondly yearned  
To press my mother's lovely form,  
And kiss her lips, with young love warm,  
Where brightly sun and fire burned ;

Thou whose law was gentleness,  
Set in no rough exterior guise,  
A pressure whose unspoken praise,  
Whose sympathies e'en tears confess ;

Once I assayed to write for thee  
A tribute of my filial love,  
But saw the effort fruitless prove,  
And felt all forms unworthy thee.

Thy fervent, holy, gentle ways,  
A torrent full, deep as the sea,  
When mine the place upon thy knee  
In early childhood's happy days,

Controlling now, my heart is stirred,  
Pressed with emotion to and fro,  
As wind-prest pine trees long ago :  
The cradle-home of many a bird.

And low, sweet whisperings come to me  
Of beauteous baby innocence ;  
My Father, should I drive them hence,  
Despise such heavenly melody ?

Erst came from thee, dear honoured Sire,  
The thrilling and inspiring flow  
Of deep emotion—all I know  
Or ever feel the quickening fire

Which, fraught with august mystery,  
Is kindled in the poet's breast,  
Disclosing regions, boundless, vast,  
For thought in things we daily see.

And I, my Father, much and oft  
Have thought on these—on life and death :  
The first was given to me with breath,  
But soon 'twas lost and I bereft.

My mother, my first fond delight,  
Above her child seems bending still,  
Then says goodnight, and angels fill  
Her place until the dawning light.

Mysterious change ! with troubled breast,  
Wherein sin's shadow, conscious, lay  
To hear that gentle mother pray  
While my cold heart breathed no request,

But felt one dread Infiniteness,  
Beyond the world, the stars, the sky ;—  
I could not know Him, wherefore try ?  
Proud Error's first unrighteousness.

Oh, that I had my Saviour known !  
Obeying, as the prophet child,  
His earliest call, nor, sin beguiled,  
Had thought to wait till I was grown.

What pain unmeasured, bitter care,  
Confusion, disappointment's wail,  
Had passed, as storms o'er fertile vale  
To peaks presumptuous bleak and bare.

Yet I was happy, blessed where thou,  
My Father, wert so soon denied ;  
Thy mother kissed her boy and died,  
And flowers wreathed her saintly brow.

It was not thus I thought of death,  
I could not know thy yearning void,  
Bereavement had no joys alloyed,  
Still, 'twas mysterious as faith.

The stone which marked the Indian laid  
Beneath the hemlock's sombre shade,  
Where forest stream sweet murmuring made,  
Impressed me with a mystic dread !

But I remember standing near  
A young man's form who passed away  
When I was two years old, they say,  
And then I had not learned to fear.

'Twas later, when Mark Ireland died,  
And, by the hand in silence led,  
I stood beside the snow white bed,  
Death came a shadow to my side.

I reasoned much, too, of this life,  
How all things came, perplexing thought ;  
Yet, from earlier memories brought,  
I saw a state free from this strife.

A month since, when I climbed Nab Scar,  
I found a frail storm-beaten skull,  
Then, with deep thought unutterable,  
Reviewed my life while resting there.

Uprose from memory's shadowed past  
A vision of some awful bones,  
Bleached and white, beside some stones  
From the new ploughed furrows cast.

They haunted me in childhood's ways,  
They seemed a type of after years,  
My soul inanimate ; ah tears  
Cannot recall our mis-spent days.

But why, my Father, should I write  
Of childhood as it were in gloom ?  
For it was happy, full of bloom  
And ever growing still more bright.

Perchance fell shadows here and there  
They passed as clouds above the Lake  
Which flitting onward, do but make  
Full brighter silvery Windermere.

Come back sweet thoughts of infancy,  
Grandmother's face ere she was blind,  
The whip-poor-will, the autumn wind,  
And many a tall dark-plumed pine tree.

Grandfather, O can words unfold  
My heart's deep reverence for him ?  
A nobleman of God, in whom  
No guile was found when he was old.

As thou hast marked the morning rays  
Transform our forests flaked with snow  
To boughs of green, their youth renew,  
So seemed my young life unto his.

And now re-pass the weary years  
When youthful pleasures all were tried,  
Nor gave soul peace, unsatisfied  
I turned with sins, and doubts, and fears,

And self despairing, and undone,  
By faith looked unto ' things unseen ' ;  
And all I was, or e'er had been,  
Resigned to Christ the spotless One.

So Saviour, Lord, to Thee I bring  
To-day my almost weeping song ;  
As I am Thine, let it belong  
And be Thine own blest offering.

To him on this my natal day  
Whom ne'er I knew by other name  
Than ' Father,' loved in youth the same,  
Revered, beloved still more to-day.

And Father, feeble though it be,  
Accept it for its words of truth  
And tender love, and thoughts of youth,  
And God, who gave me first to thee.

### HUSH

Hush ! all homes are still in slumber,  
Save here and there an infant's cry ;  
Deserted streets, but few fires started,  
Cock crowing tells the day is nigh.

Sleep and rest, sweet boon of heaven,  
Silence, hush, let chatter cease,  
Sleep to man, in love is given,  
Harbinger of heaven's peace.

### A PORTRAIT

Tonight I looked upon a face  
Strange, unconfined,  
Eyes luminous, without a trace  
Of fear defined,  
A spirit free of time or place,  
Untrammelled mind ;

And yet, beyond all these revealed  
A mighty soul  
Daring to be itself ; and sealed  
Supreme, whole,  
Not by hard service, nor mind steeled,  
But love's control.

Imperiousness was written there  
In early days ;  
Though choice of goodness, and to bear  
With tender ways,  
Made great-souled truth her daily prayer  
And her life praise :



Until, the impulse of her mind  
Was spread around,  
Like unseen fragrance on the wind :  
Within, all found  
Embowered, sweet, and unconfined  
Flowers in fruitful ground.

What will she grow to, soul of mine  
That long has shared  
The glory of her gifts divine ?  
Soul, that has dared  
Accept so much ? Ah, she is thine,  
Nor first, nor last, herself spared.

## FANCY

Green of the grass, and green of the tree,  
Slender birch branches swaying and free  
In the soft breezes ; over the lea  
Swallows are winging their way to me.

Rising the sun, the heavens are fair,  
Sweetest pink lilac scenting the air,  
Renewing the world with fragrance rare ;  
Youth breathes her beauty 'neath golden hair.

In garments green, a flower of gold,  
Young love is turning it to behold :  
Wonder, no amaranth, for it grows old,  
Nor lives on forever, as in fables told !

Frail clouds fleeting across a blue sky  
Beneath sunlit clouds calmly on high ;  
Deeper they grow that most distant lie,  
Swifter the flight of those that are nigh.

Lower these fall from their place overhead,  
Changeful, as fancy in showers shed  
Where light had been ! O far now have sped  
The feet of young love, with noiseless tread.



## A FRAGMENT

Black, black, black,  
 As midnight blackness deep,  
 Hair from her pale forehead  
 Flowing down her back,  
 Girl emerging woman  
 Awakening as from sleep,  
 Eyes divinely brilliant  
 Their mystery that keep,  
 Why thus make soul depths within,  
 Unknown before, up leap ?

Fair in face and feature,  
 Enquiry in each line,  
 Wonder, reaching unto me,  
 Precocious, strange, sublime,  
 O woman, living in the girl,  
 How came you to be mine ?  
 Beyond all planned, so long ago,  
 Less human than divine  
 O God, ever more marvellous  
 Seems this life-plan of Thine.

## SHE

She came, she saw my need, and she supplied  
 What else, but by her love, were unfulfilled—  
 Life's sweetest, tenderest graces multiplied,  
 Although unfathomed and unmeasured at the first :  
 A world of heaven-sent gladness in her eyes ;  
 A spirit meeting cares with words so wise,  
 That, at her bidding, changed, lost in surprise !

## TULIPS

She bore in hand red tulips rare,  
 Her red lips, parted as she came,  
 Bright as the petals ; and he dare  
 Approach, because they breathed his name.

O lustrous were her rare dark eyes,  
As sometimes seen the evening star,  
Radiant and full of sweet surprise  
That seemed to meet his from afar.

He praised the tulips that she bore,  
Her dark eyes light and shadow fill ;  
O parted were her lips once more,  
Then he knew Eden on earth still.

## BEREAVEMENT

Sleeping the sleep of death ? Tell me not so !  
Sleeps the pale violet mantled with dew ?  
Nay, softly nay, e'en night's darksome gloom  
Is filled with the violet's fragrant perfume.

In childhood a primrose spotless and sweet,  
In girlhood the violet hidden from sight,  
In love a red rose, and as mother and bride  
A lily she lived—say not she has died !

Do you tell me her place is a vacant one now,  
And the cold ground covering that heavenly brow,  
That she sleeps where the tall pines heavenward grow ?  
Still my heart whispers nay, saying softly not so :

O'er cloud-piercing mountains and wide raging sea  
The voice of her girlhood is wafted to me :  
Her song is of sorrows we with care should hide,  
And her voice is unchanged—say not she has died.

Though primrose and violet wither away  
Who believeth and liveth shall never more die  
Spake Jesus, the Master of Life, ere He gave  
Love's trophy and triumph from death and the grave.

Dost thou say she has passed from his tender embrace—  
Unto whom she here gave first love's deathless place,  
That he mourns all a husband's bereavement and woe  
For a sainted wife dead ? Still my heart whispers No :

When the twilight is falling o'er hamlet and wold  
 She will come, in the hush, from the heavenly fold  
 And gather his love to her bosom again,  
 Then speak not of death's separation and pain.

\*            \*            \*            \*            \*

What are your words ? That her motherless boy  
 Mourns the infinite loss of childhood's first joy,  
 A fond mother gone from his lone cradle bed !  
 Yes, with anguish, I now know my cousin is dead.

### RETROSPECT

Deep pools of light  
 At close of darkening day,  
 With long o'ershading boughs  
 Through which aslant  
 The streaming sun,  
 A flush of crimson'd gold,  
 Floods and illumines  
 To their depths,

These are the eyes  
 Of my beloved,  
 These the peerless orbs  
 Which made my own  
 A heaven of blue,  
 When, ages long ago,  
 Through all distance,  
 Space of years

'Twixt woman-child and man,  
 They sent their flame  
 Of heart's desire.  
 Then rounded childish lids  
 Wide opening showed a world  
 Of eager wakening vision,  
 Sunburnt artless face,  
 And parted rosy lips

Made movement of the woman-choice,  
 By woman hidden and controlled,  
 But in precocious child—  
 O, strange, mysterious child,  
 Who met my older thought  
 With an imperious, 'hush'—  
 To her revealed, apparent, known,  
 Outspoken, 'you are mine !'

Her childhood passed :  
 The tall, lithe form  
 Of girlhood's happy, fleeting days  
 Merged into maiden, woman grown,  
 Ere I again before her came  
 A suitor for the hand  
 Her child heart gave,  
 But mine had deem'd her own.

Now well nigh forty years  
 On wings have flown ;  
 And those deep eyes of light  
 Serene, resplendent, full,  
 Invade my soul  
 With inspiration, fond content,  
 Beyond the dream, the vision,  
 They wakened long ago.

LOVE SONG

Beloved, Beloved !  
 The pine woods are calling  
 Where high o'er the forest  
 Their trunks rise from earth,  
 Their dark plumes are waving  
 O'er the eagle's nest, saving  
 From farm boy and huntsman  
 Its young at their birth.

Beloved, Beloved !  
 The five streamlets murmur  
 Where at Pinelands they flow

Softly on to the sea ;  
The blue lake dividing  
And swift rapids chiding  
Make softer and deeper  
Their low melody.

Birdie, dear Birdie !  
Thy girl friends call to thee,  
Their young friend and girl-bride  
From over the sea :  
Thou never art older,  
Thy heart ne'er is colder,  
For those to whom thou art  
E'er fondly ' Birdie ' !

To strong young men ' Mother,'  
They fondly salute thee  
And seek thy wise counsel  
For life's opening day ;  
Thy sweet grace, God given,  
Points them unto heaven,  
Just beginning here now,  
And not far away !

O bright best beloved !  
The brown leaves are calling  
As they flutter in falling  
Far down from each tree ;  
And the thrush and the wren  
And the blackbird again  
Call from hill-top and glen  
' Our songs are for thee.'

Sweet wife, my beloved !  
Thy dark eyes are changing  
From the night's deepest shade  
Into soft cairngorm brown,  
While his thou hast loved  
Since the days of thy childhood  
Yet more blue ever grow  
Looking into thine own.

## HUMAN LOVE

As airy inward instinct  
Of bird first on the wing  
Upborne above the tree tops,  
Uprising, bound to sing  
In new found rapturous ecstasy  
An inward song of love  
That lifts its blithe free spirit  
E'en high itself above ;  
Prepares it for earth joyance  
Low 'midst the fragrant grass,  
Reveals the light clouds fleeting  
That high o'er blue skies pass :

Or as the forest river,  
Fed by ten thousand rills,  
Feels in its course each shower,  
Or dewdrop, that distils  
Its tiny crystal moisture  
To help the mighty flow,  
Fulfilling Nature's mandate,  
As rivers of melted snow  
Sweep through the rock-strewn valley,  
In summer bare and dry,  
As if some new creation  
Sprang from a cloudless sky :

Or like the seedling acorn  
That bursts at last its shell,  
An inward impulse feeling,  
That but itself can tell,  
The time has come for growing  
Into the mighty oak,  
As surely as creation came  
When Voice of heaven's Word spoke ;  
Thus in the depths of being,  
Created from above,  
Is known the joy and mystery  
Supreme of human love.

'Tis seen revealed with radiance  
In face of infant child,  
But three months come amongst us,  
By its own hands beguiled ;  
'Tis seen in sweet eyes smiling  
Before the lips can frame  
The inward glad benignance,  
Response, by other name,  
That wreathes lips like flower petals  
Just opened to the sun,  
Most beauteous gift of glory,  
Fond parentage begun.

And union, hallowed union,  
Twice doubling joy of two,  
May learn this sweetest mystery,  
Yet found forever new,  
That holy lips and sacred  
Proclaimed in days of old :  
' As Christ loved ' be ye lovers,  
His matchless love untold  
Make music in your being,  
As if all star spheres sang,  
Wakened, quickened, happy joy  
That from the heart depths sprang.

### WHERE MOTHER IS

Home is where my mother is,  
We nestled on her breast :  
Love is where my mother is,  
She hushed us to our rest.

Joy is where my mother is,  
She shared with us our play :  
Peace is where my mother is,  
She smiled all strife away.

Strength is where my mother is,  
She taught us to be brave :  
Hope is where my mother is,  
She strove the lost to save.



Rest is where my mother is,  
So calm her peaceful brow :  
Tenderness, where mother is,  
Still soothes me even now.

Heaven is where my mother is,  
Yet her fond prayers below  
Followed, and my mother is  
More to me than I know.

## DORA

In the month of perfection we saw her  
June's fairest full rose of the year,  
And the house she had planned Glenn had built her—  
Had built for sweet Dora Lazier.

Overhead the pale crescent moon sailing  
Like a cradle seemed swinging on high,  
And the stars from their eyelids were peeping  
Through her casement out of the sky.

They saw the young wife, while her lover  
Swung the nest of the birdling to be,  
And told how she planned for its coming—  
Her baby—she was not to see !

But never a voice in the twilight  
Gave warning or whisper of fear,  
And our hearts were all beating in gladness  
With sweet fairest Dora Lazier.

The song birds had never sung sweeter  
To welcome a stranger to earth,  
Nature's plans had ne'er been completer  
To bless a dear child at its birth.

And over the tent in the garden,  
And over the cottage so fair  
We looked, and we praised Thee our Father  
In the sweet hallowed hour of prayer.

O God, with what wings of the morning  
 Came Death's messenger out of the blue !  
 We scarcely seem yet to have seen him,  
 Our hearts cannot deem it all true

That our Dora has been taken from us—  
 That our sad hearts must be reconciled  
 To hold the fond memories she left us,  
 And the sweet baby boy—Dora's child.

\* \* \* \* \*

We have heard the pine trees that once murmured  
 Over Dora at school on the hill,  
 We have seen the blue Lake that once taught her  
 That smile which stays with us still ;

We have passed by the home of her childhood,  
 We have stood by the graves of the three,  
 All Thou gavest, O Lord, to her parents,  
 Whose stricken hearts still lean on Thee.

They have given first fruits early gathered,  
 Much precious first fruit of the year,  
 Highly prized up in Heaven—dear Father  
 Tell father and mother Lazier.

\* \* \* \* \*

And now the deep stillness has fallen,  
 We have laid all of earth to its rest—  
 And her love, which twined so around us,  
 Seems drawing us, Lord, to Thy breast.

May we all who tonight are grief stricken,  
 And all who stood round her today  
 Hear Thy call—by our Dora—dear Father,  
 And gladly Thy sweet will obey.

\* \* \* \* \*

And often she still will come to us  
 Whenever the pale crescent moon  
 Overhead swings again her low cradle,  
 The birds sing, the Lake smiles at noon.

And oft when the pines softly murmur  
And the sound stills our sorrow and pain,  
We shall know thou hast been near us, Dora,  
And see thy sweet smile once again.

## TELL BELOVED

Blow soft breezes, tell beloved,  
Waft unto her tenderly  
That I long to see her coming  
With glad spirit blithe and free :  
Streamlet let your running water  
Hastening onward merrily  
Sing to her love's song for me.

Bending treetops, love's own story !  
Leaves that flutter ceaselessly  
O'er the vale aflame with glory,  
Whisper love to her, for me :  
Swaying branches, let your music,  
Let your heavenly melody,  
Breathe of her eternally.

Quiet land-locked little harbour,  
Pink and crimson, blue and gold ;  
Now transform, grey rock and headland  
Show your beauty manifold :  
E'en like unto her beloved,  
Beautiful, whose charms unfold,  
Dark eyes, full of love untold.

At sunseting homing sea-gulls,  
Nestling close for company,  
Upon Meachard, like a mantle,  
Find thereon security ;  
Thus my own for her sweet spirit  
Longs, for her felicity  
Fills to all infinity.

Let your song, too, hoary ocean,  
Take to her the tale of old ;  
Through your caverns may it murmur,  
Whisper it far o'er the wold ;  
When your waves dance in the summer  
Let each wavelet love unfold,  
Love that never can grow cold.

### III

## INCIDENTAL AND MISCELLANEOUS



## CANADA'S FIRST HERALDS OF THE CROSS

Here they of old, they, in the solitude  
Vast, endless and unbroken, passed away,  
Who knew the desolations none intrude,  
Depths of dense forests where no slanting ray  
Of sunlight seemed to penetrate, nor fret  
Of feverish modern strivings had come yet.

The awful loneliness of grief was there,  
The strange and haunting presence that pervades  
Unbidden secret sanctuaries, noisome air  
That poisons joy, heart hidden depth invades  
With restlessness that upward shoots to skies  
The soul alone can see within uprise.

The patience of desire met, controlled,  
Subservient made to higher destiny,  
The joy of single-hearted vision bold  
To penetrate and know life's mystery,  
The soul beyond the senses in the wild  
Turned upward to the Father, as His child.

And they sought human kind, these pioneers  
Not in prospecting bands, but singly, lone,  
The long-robed sombre men, despising fears,  
That hindered others but to conquest prone,  
They sought the heathen for the upraised Cross,  
Nor counted their own lives, nor measured loss :

Till lo, within the span of memory set  
Their names and holy deeds inscribed reveal  
The passion of their purpose, and beget  
In others longings likewise to excel  
In conquest of all selfhood that debars  
Soul savers still, oft great achievement mars.



Each river, running stream or tiny brook  
 That gurgling o'er its pebbles, murmuring flows,  
 Shall ever tell the lonely way they took,  
 And in the stillness whisper what none knows  
 But they who likewise some such pathway trod  
 And heard the voice of nature and of God.

### A SCULPTOR'S INSPIRATION

Stillness of God, eternal stillness, rest,  
 Ere yet our world's convulsions heaved  
 And fashioned to its form earth's breast,  
 Swept races from her bosom, unbereaved,  
 Majestic stillness and almighty calm  
 Strange these thoughts to think, mortal as I am.

Yet, since Thou givest them me, O God,  
 Least worthy of Thy least except in love,  
 Raise thou my being, rid me of each clod,  
 Aid Thou my contemplation of Thy rule above,  
 Reveal to me the working of Thy will  
 That raiseth meek and lowly, humble-hearted still.

I stood before the model a great soul  
 Had fashioned for memorial where there fell  
 The fairest flower of manhood's new world roll ;  
 Afar o'er Vimsey it will sight each lonely dell  
 That holds the vast unknown, unutterable :  
 Anguish, suffering, silence alone can tell.

I stood, it lingered with me, awesome hush,  
 Eternal silence, carved in deathless stone,  
 To rise above the height that day's first flush  
 May glorify it, silence reign alone,  
 And evening let its lengthening shadows fall  
 Ere darkness and the night envelops all.

So many races slumber on earth's breast,  
 So many fallen by their fellow men ;

When, O Christ when, will men at Thy behest  
Let their hands fall—and be the braver then—  
Ere they strike down a brother to his death  
Die as Thou didst—forgive with dying breath?

Stillness, silence, hush, is this, Thy word  
Majestic thought the Sculptor's mind inspired?  
A mighty earthly utterance, yet unstirred  
By clamour, conflict, or by cannon fired,  
Thy impulse, message to him from above :—  
Let Peace arise, and man to man breathe love?

## THE PRIME MINISTER

Dec. 4th, 1916

You first on whom the Empire waits,  
Far watchers o'er remotest seas  
Harken for sign or word that frees  
War's tension, anguish mitigates :

You whom the King to conference calls,  
Guide of his state in treacherous days,  
When war's wild clamour fills life's ways,  
Whose faith fails not, nor threat appeals :

You self-aggrandisement ne'er sought,  
The nation claimed you, you obeyed  
Its high behest, no faction swayed  
You from the straight line judgment taught.

Your instinct keen, the sense of right  
And growth which life's great causes win,  
Excluding pride, dethroning sin,  
Has kept your soul inviolate.

God grant you still His supreme grace  
Four square to face each secret foe,  
The inward strength true statesmen know  
Who live to serve, not for mere place.

The nation trusts you, it confides  
 Its great traditions to your care,  
 In its true welfare calmly dare  
 To act or wait, as God decides.

And as of old deliverance came  
 To mighty leaders of our race,  
 Courage of truth shall give you place,  
 By you keep unstained Britain's fame.

### MONARCH

Written in a window seat opposite a large picture of an expectant lion in captivity.

I look out on a world my own,  
 Nay, Monarch, thine and mine !  
 I see through bowered magnolia,  
 The June red roses shine ;  
 A shower has passed, they are refreshed,  
 A red gleam in the green,  
 Their deep dark petals hold the rouge,  
 O sun, caught from thy beam.  
 But who gave Monarch that dark glow  
 Of slumbering fire within  
 That holds enthralled, though oft I look  
 The visaged form to scan ?  
 I try to penetrate thy brain,  
 O king of forests wide,  
 See pride of nobleness in thee,  
 Strength in thy seamy side,  
 Feel thy strong nature in my soul  
 A fellowship reveal,  
 That thy deep eyes of fiery brown  
 Draw more than they repel.  
 Beneath thy shaggy bristling mane  
 Thy deep lined face is drawn,  
 In massive jaws and opened mouth  
 Expectancy is shown :

Is it a meal that thou wouldst have  
In thy captivity ?  
Or has remembrance stirred again  
Of time when thou wast free ?  
Nights when the echoing forests shook  
With thy majestic roar,  
As at thy side thy sleek brown mate  
With thee sought to devour  
Sufficient each unto your need,  
And none for cruelty,  
And found the place to quench your thirst,  
And none dare hinder thee ?  
What answer thou dost hold within  
Thy royal kingly head  
I try to fathom all in vain ;  
And yet thy Maker said  
Full many a word concerning thee,  
Enshrined in Holy Writ,  
Enough to make one reverence thee,  
And pray man may be fit  
In all his conflicts and his quest  
Of true and noble life,  
To stand unshamed, O Monarch beast,  
Before thee, and in strife  
No meanness or vindictiveness  
Allow in him to grow,  
That he may walk lord of himself,  
Thy noble courage show :  
And then thy kingdom shall extend  
Through more than Afric shade,  
Thou shalt have bound men's thoughts in thine,  
By admiration made  
The willing followers of a king  
In exile from his land,  
Whose being yet no bonds allow,  
Can still a Monarch stand.

## HIS SUN TO RISE

9th March 1919

And wast thou worshipped in the days of old,  
O thou that seemest to the sight of men  
To be the mightiest of the orbs of heaven  
And great life-giver of earth's crust we scan ?  
Man's generations to death's darkness pass  
Whilst thou serene on high dost still remain.

Thou hadst compassion streaming thro' thy heat  
When from the great Creator's mind the plan  
Of myriad constellations, suns and stars,  
And solid earth, made for abode of man,  
Were first conceived and in due season formed,  
Recipients of thy light and heat became.

Thy scorching rays, which, fierce, had else consumed,  
Made kindly mists, ethereal atmosphere,  
Moist vapours, clouds that mantled round the earth,  
Through which thy fiery beams transmitted were  
Not as destroying but life-giving warmth,  
Medium, and food of the Creator's care.

If then the dwellers on the earth—first men—  
Their deep obeisant worship to thee gave,  
And knew arise within them burning heat  
Of soul desire, immortal spirits crave,  
Small wonder that their bodies prostrate fell  
Before thy beams, and sought thy power to save.

Thou hadst thy votaries in remotest past,  
And we who live in these momentous days,  
When life has grown a fierce and maddened strife,  
Look up expectant, catch thy morning rays,  
Or feel the burning of meridian heat,  
Or glory that thy passing light displays.

We feel thee nearer as life older grows,  
A fond close nearness in the child-soul found

Beside stupendous things, nature and life—  
Desire to dig for gold within the ground  
Where thy illumined rainbow ends sink down  
To earth, beyond the trees or rising mound.

'Twas writ of old by the inspired pen  
Concerning him who from the ark came forth,  
And o'er subsided seas was husbandman,  
That when the nations of the west had birth  
Japheth enlarged should 'dwell in tents of Shem,'  
And then that Canaan servant be to both.

Has this within our age fulfilment found ?  
From bondage Japheth's brother now been freed,  
And sons of Japheth also backward turned  
With Union's strength to succour Europe's need ?  
To stay the outlawed 'force' philosophy,  
And breathe from prairie lands a nobler creed ?

Where sun towers rise midst earth's greenest Isle,  
Washed by the warm gulf stream from Inca's lands,  
Seats of great sun theocracies long past,  
There rise the intercessions of raised hands  
To the world-famed Republic, for her aid  
Toward self-control and freedom she demands.

Long 'neath a spirit bondage she has groaned—  
The cold, uncomprehending Saxon faith,  
Applied to her warm, swifter Celtic blood,  
Though meaning justice, yet ignorant, blind  
Unto the nation's soul that had its birth  
Ere Rome was founded, or Imperial mind  
Absentee rule had fashioned for the earth.

By her round towers, seen throughout her land,  
Unto Apollo for sun worship built ;  
She makes her age-long mournful mute appeal,  
As well by blood that oft her sons have spilt,  
That her own ancient birthright be restored,  
And thereby England purge away her guilt.



And it is meet that thou, to whom is given  
 To shine on good and ill through the Most High,  
 Shouldst show today strong justice and sweet grace  
 Established midst all nations, hear the sigh,  
 The sobs of nation travail, centuries old—  
 Hear the unconquered spirit of her cry !

Her soul has nobly striven in our time  
 That self-determination now should stand,  
 Free her to send out from her heart and life  
 Soul stirring warmth and love on every hand,  
 And that no longer in the ears of men  
 Should still be told the wrongs of Erin land.

Shine on thou glorious Sun through our moist skies,  
 And penetrate our souls—each dull mind sting  
 That hinders justice through ignoble fear !  
 Make strength of empire balm for healing bring  
 Till she, set fairest gem in England's crown,  
 Be glory's crown of our home-making King.

### TO H. F.

The soft breeze blows  
 Where green maize rows  
 Flutter their ribbon leaves  
 'Neath sunlit skies,  
 While long thoughts rise  
 That old time memory weaves.

Here, a school boy,  
 I learned the joy  
 Of worlds beyond the farm :  
 Not life I sought,  
 Yet called, I wrought,  
 But lost not woodland's charm

The babbling brook,  
 A pin for a hook



Beneath the cedar shade ;  
Soaring on high  
Against the blue sky  
Bald eagles shadows made.

Within the wood  
Hollow trunks stood  
Like unto barrier wall ;  
These deepen sound  
The forest round  
As partridge wing-beats fall.

Deep solitude  
Where none intrude  
Into the wood I see,  
Awakens thirst,  
As at the first,  
For country life care free.

The elms droop low  
As long ago  
I saw them bending down,  
Each weeping tree  
Man's shroud to be,  
That once was the lowland's crown !

Smell of the hay  
In the barn bay  
Brings back the strenuous toil ;  
Mowing and raking,  
Turning and shaking  
This fragrant growth of soil.

High honours scroll  
First on its roll  
Shows farm work when unfurled ;  
Greatest of all  
Lives that befall  
That sustaining the world.

## THE WIND

Winds that blow  
Seas that flow  
Under the sailing moon,  
Far from land  
Where they stand  
Waiting our coming soon.

In the night  
Moans affright ;  
The wild winds in the tree,  
Shrill, they go  
Soughing, low,  
Voice of eternity !

Love's delight  
Joy of sight,  
Sweet graces that adorn,  
Refreshing, near,  
Close, reappear  
With wind that wakens morn.

Where it listeth,  
None resisteth,  
Nor knoweth whence it came :  
Winds set free,  
Blow on thee,  
Whisper thy lover's name.

## GIRTON COLLEGE

Girton your fame and renown have transcended  
The noble ideals your founders first saw :  
Truth's mighty strength your life all embracing,  
Honour and right your inviolate law.

In your halls fair young women, foreseen and fore-  
shadowed  
By poet and prophet the long\_ages through—

A dream of their minds, a vision, a mirage,  
That flitted forever before their keen view,

At last stands before them, incarnate, resplendent,  
Free and whole-hearted in freshness of faith,  
Sharing all toils and all tests of their brothers,  
Scaling all heights on high learning's path.

In your courts the world's womanhood, Oversea's  
sending  
Their fairest young flowers, like sweet incense brought  
To infragrance life, to give inspiration,  
Lift high learning's light, live out heaven's thought,

Like a north star near the first seat of learning,  
To dare all endeavour, to win world renown,  
Never back from the path of high progress turning,  
Like a broad stream of life, like the Cam thro' your  
town.

Girton girls have gone forth from these sea-girded islands,  
Wholesome and sweet as the favour of God,  
Winning for woman a world's recognition,  
Opening fresh paths which her feet never trod.

Three years I have marked in your midst the unfolding  
Of those now the nation's glory and pride,  
Who through the long ages while sons sought your  
learning  
Were not then permitted to share at their side.

God forgive the great error, your life now revealing,  
And fill halting hearts with the healing of truth ;  
Lift the last of the barriers, men's minds infilling  
With the same noble thought toward maiden and  
youth.

Daughters of Empire in high thought onleading,  
Not in base strife or wicked war song,  
In your great quest to save manhood, bleeding  
Through self-centered ills, and from your great wrong,

Teach sweeter thought, by truth's power prevailing,  
 Call saddened sisters to rise and inspire  
 All earth with nobleness, till every hour  
 Reveals life lit through you with heavenly fire.

Thine be it for ever, O our loving Father,  
 Be it ever Thine, O Lord of heaven's grace,  
 To guide and uphold, in Thy favour to prosper,  
 With Thy Holy Spirit to hallow this place.

## EILEEN

(MID-OCEAN)

Wondrous, beauteous maidenhood,  
 Glorious in thy gentleness,  
 Fairest flower that withstood  
 Ages long of recklessness,

When, neglected or misused,  
 Man withheld that due to thee  
 Loyal homage, unabased,  
 He should render ; set thee free,

To fulfil Heaven's holy plan,  
 Thou shouldst hold, be unto him  
 Helpmeet, e'er ennobling man,  
 Awakening joys that ne'er grow dim.

I looked into thy face, Eileen,  
 From the crimsoned iceberg glow,  
 Glorious saw thy life—eighteen  
 To-day—spotless, pure as snow :

And the trust thy parents placed,  
 Committing thee unto our care,  
 Grew till its glad outlines traced  
 A pathway for thee, e'er more fair.

With the light sent from on high,  
 Not alone to gild the wave—  
 Golden, silvery glory, nigh—  
 But within, to make us brave.

With sweet grace of gentleness,  
Fragrance—truth's perpetual dower,  
Merriment—joy's artlessness,  
Purity—earth's greatest power.

From the berg the glory passed,  
Icy crystal, cold it grew,  
But thy sweet face, made to last  
Eternal ages, would, I knew,

Oft recall those sunset rays,  
Carry them throughout thy life,  
Pass them, making sad souls praise  
Thy light unto them midst world strife.

Peace of perfect maidenhood,  
Glory of glad innocence,  
Keep thee, give thee every good,  
Preserve thee from each false pretence

That might grieve or injure thee,  
Nor satisfy thy God above :  
Thus, life's best prosperity  
Be thine—a ministry of love.

## BLOSSOMS

O Land of the apple blossom,  
Land of the apple fruit,  
A century and a half has gone  
Since your first trees took root.

And now you count in millions  
The barrels that you grow,  
Sending to millions o'er the sea,  
Who rarely their source know,

Yet fain, perchance, would listen,  
If one would simply tell  
Your charms and fragrant beauty,  
Where orchard growers dwell.

But where since Eden, visioned  
By painter, or poet's tale,  
Has there been seen a prospect  
Fair as your famous vale ?

Caressed between two mountains,  
Ranged twenty leagues in length,  
Holding between the rich red soil,  
Left where the sea tide's strength

Receded, in long ages past,  
When layer on layer was laid,  
Until its depths made nourishment  
For the planter's plough and spade.

And your red soil responded  
To the amorous kiss of the sea,  
And it made your land forever  
Famed for its fertility :

To answer the warm sun shining  
In fruits, aflame with red,  
To catch from the mountain's vapour  
Its sweet, when the hot sun fled.

O Land of the apple blossom !  
Land of homes fair to see,  
How can my faltering phrases  
Acknowledge your gift to me ?

The choicest of your daughters  
Leaving your mountain side  
To live in the world's greatest city  
Its happiest, fairest bride.

And the whole world is your debtor,  
Since by your sad sweet tale,  
Of Gabriel and Evangeline,  
It feels love cannot fail :

That if long years should sever  
True hearts that beat as one,  
Though alone through life they wander  
Till its duties are all done,



Theirs will be sweeter heaven  
For all they have suffered here,  
Living to make others happy,  
From the weak to drive all fear :

And the fruitage of life devotion  
Will bear through eternity  
Joys red as your blazing apples,  
O land embraced by the sea.

## YEARLY MEETING

Jan. 1916

They knew, they felt within their lives  
Love's woe, the silent agonies  
That weigh and press, in which world war  
Entails and spreads a plague-like death,  
Destroying morals, deadening souls,  
Till multitudes scarce look to God,  
Or hold His being or His power  
Survive wreck of love-ordered life.

The young were there, their witness bore  
By Christ's deep call immutable,  
Charged with the weight of added years,  
Swift insight that His spirit gives,  
Strength, standing fast inviolate  
From shedding fellow creatures' blood,  
Hands to toil, hearts clear for Christ  
To help a world, to heal war's wound.

They were but few, 'gainst millions more,  
Called by the Mightiest in His might  
Four square to stand, truth's battlements,  
To face anew compelling force  
Of world opinions, frantic cries  
That surge and beat, vehement, wild,  
Till minds enraged and maddened think  
Alone in terms of strife and hate.



Theirs was no mere negation held :  
Holy fear, love of God and man :  
And yet a gladness, too, was theirs  
That came from heaven's Christ-promised peace  
Deep in the soul, true, humble, sweet ;  
In the Divine and Holy will  
A lowly trust, a power of God  
In suffering, yet unconquerable.

### FRIENDS' YEARLY MEETING, 1921

The deepest silence man can know,  
The hush, intense, profound,  
When gathered waiting spirits bow  
To God, nor utter sound :

Space sanctified through spirits blest,  
Not by some word or rite,  
Responsive love at Heaven's behest  
Outwelling in His sight.

And such today midst gathered Friends—  
The worship reverent, sweet,  
Uplifting, known the Power that blends  
Souls at Its mercy seat.

One spake high hopes, in holy fear—  
The sweet fear born of love—  
Ingathering souls, if but one hour,  
To Heaven's will from above :

Another told of mighty need,  
The need to feel with man  
The throes of fellowship, the mead  
They yield who Christ's face sean,

Envisaged with all human woe  
He met and overcame,  
Who catch from Him new life and know  
His spirit still the same.

And others too there were who told  
His mighty works today,  
Redemptive love at home, abroad,  
And some pled we should pray,

Till yet again the utter hush  
Of inward stillness felt  
Contrited, melted stubborn hearts,  
And moved, as Power dealt

With each according to its state,  
Soul record's mystery,  
Made inner life each contemplate  
And from past sin set free.

Sweet rest and peace that is not rest  
But yearning, new birth throes,  
Outreaching gladness from within  
None but a saved soul knows.

The rest that is true rest and peace  
Restoring deep within,  
The soul's renewing, made to cease  
From its accustomed sin.

O calm and quiet given of God,  
Serene blest atmosphere,  
Surround, infill Thy living church,  
And make its face to wear

The glory of an inward life  
O'ercoming, such as told  
A superficial creed-fed world—  
By Fox and Penn of old—

The depth and meaning of the state  
Not overlaid with care,  
Nor wealth, nor subtle secret pride,  
But to the Christ laid bare.

Then Heaven's call came unto youth  
Lest life's first claim should slip,  
Prophetic vision, serving men,  
Christ's highest statesmanship.

And lo, the concourse silent sat  
In dedication bowed,  
Till through the stillness and the joy  
With radiance faces glowed.

O sacred memorable days !  
Long may the fragrance live  
Of your divinely filled wrapt hours,  
Oft living silence give,

That out therefrom there may arise  
Strong service, witness bold,  
A pentecost the church surprise  
As in the days of old.

### A LITTLE CRUCIFIX

An incident at one of the centres of the Friends' War Victims  
Work in Russia.

He was a prisoner of war,  
A refugee on the Steppe  
Of Ural Russia, broken, weak,  
Who journeyed till he could no more.

At Lubimofka, where he laid  
Upon a Friends' War Victims' bed  
His lips moved feebly as he said  
Ave Marias, as he prayed.

And yet a hunger in his eyes  
Told that he something longed for still,  
There was no Catholic priest to fill  
Last 'extreme unction's' sacrifice.

A kindly nurse, who ministered,  
Told a tall youth of Quaker faith,  
And they together divined both  
The prisoner's longing and his need.

They quickly cut a cardboard cross,  
The Quaker painted it in gold,  
Placed it within the weak hand's hold  
And from him saw the hunger pass.

It was the sign he long had loved  
Of faith taught at his mother's knee,  
Pointing to Christ from sin to free—  
Atonement of high heaven approved.

It was his benison of good,  
His face lit with a happy smile,  
His soul, at rest a little while,  
Then passed unto its maker, God.

Catholic and Quaker and kind Nurse  
Drawn thus together by a cross !  
O, weary world, why suffer loss  
When love can heal what strife makes worse ?

## WORDSWORTH

You greatest low by Grasmere laid,  
O'er whom is placed the simple stone  
Like those of neighbouring villagers  
Telling your birth and death alone,

You true to nature's call in youth  
That set your path apart from men  
And made your vision doubly keen  
To comprehend the world's need then,

Of later English poet heroes  
Are none worthy greater name  
Than you, who loved your kettle's song,  
Lived simple life, nor wrote for fame.

You thought out problems for mankind,  
Saw light, where class pride had been blind,  
Made an unwilling world attend,  
Taught it for verse new rules to find.

Your influence passed beyond the seas,  
Helped western thought likewise take form  
In phrase more homely, sweeter rhyme,  
Of nature's inspiration born.

And, with a century well-nigh gone,  
Within your verse—arresting minds  
Set to find higher social laws—  
Each midst its depths instruction finds.

If till you threescore years had seen  
Verse yielded you scarce shoe-string pay,  
Yours the high honour not for gold  
To write, but for life's brighter day :

To live a faith serene and calm  
As your eternal heritage,  
To yield your inmost soul to men  
And dare trace life's thought page by page.

And you were right ; your Lakeside holds  
Enshrined already and secure  
The reverence of true-hearted souls—  
Midst earth's great names yours will endure.

### INSPIRATION

What humbling when thy hand is laid  
Upon the soul with tenderness,  
More soothing than e'en woman's praise,  
More potent than all mysteries  
That throng and stir in days of youth.

Thou sendest down, all unadvised,  
The current of fresh thought, long pent,  
Thou seemest to intrude, with themes  
Midst usual order, common ways,  
Wakening within fresh sense of truth.

And then thou leadest out to paths  
Embowered with fragrant flowers sweet,  
Thou whisperest softly how these shine,  
Dark to our eyes—clear to thine—  
Which thou wouldst by us, too, have seen.

Mysterious loss ! thy passing light  
As dawn's quick changing to the sight ;  
In broad day vanished unaware  
As sunrise glory fades and dies,  
Is ne'er the same to mortal eyes :  
Thou givest not twice that which has been.

## FRIENDSHIP

In the silence of this northland,  
Through its stillness, midst its hills,  
Oft I longed for hallowed friendship,  
Mind to mind, as light infills,  
Floods, envelops, softens, touches,—  
Noiseless as the dewdrop falls.

Through the dark and sombre highlands,  
Shortened day and long deep night,  
Wild sea-covered rocky Buchan,  
Where the rare sea eagles light,  
Lone and longing oft I wandered,  
Sought Thee, Lord, to lead aright.

And a mystic gleam and glory  
Touched with radiance red and gold  
Made me glad midst Scotland's greyness,  
As a cotter's light makes bold,  
When it shines out on the roadway,  
Leads to light and warmth from cold.

I was hungry, I was longing  
For a light to shine from far,  
From the depths of human being,  
From such distance naught could mar,  
Light to meet the heart quest in me,  
Calm and constant as the star

That once came to lowly manger  
Where the Babe in Bethlehem lay,



And I knew by all within me  
For this gift my soul should pray,  
Knew 'twas hunger God had quickened,  
And soul thirst He would allay.

Once within sight of that dwelling  
Whence he came whom God would send—  
Glad fulfilment of that longing—  
Lone I rested, soon to wend  
Northward, southward, o'er these Islands,  
In soul quest of God-sent friend.

How he came I had forgotten,  
In the joy that followed on  
When, far southward by the seashore,  
Well I knew that he had won  
That first place in friendship's keeping  
Midst life's friends but given to one.

Thence he brought me to this homeland  
To his fond dear mother's side,  
Into calm of deep contentment  
Where she dwelt, hard by the tide  
Of Perth's river, softly flowing  
Where 'tis bridged from side to side.

Here we lingered, loved, beloved  
Mingling in our gladness now :  
For we knew, by sight unerring  
As the soul sees, that the vow  
Deep within each soul now written  
God had planned : in Him 'twould grow.

Yes, today we knew her presence,  
In the room beside the river  
Felt her touch, her soul of kindness,  
All the warmth that fills a giver  
With the special grace of Heaven  
Shrined in grateful hearts forever.



Then they, too, we hold the dearest  
In the bonds of human love,  
Found each other, knew the gladness  
God had given from above,  
Bound their hearts in blest communion  
Passing years more hallowed prove.

Father, can our love's upwelling  
Witness to the spring's deep source ?  
How can feeble words in telling  
Seem not to impair the force  
Of each impulse Thou hast given  
Shaping all our friendship's course ?

Thou today hast breathed upon us  
Of Thy fulness, blessed, free :  
We give back, in love, O Father,  
All Thou gavest, unto Thee :  
Each, with all Thy world-wide children,  
Now would pray : ' God live in me.'

## CHILDHOOD'S CHOICE

### I

Excited childhood's favourite sight,  
The cars—the first railroad—  
Still, as embodiment of might,  
In me keep their abode.

They seem more than material—  
Spirit, force, yea power ;  
They still awaken childhood's thrill,  
E'en if watched by the hour.

They have a message and a voice  
That nothing else can give :  
Why do I yet hold childhood's choice ?  
Say—do you really live ?

## II

## TRAIN'S RESPONSE

We are the spirits of the earth,  
Our form—the railway train ;  
A century, since our latest birth,  
We've sped o'er earth amain.

What can exceed our thundering force ?  
We rush along each line  
A million bearing on their course !  
Our fire and steam combine

To shoot each minute o'er a mile,  
While, all unconsciously,  
Those we carry laugh and smile ;  
Know not the cost,—that we

In their conveyance puff and roar,  
And make the country-side  
Pause and listen, feel our power  
Resistless as the tide.

We once dwelt deep in mother earth,  
And felt her heave and sigh  
Ere she to us had given birth,  
In mortal agony :

And threw us, molten iron ore,  
From an upheaved hill-side ;  
There left us, hidden as before,  
Till man, by chance, espied

Our dark brown stains from tears we shed  
When rain storms pelted down ;  
He stooping broke us, with us sped  
Far to the distant town.

And we were in the fire thrown  
That burned a fierce white heat,  
Ordeal but by the greatest known,  
For service made complete :

Yet it would shame us should we boast  
Of work, so late begun ;  
For stone and ice formed many a coast  
Ere we our course would run.

If ours long dormant thus to lie  
Waiting heaven's regent, man,  
To lead us from captivity,  
Before our work began ;

Since, we have yielded e'en our soul  
To serve, man to upbear,  
To link his family as one whole,—  
Ashamed his strifes to share :

At last he sees how we detest  
To thunder shot and shell :  
Most foolish, whom God made His best,  
To do behests of hell !

Our mother, earth, has many more  
Still hidden neath her breast,  
That wait, as we, man to explore  
Her treasures ; and the quest

Will blessings yield, and vital breath,  
To races yet unborn,  
When man no longer seeks man's death,  
Love is no longer shorn

Of her sweet garland of fond praise,  
Of service, beauty, truth,  
Of all that makes on earth man's ways  
Live childhood's faith from youth.

## EARLY DAWN

Beautiful grey of the morning,  
Light breaking between the clouds,  
Faintest refulgence of sunrise,  
White glory a dark mass shrouds.

Often of life a true picture  
Portrayed ; to unheeding eye  
Lost all its heavenly meaning,  
This rapture set in the sky.

Awake, O sleep-drunken body,  
Dulled mind and stupefied soul,  
Arise to your birthright freedom,  
At dawn you shall be made whole.

### A TEAR

A consecrated tear  
Once fell on a bier  
As it stood in the village of Nain,  
And the Saviour Who shed  
Sorrow's sign o'er the dead  
In sorrow shares ever again.

When in earnest prayer led  
Low bowed by their bed  
Two knelt outpouring their soul,  
Again a tear fell,  
As a sweet wife's words tell,  
' Of life consecrating the whole.'

Yea a glad tear of joy  
Care could not alloy  
When in soul-union here it was given,  
Or when rising they trace  
Signs in each other's face  
Of the Saviour's, ascended to heaven.

Lowly at His behest,  
Seeking in Him soul rest,  
Heart-satisfying grace from above,  
As the lark on the ground  
After soaring is found  
Nestling close by the mate of his love ;

Or as he who was kept  
Death bound till Christ wept  
Spake loudly His life-word 'come forth,'  
Thus the immortal quest  
Of a yielded heart rest  
Finds therein supreme highest worth.

## TO AGNES

Agnodice was an Athenian virgin, who in order to study medicine disguised her sex. She learned the art of midwifery, and became very successful. This brought her into so much repute, that the men midwives thought their practice injured, and accused her before the Areopagus of corruption. She confessed her sex to the judges, and a law was immediately made to empower all freeborn women to practise midwifery.

O selfless love of friendship true  
That feels the motherhood of man,  
Yet never knows earth's motherhood  
Nor child, her child life to renew,  
Pure flame of God, His gift, His dower,  
Sent to earth's solitudes with power

To soothe and solace, midst the strain  
And conflict of earth's ceaseless strife,  
To homes distraught, the o'erwrought wife,  
To bring glad rest of heart and brain,  
Sweet savour to the sick-room food,  
And radiance like the face of God !

Pure selfless love and ministry  
That brings high heaven in nearness down,  
Compels our scoffing world to own  
The potency of woman's sway,  
The world beneath her touch grows young,  
Renews old tales, long left unsung.

Agno, famed nurse of Jupiter,  
Who named the fount on Mount Lycaeus  
Whence priests with prayer and boughs to bless

Made vapours rise, envelop her,  
And thence, in showers beautiful,  
Descend her fragrance to distil,

Dost thou come near us still to-day,  
Drop thy soft showers in parchèd soul  
Burned out, insatiate, past control,  
Till tendering, led along thy way,  
Re-birth drops swiftly from above  
More potent than the bolts of Jove ?

And Agnodice, sweet virgin bold,  
Famed friend of mothers, in disguise  
Taught by the great Hierophilus  
Midwifery art in Athens old,  
Who changed the law, made it empower  
All freeborn women from that hour

When high before the court she stood  
Charged by men-midwives, to their loss,  
Within the great Areopagus,  
Confessed her sex, so oft disclosed  
When birth pangs felt her healing hand,  
Till with her fame she filled the land,

Have you come back to earth again  
And in true friendship's strong sweet soul  
Made many strong and many whole  
And smoothed the path from grief and pain  
That all may know, like ancient Greece,  
Deliverance, help, and God's sweet peace ?

The skylark tunes again his throat,  
Uprising o'er the meadow land  
Flings bursting song on every hand  
Till heaven swallows up his note,  
Or drops beside his mate to brood  
Or brings to her the gathered food.



No chance or mischance nature knows  
In all her wondrous ministries,  
All common things God's law confess,  
Heaven's plan revealed yet plainly shows  
He who still marks each sparrow's fall  
Fills this wide world with love for all.

And is it less near Him to serve  
With virgin soul and spotless white,  
Know His behest, rest in His sight,  
With friendship's holy light to move  
At His least look, raise sinking soul,  
Till hope re-born can take control ?

And if high Heaven bestows such care,  
Through mateless life makes melody  
For wedded lives, and sets souls free  
With friendship true, serene, and fair,  
Oh God, how great and good Thou art  
To each surrendered human heart !

So let me sing tonight Thy praise  
O God, who friendship gave to me  
And made it great and blest and free,  
Strong for earth's service in Thy ways,  
And let these lines in gladness blend  
With life's great service in my friend.

‘ WHOM HE LOVED ’

Blessed hours whose fruit bearing  
Friendship's closest fellowship,  
Outpoured being, mutual sharing,  
Instinct with surrender's daring,  
Known communion deep within  
Where love only enters in.

Sacred precincts, sanctuary,  
Over which the soul sets guard,



Lips and eyes, movements that carry  
Desire, choice that will not tarry,  
Revealing mystery, thrilling, sweet,  
Accomplished as two souls thus meet.

Nature has no way to utter  
Such surpassing harmonies ;  
Though the sunrise flushing colour,  
Shades that rise and seem to flutter,  
Sensible with bursting beauties  
May resemblance bear to these.

Or in birds' songs at the dawning,  
Rapturous, amorous, flung around,  
Penetrating soul notes pawning  
For a mate's chirp from the downing  
Of the nest upon the ground,  
Likeness to these may be found.

Forest foliage with its fulness  
Of the richest colouring,  
Blending shades, tints that press  
Upon us, like fond love's caress,  
Mysterious secret, holy flame,  
Can you utter friendship's claim ?

Or the silence of the woodland,  
When the morning songs have ceased,  
Brown leaves, stillness, noises banned  
Save echoes of the woodman's hand,  
Distant, dropping like the leaves—  
Has friendship moments like to these ?

Birth and being, that immortal  
Cannot be confined to sense,  
It has life that John could tell  
Infinite, within Love's portal,  
Deathless, fresh as summer breeze,  
Sweetest of heaven's harmonies.

## SACRIFICE

Honour, yes high honour, felt at home, abroad,  
Throbbing, pulsing, surging swiftly through our blood,  
From all ranks those eager, at the nation's call,  
Swiftly sped to help the weak against the strong :  
Daring death for others, daring, noble, brave,  
Standing with great nations smaller ones to save.  
That thought great and glorious, yet its ways prolong  
Practice deadly, hateful, this world's mightiest wrong ;  
Seeking by means evil evil to o'ercome,  
Christ's command ignoring, it by good be done :  
Not by black reprisals, that these multiply,  
Feed untruth and feinting, tricks and strategy,  
Fling aside compassion at the wild war song,  
Perpetuate old error, breeding deadly strife,  
Make men in their daring take their brother's life :  
Find to their great horror work which they must do  
Called by those who do it 'devil's work' and 'hell.'  
Nobler then to conquer, gaining in Christ's way—  
Sacrifice—high honour, though through Calvary.

## ENGLAND

O England ! glorious in thy green  
Gold tinged fair with sunset reddening  
Midst the distant haze o'erspreading  
Thy ancient thatched roofed homes are seen.

Peaceful beyond thought's expressing  
The silence of thy tree-lined fields ;  
The solitude retirement yields,  
That seems upon the great house resting.

Peaceful the ancient flowing river,  
Calm 'neath o'ershadowing willow trees ;  
And elms, at times o'ertopping these,  
Reflected, though it flows forever !

Here by the embowered churchyard shade,  
 Where lie full threescore generations,  
 Were others who formed distant nations,  
 With silent strength fresh homelands made.

## IN MEMORIAM

Dr S. M. B.

### I

O Spirit of the forest old  
 Thou callest to her from the wild,  
 She knew thy secret mystery,  
 She nature's princess, as a child !

Trees had a language known to her,  
 They uttered not in vain their speech,  
 Her listening soul, her love's keen ear  
 Caught their glad call in her heart's depth.

And she amidst their solitudes  
 Moved as one wakened from long sleep  
 With vistas vast, in secret shown,  
 Heart full of treasures love would keep.

We welcomed her in infancy  
 Fair little princess, sweet and wise,  
 With eyes of sober green and grey  
 That learning won without surprise.

An inward intuition hers  
 To fathom depths of hidden truth  
 That gained in girlhood high degree,  
 Led to discoveries in her youth ;

That wakened hopes of high renown  
 And blessed mead of merit won  
 For earth's enriching by truth shown  
 As her researches were made known.

## II

O hoary spirit of the sea  
She loved thy flowers of the deep,  
Thy grasses, and thy long-shore weeds,  
Thy secrets rolling billows keep.

Until laws governing their growth  
Were open to her eager gaze,  
And pondering long their mysteries  
She saw God's plan their life portrays.

Each to its gradient of the shore  
Content to limits in its life,  
Drawing from briny waves and air  
Sustenance for sea's ceaseless strife

And motions, restless, mutable,  
Soothing at times as mother's kiss,  
At others passionate and wild,  
With seething surging angry hiss

And beating o'er them crested foam,  
Quivering when the storm has passed,  
Then vanishing beneath the sun  
Too white, too frail one hour to last.

Rare seaweeds in the summer's calm  
At rest or swaying with the tide  
Seen often anchored to a stone,  
Like mermaid's hair, old ocean's bride ;

Our little princess knew their names,  
And she too loved them every one,  
Her love and knowledge brought her fame  
As she to each one gave its zone.

For her Alma Mater making  
A supreme effort, toil of two,  
Though so slight, dauntless, attempting  
The work God gave her time to do.

Little princess ! our hearts weeping  
 Think of her frail form made strong,  
 Ardent greatness of her spirit  
 Conquering, carrying her along

To clear thinking and pure science,  
 Nor hindered by a lower thought,  
 Till the strain became o'erwhelming :  
 The casket broke—so finely wrought !

Low we laid her in the shadow  
 Of her friends, the covering trees ;  
 Fragrant flowers were strewn ; her fragrance  
 Filled the place like gentlest breeze.

### ESTHER

For such a time as this  
 All that has gone before ?  
 Not to contemplate bliss,  
 Or think of days of yore,  
 When the King's choice selected me  
 The consort of his throne to be ?

Pray ye, my people, pray,  
 Nor let food pass your lips ;  
 Fast, intercede alway,  
 Lest life of your Queen slips :  
 Three days and nights from meat refrain,  
 Fast, pray, that I may come again.

It may be the unseen,  
 The Lord, the King of Kings,  
 Himself will intervenc ;  
 He oft deliverance brings :  
 Cause Xerxes' sceptre to extend  
 When I, uncalled, before Him bend.

Thus I—no more afraid,  
 Secure in Heavenly power,

Your fervent prayers have made  
To shield me, as a bower  
Of sweetest fragrance and of light—  
May find acceptance in his sight.

Yet if not, still I go,  
E'en if it be to death ;  
Let Mordecai know  
The Queen, with latest breath,  
Will for her people intercede,  
Nor falter in their hour of need.

Sweet maidens, near to me,  
Let us together fast ;  
Love e'er is found to be  
Stronger than hate at last ;  
And I will go unto the King ;  
Your prayers will strength and courage bring.

If I come not again,  
My people shall be free :  
The call is clear and plain  
To higher loyalty ;  
In it the King's cause all should serve,  
Honour and truth his land preserve.

Watch then ; it is my wish,  
For I must go alone ;  
And, if I perish, I perish !  
Then may my life atone,  
Deliverance to my people bring ;  
High Heaven accept my offering.

\* \* \* \*

'Tis night, the wakeful King  
Has sought sleep all in vain ;  
Commands they records bring  
And read, to soothe his brain :  
He learns brave Mordecai's deed  
That saved his life in hour of need.



Swift answer to much prayer,  
Deliverance is at hand !  
The Queen dies not ; more fair  
Through trial she e'er shall stand :  
She gave her life her race to save,  
To frustrate evil, none more brave.

## TO L.

I saw thee not in stately halls  
Where rank and worldly sequence sway,  
Though thou to highest rank wast born,  
And through ancestral veins had run  
Truth's boldness, goodness, purest fun  
To thee, a seven-year child at play.

Thy first swift look that met my own,  
Imperious childhood's unveiled light,  
Revealed preecocious loveliness  
Shed round thee, inborn mystic grace  
Too earnest sweet for words to trace  
As it first flashed upon my sight.

Last night we saw the silvery moon  
Through oriel panes midst trailing clouds  
When night o'er massive balustrades,  
Broad sweep of stairs and hall's dim shade,  
In soft pale light a pattern made,  
Like those our boyhood's fancy shrouds.

When morning came her light had paled,  
A half moon in a cloudless sky  
Set o'er against October's sun,  
Dimm'd for elusive glories gone,  
A garish summer's, faded, lone,  
A spirit's chastened tear-dimmed eye.

Thou wast a farmer's loved step-child :  
He noblest of the neighbourhood  
Where mightiest world tides rise and fall  
Round curved Cape Split, a mighty roll  
Of pent up ocean, rushing, full,  
That breaks at last where Grand Pré stood.



And love has crowned thee queen today  
In all our hearts, those near and far—  
Friends' loving greetings, ne'er forget  
Since thy first coming my girl bride  
Across the ocean's rolling tide—  
No years thy loveliness can mar.

It was not there that first we met  
That August forty years ago :  
'Twas Canada's Queen City gave  
The setting where love's vision made  
Soul union, while thy fancy played,  
Fixed thy heart's choice : God willed it so.

'Neath the shadow of Mount Royal  
The breaking of a youthful pride,  
A hope deferred, a wish denied  
Where swift St Lawrence seaward rolled,  
And self-surrender God controlled  
Revealed thee heaven's chosen bride.

## OCTOBER 1922

Crowns of gold cap all the elms,  
Cherry orchards flame with red,  
Level-furrowed lie the lands,  
Autumn glories, summer fled,  
Mellowed, mild, mysterious days,  
Beautiful beyond all praise.

In another hemisphere  
Long ago I learned to love  
Forests rugged, wild, untamed,  
Dead pines, towering high above  
Unfelled hardwood, leafless, bare ;  
Yet glorious England is more fair.

Settled, stately, rich, serene,  
Heritage of highest worth,

Matchless in her wealth of green,  
Famous, nobly giving birth  
To high thought, from trickery freed,  
Honouring truth, meeting world need.

Stricken low the lying lips  
That would change our heritage,  
Debasing life forging news ;  
False, seductive, lying age  
Banished by the nation's wrath ;  
Shame no more her glorious path.

Banks of dark blue in the east,  
Sunshine gilding from the west,  
Touching flowers, trees and roofs,  
Changing troubles to sweet rest  
In the joy of earth and sky,  
Distrust changed, confiding nigh.

While the glory of the day  
Steals within, dispelling care,  
Promise gives of brighter way  
Where pain, want and suffering were ;  
Showing recompense for rod,  
Maintained again the truth of God.

Crowns of gold that cap the elms  
Have a message, give a tone  
To the spirit, wakening hope  
Brotherhood shall soon alone  
Circle all the wide world round,  
Peace of life, not death, be found.

### DEVON AND CORNWALL

Devon, ancient heart of Devon,  
How shall mere words far flung display  
World glories that had birth upon  
Your rich red soil ? or song portray  
The secrets of your glorious past,  
The power that o'er the world you cast ?

You rugged, resting in the arms  
Of northern ocean's warmest streams,  
Secure against all strong alarms,  
Sea guardian, whom all Britain deems  
Sturdiest of her noblest stock,  
She reared by moor and fell and rock.

Your strength and courage hold renown  
That oft has vied with Cornish faith ;  
Their visioned insight, Cornwall's crown,  
But to your sturdy mind a wraith ;  
You e'er care more for deeds than words,  
Choose work ; not signs or flight of birds !

Yet Cornish courage, grim and gray,  
Set round with rock-bound rugged shore,  
Lives on where'er her sons hold sway ;  
Has delved for gold the wide world o'er,  
Sailing, has joined all lands as one,  
Or sought home coves with life work done.

Pale moonlight now upon the Fal  
Plays fancy dances through the night  
Light as Drake's heart saying, ' we shall  
Finish our game '—though ships in sight  
Had dared, with all the might of Spain,  
Courage of Devon on the Main.

'Twas then your prowess joined made clear  
That faith and works stand side by side ;  
Your skill made proud galleons fear ;  
Storm swept your shores, till far and wide  
Were scattered Spain's ships round our coast  
While beacons blazed, laid low Spain's boast.

And you praised God for His good hand  
His succour sent in hour of need,  
Saving for freedom your fair land ;  
Will His worship, not human creed,  
Once more win truth that right is might  
Within your heart, as in God's sight ?

Cornish men and men of Devon  
Can it be life's sunset dreams  
Renew to old men youth upon  
Your rich red earth, beside your streams ?  
Mystery, romance, sea tales, song  
Round ' Green Bank ' ring, love's life prolong ?

## MUSIC

Last night I heard deep stirrings  
Past silence and soul peace,  
Like swift grey partridge whirrings  
Where distance seems to cease.

'Twas in a vast assembly,  
Gathered in concert hall,  
Midst hush of deep profundity  
And music's magic thrall.

And, as my glad soul listened,  
In solemn swift review  
A vision'd past swept o'er me  
And seemed too sadly true :

In sober depth of stillness  
And silent search for truth  
Eight Quaker generations—  
Age overlapping youth—

Had sought with fine devotion  
And dedicated faith  
To know the Spirit's motion,  
And follow in His path.

That Quaker life enkindled  
At first a piercing light :  
Alas, that it e'er dwindled  
Or lost its pristine right

To Christ's glad new evangel,  
His present power to save,  
And let the careless world pass on,  
Lest contact should deprave :

Then drew into seclusion,  
 Gave up the nobler strife,  
 Amidst the world's confusion,  
 Its customs and its life :

Denying common pleasures  
 With rigid Spartan line ;  
 Barring the one who ' married out '   
 Almost as 'twere a crime :

And sternly banning music  
 All outward utterance free,  
 Or only it should inward burn  
 In deep intensity,

Or smoulder, hidden in the breast  
 Unwelcome to appear,  
 Considered an unbidden guest,  
 Come only life to mar :

And made the outward life unreal  
 Nor true to that within,  
 Unhallowed, save by self-denial  
 Imposed, as if 'twere sin

To follow where the Saviour led  
 In holy sacred songs,  
 Expressing depths and heights of joy  
 As by angelic throngs.

\* \* \* \*

O Lord, how long the error  
 Wrought devastation dire,  
 Stilled in both youth and maiden  
 God-given true desire :

Oft nature strove to conquer  
 The captive spirit's chain  
 Of long restricting custom,  
 Soul freshness to regain.

\* \* \* \*

O, who has wrought deliverance  
Or brought it to the birth ?  
As gentle holy maid of old  
The Christ-child gave to earth ?

Fair Quaker music teachers,  
Once membership denied,  
Who patiently lived out the truth  
Two centuries decried ;

And modest Quaker maidens,  
Emboldened by their faith,  
And true unto the inward call  
To sing Christ's praises forth.

Yes, Thou hast sent deliverance,  
Through noble women wrought,  
Turning from all that sad mischance,  
Old custom's narrowing thought.

\* \* \* \* \*

And thou, sweet partner of my life,  
Who, songlike, to me came  
With brightness all along the path,  
A constant holy flame,

How shall deep stillness utter  
All I have learned from thee,  
Or songless lips of mine express  
My soul's deep ecstasy ?

If here earth shackles hinder,  
Old habits strongly bind,  
May Heaven's glory burn away  
What grave clothes here confined,

And teach our Quaker heart above  
All that we missed below,  
The mightiest utterance of love,  
Music the angels know.



## A FIRSTBORN

Song birds of the morning  
Awaken, awaken !  
From slumbering shelter  
Rise, welcome the day :  
Faint night folds her mantle  
While earth is adorning  
Her freshness and bloom  
'Neath light pale and grey.

Bright June caressed flowers  
Emit your rich fragrance ;  
'Tis the month of perfections,  
Bloom gaily to-day.  
Sweet pinks, blushing roses,  
With dew laden petals,  
And buds of fresh promise,  
Your beauty display.

Companions of Heaven  
Our Father's night-watchers  
Your vigil e'er keeping,  
O'er each babe at rest,  
Stay, ere ye fly upward,  
I glad message bring you—  
A young wife, a mother,  
Our Father hath blest.

Now come from His presence,  
With charge to our brother  
On joy hastened flight  
Love's convoy to be :  
O'er this precious firstborn  
His place now a watcher ;  
And the will of the Father  
His face e'er to see.

\* \* \* \*

Circle near blessed spirits,  
Rejoicing before Him  
Ascribe to Him glory,  
Glad tidings of joy—



O, praise Him ye song birds,  
 And bless Him sweet flowers ;  
 Happy father and mother,  
 Thank God for your boy.

### SOLILOQUY OF A STEEL RAIL

After the marriage of H.R.H. Princess Mary, 28th February 1922

I ring to the tune of the sounding rail  
 That carries above it the clangour and roar  
 Of the fast express or the midnight mail  
 From distance flashing to distance ; no more  
 I feel than the leap on my hard smooth face  
 Of the engine's weight ; yet I must not fail.

I have carried the nation's pain and woe  
 When battles were fought in far foreign lands ;  
 When mothers and sweethearts were fain to go  
 For heart-breaking tidings, with wringing hands  
 Returned again to each desolate home,  
 Empty war's honours ; all it can bestow.

I have carried toilers of early morn  
 Whose day began ere the break of the dawn,  
 Whose toil-stained hands and their garments long  
     worn  
 Reveal hopeless hearts, and weary minds drawn  
 Through narrow confining hard views of life,  
 And pinch of poverty since they were born.

I could tell of Kings and Princes I bore  
 All richly appavelled, and yet but men,  
 Who sometimes longed greatly to hear no more  
 Of the flatterer's fulsome words ; and when  
 Relief from a nation's high service came  
 Sought simple home joys they longed for before.

I have carried many a happy bride  
 From out girlhood's home for her honeymoon

Not knowing nor anxious what should betide,  
 Along with her lover ; though cares come soon,  
 Content to face life, whatever it be,  
 If she may but stand at her husband's side.

Yet I ween I have carried none more fair  
 Than our Princess Mary yesterday,  
 When the people's homage e'en rent the air  
 For the lovely bride I then bore away.  
 And their loyal gladness will bless her still  
 Whose grace won their love and their heartfelt prayer.

Soon comes the end, and my long service won,  
 Hammered and battered, but proud of my part  
 In a famous line toward the setting sun,  
 I shall welcome the end with steady heart ;  
 For I never refused to bear life's brunt,  
 And I thank my Maker for work well done.

REVERIE

Hollow sounds of moaning winds  
 Rising, falling, shrill and low,  
 As about the empty barns  
 In summer long ago ;

Plaintiveness of melody  
 To the healthy farmer boy  
 Robust, stout in heart and limb,  
 Country scenes abounding joy ;

Thrill of nature's springing life,  
 Watching trout-streams' gurgling flow,  
 Tall pines wave across the sky  
 Tempest tossed, so long ago !

Yet it seems but yesterday ;  
 Inwardly I feel again  
 Strange and haunting mystery,  
 Still half pleasure and half pain.

## INFANCY

How strange the silence of the babe  
    I left but two short hours ago,  
    Whose mind I two days tried to know,  
When, for my efforts, but smiles played

As if they slowly formed within  
    To answering infant consciousness  
    Of life no forms can yet express,  
Or language show it thus begin :

Yet which, mysterious, half a year  
    Accumulates its boundless store  
    Of knowledge, be it less or more  
Prepared, when first speech shall appear.

Hadst thou brought from some other bourne  
    Remembrance of the Father's hand  
    That held thee as thy life was planned  
Ere made to fill the earthly form ?

Or from some city in the sky—  
    Such as I saw in childhood's dream,  
    Whose spires and minarets still seem  
More real than earth's—didst thou desery

Thy place within our sombre earth,  
    Whilst thou on babe clouds floated slow  
    High in the blue, and made us know  
From heaven thou camest at thy birth ?

Or didst thou come down ray of light,  
    A beam of sunshine, sent athwart  
    A darkened room ; that gave a start,  
Beholding dust clouds in the sight ?

Yet these but carry back my thought,  
    Show again the slow revealing  
    Of human life, in us stealing  
Its course, from inexpression brought.

I ask these questions, yet I know  
 I am no nearer to my goal—  
 That He who gave the living soul  
 Alone guides whither thou shouldst go.

Thy bright eyes, luminous at rest,  
 Are sweet with love and innocence,  
 Playful, but make not yet pretence  
 Of hiding in thy mother's breast :

But with the glorious wonder, born  
 Of perfect trust, encompassed round  
 Have endless joy in every sound,  
 And winds that stir the leaves each morn.

Thy head has glory from on high,  
 The sunshine rouge, incomparable ;  
 And eyes disclosing living soul  
 Raise questions of thy destiny.

But who can fathom whence or how  
 Thy being fashions to its call,  
 Vocation, years that may befall,  
 What honours shall rest on thy brow ?

What is in store for thee sweet boy  
 If parents' love spared to bestow  
 The richest earth boon any know ?  
 Treasures of truth and parents' joy.

Is it thus—Lord of heaven's host—  
 By silence of each babe that's born,  
 By Thy Babe given, that men shall turn,  
 Know that through these Thou speakest most ?

O, Sum of all Unseen, but Known,  
 We leave our babies in Thy care ;  
 More Thine than ours they are and were,  
 By their lives O guide Thou our own.

## C. K. B.

I look abroad today upon the fields,  
     Vivid in matchless tender shades of green,  
     And think of what long waiting there has been  
 For this upspringing growth the dark soil yields.

Parable of life—long in helplessness,  
     Then longer still the fitting for life's task  
     And ever full of inward thoughts that ask  
 Its why and wherefore, and if more or less

Than secret aspirations that arise  
     Recurring, strange persistence, deep within,  
     Convictions of the right, oft sense of sin,  
 Life's chief object, anticipated prize.

What thought can fathom or what mind explore  
     Within all hidden depths, by love disclosed,  
     Whence received new birth, which long reposed;  
 Like this world new found greenness old earth bore?

You added to your Alma Mater gift,  
     Degree distinction, national honour won,  
     Diploma for the oldest art of man,  
 Science directed land work to uplift.

And how may I, your father, life forecast  
     For you beloved, knit close to my soul?  
     Or inspirations utter that control  
 More than mind's ordered thought, life that shall last?

Linked from its earliest being unto God,  
     To whom your parents gave you at your birth  
     That you might ever freedom live on earth  
 Deliver from old thraldoms men have trod.

The poet's mind, the living insight keen,  
     Concentrate ever yet far flung abroad,  
     The seer's exalted vision that sees God,  
 Unfolds the future, knows all that has been—

These be thy precious heritage, O son,  
 Who likeness bearest to thy mother's face,  
 Let her love, truth and loyalty find place  
 In all thy course until life's work is done.

For sweetest singers they who loved the land,  
 Were lovers of mankind enough to know  
 More than exterior life and outward show,  
 Could penetrate, soul secrets understand.

Immortal Will, whose birthplace we have seen  
 Within its ancient timbered house today,  
 Where from the world's ends ceaseless pilgrims pay  
 Him homage who disclosed what men had been,

So truly to our nature and to God  
 That all the changing shocks of fashion, time,  
 Or varied states, conditions of each clime,  
 Diminish not his praise, or chastening rod.

Still greater deep unfolding of the will  
 The wide world needs to shape its course aright  
 Man's life toward man to be true in His sight  
 Whose inspirations only can infill

And guide in true expression and in heart  
 That all may read and ever witness bear  
 That they have seen revealed a record fair  
 Which of the highest was a living part.

LIGHT AND SHADOWS

Play of light upon the wall  
 Beams that through a crevice fall  
 Gleam with glory, traced on wood  
 Dull and grey ; oh that I could  
 Tell their beauty as I would !  
 Rays, long memories you recall :



Boyhood's dreaming long ago  
Most vivid still of all I know,  
Sights and scenes of country life,  
Full of toil, but free from strife  
Save as nature e'er is rife  
With struggle, wearing to and fro.

Playful pictures, how you change,  
Lights and shadows, tints that range  
From the most dim shadowy grace  
Of a nimbus round a face  
To fairy forms, that replace  
Traced outlines, grotesque and strange.

How you differ, at noonday  
When, from out pale blue, each ray  
Intensified seems power to show  
And make e'en red mud flats to glow  
On glistening inlets by Pereau,  
Or Blomidon frown o'er the Bay.

Sheltered woodside we have passed,  
Yet those shadows seem to last  
In thought, place of days gone by,  
Fleeting, fair, tho' cloud-flecked sky,  
Or like the wrecked hulk's ribs that lie  
With storms and last sea voyage past.

Before, uprises Blomidon,  
Red-faced giant in the sun,  
As if old tales of anger wrought,  
Islands hurled far to the right  
From his great front, still in sight,  
Were true, as old legends run.

Fabled tales, or living truth,  
True it is our fleeting youth  
Comes back but as shadows cast,  
Though its traced lines long may last,  
And our hearts would hold them fast,  
Fragrance for old age's ruth.



## TO LENA

We were on holiday and had come in from Chichester. On the way we had been reading Matthew Arnold's poems, when I said to my wife: 'Tell me something beautiful, dearest,' and she replied, 'In my childhood I used to think of my father as one particular star that shone over the North Mountain.'

Our Father hast Thou ever had  
For every child whom Thou hast taught  
A father's loss, some tender thought  
By which to draw them up to Thee ?

Some star set in the wintry sky,  
Serene and calm and full of light  
With power to make earth's darkness bright  
And bid earth's blinding sorrows flee ?

And is it true Thou ne'er dost call  
The good away but Thou dost give  
Some token of Thyself to live  
In those that follow seeking Thee ?

E'en so unto Thy child it seemed  
When through the silence from afar  
She thought her father one bright star  
That through her northern casement beamed.

And father, whom thy Lena knew  
But as a babe so long ago,  
Didst thou come near when childish woe  
Or darkness would not let her sleep,

When softly down the stairs she crept  
To find the door was still ajar,  
And then returned and sought thy star  
Nor knew how Jesus children kept ?

And didst thou come into her room  
And guide her when she sought His face  
And turn the Book to that sweet place  
That made her first a child of light ?

Thou seem'st at times so near to me  
     It is not strange to tell thee so :  
     Those thou didst teach so long ago  
 In turn taught me to reverence thee.

And I, or e'er the time had come  
     When all a father's care was mine,  
     Had thought on that kind rule of thine  
 So just, controlled, exalted, firm.

And as a little white-haired boy  
     Had felt thy presence and thy fear—  
     It changed to love as I drew near,  
 And as thy son it changed to joy.

So now dear father up in heaven  
     Whom we thy children only know  
     By sacred memories here below  
 Not less to thee our love is given

Because another took thy place  
     Became our father good and true,  
     With gentleness led Lena through  
 Her childhood, and with loving grace,

Made all the fragrance of her life,  
     So early full of promise fair  
     And sweet precociousness as rare,  
 Come forth, and with him find her place

In daily gladness by his side.  
     The gentle guidance of his hand  
     She loved, and near his plough to stand,  
 And hear his voice at evening prayer.

How could we fail to love him well  
     Who loved with such unselfishness,  
     Whose every action was to bless ?  
 Then we had been unworthy thee.

We knew thee in our hearts to-night,  
     'Twas like a presence we could feel—  
     A light no words on earth reveal—  
 But love made all the vision bright.

So shine, dear father, till our feet,  
That slowly tread the narrow way,  
By thy example make each day  
A pathway to the mercy seat.

Till faith is lost in visions bright  
Of joy that thou hast known so long  
And we too join the heavenly song  
And watch with thee earth's fleeting night.

## THE SHROUDED MOON

## MID-OCEAN

O shimmering moon, secluded, dark,  
Midst cloud banks in the north  
At intervals thou gleamest forth,  
Like dove's flight from the ark.

Thou hast seen all the worlds of men  
Whom God has given birth,  
Seen them to thee bow low on earth,  
Who knew not His truth then :

And even thus, for wearied life,  
In stillness of thy calm,  
Thou givest rest, an inward balm,  
When turned to thee from strife.

Small wonder then of old they sought  
Thy influence, worshipped thee,  
Or feared thy stroke, sin's penalty,  
'Neath consciousness of 'ought'

That all men know speaks deep within,  
A monitor unseen,  
A mentor swift of what has been,  
That to Life all would win.

Thou keepest sweet tryst with the sea  
Round ocean depths to shine,  
Thou makest it uprise, decline,  
Tides hide and clear the lea.

Serenely then, O shimmering moon,  
 Though hidden now from view,  
 Sail on, thy beams will yet break through,  
 Thy sun will light thee soon.

### NOVEMBER DAY

Stillness of the morning,  
 Silence of the night,  
 Slumbers deep, motionless,  
 Hidden from the sight,  
 Dimness, world awakening  
 Ere the coming light ;

Hush that holds the senses  
 Gripped, as ice-bound men  
 Caught in deep crevasses  
 Are held age-long ; then  
 Piercing sun rays melting  
 Ice discloses them.

Darkness of the spirit,  
 Brooding, overwrought,  
 Clouding bright contentment  
 With its sombre thought ;  
 Lost chance of achievement,  
 Labour given for naught.

Weary, work unending,  
 Tasks and toil ne'er done,  
 Effortless, desert sand  
 Barren 'neath the sun ;  
 Come, inspirations flow,  
 Living fountains run !

Dawning birth of daybreak  
 O'er the darkened soul  
 Banish doubt, hope o'ertake,  
 Yield it life control,  
 Make morning faith avail,  
 Permeate the whole.

Glorious light out beaming  
 Bursting into day !  
 Gone faint heart's faltering ;  
 Led at last to pray  
 Infiller send Thy light  
 Over life's pathway.

TO N. D.

## GENERAL ELECTION 1922

A character of manliness and strength,  
 A fighter in the contest that has stirred  
 England to her depths, wakened her from sleep,  
 Made her realize her danger and her need—  
 Although too late her lapses to o'ertake—  
 One high in honour and intelligence,  
 To whom none can deny the reverence  
 Truth nobly held and lived forever wins,  
 Though, in the struggle craft and cunning may  
 Bring dishonour, and broken faith betray,  
 And boastful claim the outward victory.

Defeated at the polls ? Aye, it is so,  
 Greater the pity and the nation's loss  
 So true and clean a fighter should go down  
 While rampant waste and wild extravagance,  
 Trickery and reaction triumph now ;  
 And manual toilers, once old England's strength,  
 Today make havoc, Samson-like and blind,  
 To their great powers, e'en destroying those  
 Who ever championed and won for them  
 Their freedom, liberties and greatest good :  
 Insensate ingrate, foolish, waste themselves,  
 Destroying hope of speedy better days,  
 And themselves binding closer on the necks  
 The shackles and the deadening weight long borne  
 Of greedy and disastrous selfishness.

Defeated in the eyes of truth and right ?  
 Nay, crowned ! and nobly thrice a victor crowned.  
 Whose lips uttered no mean ungenerous word,  
 Did no unworthy compromising deed,

Whose heart beat true and brave, upborne by one,  
 A counterpart and sharer in the toil,  
 Gracious, noble, sweet, reliant and strong  
 For struggle and the victory that will live  
 Till England is awakened and astir  
 From all the poisonous torpor and the pain  
 Her own unheeding rashness, truth denied,  
 And error loved have made rise uppermost.

True hearts will bless you for this conflict  
 Stoutly and nobly fought, and you will live  
 To overcome elsewhere and make a name  
 The greater, it may be by this day's loss.

### THE LATE DR JOHN CLIFFORD

O moist cold air, black pall of smoke  
 Descending o'er the dying year,  
 Prostrating, making all life choke,  
 Pedestrians pause in doubt or fear,  
 Swiftly your covering was unfurled  
 That made you ruler of a world.

Why have you come ? why close the reign  
 Of glorious sunshine, Autumn's glow ?  
 If these must pass, why add to pain  
 This blackness, nor send feathery snow  
 To clothe the earth in robes of white,  
 Type of acceptance in Heaven's sight ?

May it not be ? have we transgressed  
 Nor made amends, nor sought for grace  
 With hands uplifted, hearts confessed,  
 Nor fallen before Thee on our face,  
 For Thy forgiveness made no plea,  
 Wrought ill, O God, dishonouring Thee ?

Does Nature for us sackcloth wear  
 Shrouding her beauty and each star  
 Since man 'gainst man black sin will dare  
 Though Heaven can see it from afar ?  
 And we were made one blood, one race,  
 And of Thy likeness to bear trace !



Deepen your darkness and your gloom,  
Men groping still shall find the Way—  
Hark, there has come a call, not doom,  
But radiant with strong hope, today  
To City Temple we are called  
To thank God for life that enthralled.

A poor boy, factory hand, eleven,  
Who passed to highest honour's fame,  
Whose noble years, fourscore and seven,  
'John Clifford's,' men woke at the name,  
Strained nerve and brain-fold him to hear  
With fiery force truth's notes ring clear.

Nor was this most : a heart of gold,  
True metal, answering from within,  
Foremost to fight if truth be sold  
Or compromised, oft deadliest sin.  
One who courageous e'er was great,  
A lion-like guardian of the State.

His passing shrouds not, nor dismays,  
His was a clarion call to men ;  
Bishops, Divines, with voice of praise  
Have called him prophet unto them ;  
They own his worth, they felt his love  
High moral grandeur from above.

And toilers, ye were near his heart,  
Ye who made London's fame for skill ;  
And princely merchants ye had part  
Who commerce built, enduring still,  
Since noblest traders' long years count  
Whose rule, the Sermon on the Mount.

Young Pastors in your strength and zeal  
Let his life nerve you for the fight ;  
'Gainst every foulness, may you feel  
Transparent clearness of the right,  
Till Heaven's immortal wreath of flame  
Consuming glorifies your name.



Then ye too monuments shall be  
Of greatness thro' the factory boy,  
Whose great heart was from envy free,  
Who found in service highest joy,  
As prophet saw good to be won,  
With conscience clear, gained heaven's ' Well done.'

### RESURRECTION LIFE

Silent, cold in death ?  
Living, vital breath !

Unknown on the earth  
Life of that new birth ;

Hid from mortal eye  
That seen from on high ;

Yet here presage given,  
Atmosphere of heaven

By calm deepening life,  
Learned amid earth's strife ;

Inward clearness found,  
Walks on holy ground,

As for someone's need  
To comfort, or to feed,

The way was seen below,  
Where few, but faltering, go :

Or toward Emmaus turn,  
To find, within, they burn ;

Till, swiftly back again,  
They speed with glad refrain :

' Earth's Hope has risen indeed,  
He met us in our need ! '

## THE SEA

O thou eternal movement, ceaseless flow,  
Beyond all computation age remote  
In courses of creation, all we know  
Of vastness measureless e'en but a mote,  
What language is sufficient unto thee,  
O major portion of our world, great sea ?

We stand upon thy margin and are stilled  
In presence of thy deafening breakers' fall,  
We view thy turmoil fierce, thy tossing, willed  
Not by man's puny powers ; the while the thrall  
Of potency unfathomed, mystery  
Unthought of and undreamed are thine, O sea.

What makes me shiver thus to behold  
Thy rhythmic motions wave on wave,  
Beating against the land, as if controlled  
By some Eternal Hand, to save  
Its stagnant and decaying growth set free  
Each season for thy purging, O salt sea ?

And oft upon thy bosom I have slept  
In countless crossings, boyhood to old age ;  
And to thee have confided plans unkept,  
When what I willed of good, space to engage  
O'erswept effaced by time's calamity  
Though it I longed for on thy breast, O sea.

But thou hast restful harbours, sunlit coves,  
And calm land-locked safe anchorage,  
Inviting many a fearless sailor-soul who roves  
Again in sight of home in parents' age  
To rest awhile from sailing upon thee,  
Enticing bearer of adventurers, wondrous sea.

O sea, companion of the Milky Way,  
Reflector, mirror of the pale thin moon,

Thy heaving bosom pathway for each ray  
That from her full face dances, gone too soon  
Mid sailing clouds or dark obscurity,  
Enchantress e'er thou art 'neath moon, O sea.

Thy tiny drops of liquid one by one  
Too weak for notice, joined unmeasured force :  
Thy beating pulses in my veins, undone  
I lose control of rest and feel life's course  
More swift, stirred, quickened to activity,  
Bound by thy beating motions, mighty sea.

And art thou doomed ? has fiat issued forth  
That in far vision sees thee swiftly pass ?  
There shall be no more sea, the edict saith,  
And art thou to consume e'en as the grass ?  
What awful gulf can gape to swallow thee,  
Immeasurably vast, subduing sea ?

And what shall fill thy place, thy caverns deep,  
When all thy floating forms have ceased to be ?  
Shall airy heights send down new life, or sleep  
Embalm in thy vast hollows souls set free ?  
Shall all that's mutable transformed in thee  
Stand forth to show thy constancy, O sea ?

### ANGER AND WAR

Anger makes the heart beat faster  
Using strength, thus run to waste ;  
Folly, too, finds in it fodder  
Suited best unto its taste.

Senseless oft, and disconcerting  
To the system's functioning ;  
It destroys life's harmony,  
Common sense sends on the wing

Until anger cools, and calling,  
Seeks possession to regain  
That it lost in madly following  
Folly blindly, to its pain.

War is wickedness of anger,  
Red and bloody, multiplied  
A millionfold, and blinder  
When in scales of history tried.

Hell's device for men's deluding,  
Women, too, in wantonness  
Of spite, caprice and vanity,  
Oft its cause ; and scarcely less

Culpable, though they must suffer  
Greater sacrifice and pain—  
Loss of husbands, sons and brothers,  
Lowered morals' vicious reign.

Loss of women's gracious spirit,  
Helping, healing humankind,  
Inspiration guiding reason,  
Power of the gentle mind.

Mothers, daughters, wives and sisters  
Seek then anger's overthrow,  
Pluck its buds, stop its beginnings  
If you true life's call would know.

Only let your holy anger  
Against sin and wrong have place  
In your mind and in your bosoms,  
Be the saviours of your race.

## RIVER OF GOD

River of God that downward flows  
How, when, and whither no one knows,  
Your spring in secret heights above,  
Your increase, sure as heaven-born love.

Of old Euphrates and Tigris flowed  
Where cities marked the eastern road,  
Were glory and pride of Assyrian bands,  
Source of life-giving to fertile lands.

Beside their banks the little maid,  
Captive, a stranger, yet unafraid,  
Told of the secret source at hand  
For healing and health in Israel's land.

Yet earlier still majestic Nile  
Through arid sands cut deep defile,  
Or, in its rise, flooded far o'er  
The mightiest delta-mouth of shore.

And on its bosom a babe upborne,  
That from its mother's breast was torn,  
A maiden sister watched with care  
His bulrush ark, as he wept there ;

Nor knew the world's lawgiver, made  
God's mouthpiece, in that ark was laid ;  
That all the world should homage bring  
To him, foreshadowing heavensent king,

World conqueror, when the Roman yoke  
And reign of martial force He broke,  
That long made subject distant lands,  
Where roads and Roman law yet stands.

And Tiber, turbulent and wild,  
Confined, insurgent, as curb'd child,  
Narrow, fretted with torrent foam,  
Surging, shares fame of storied Rome.

All these and many a river more  
Are found in tales of ancient lore,  
That flowing ever, strong and free,  
Tell short-lived man of eternity.

River of God, once far, now near,  
With soul refreshment reappear ;  
Life giving, let all nations know  
Your waters alone for healing flow.

## HOW DIDST THOU WALK ?

Jesus, how didst Thou walk with men ?  
What was Thy inner thought toward them ?  
What knowledge of each hadst Thou, when  
Beside sweet Galilee ?

Instead of crowd why choose but few ?  
The throng sought Thee, and many knew  
Thy deeds were good, Thy teachings true,  
Yet but twelve walked with Thee.

How didst Thou walk that rulers spurned  
Thy witness ? and they few who learned  
Thy living truth, few who returned  
To give thanks unto Thee ?

How didst Thou walk, O Virgin-born,  
Amidst the golden waving corn,  
Amidst a multitude forlorn,  
And shepherdless, and lost ?

How didst Thou walk beside the sea,  
When poor, blind, maimed, sought unto Thee  
Around shores of blue Galilee,  
Often, like these, storm tossed ?

How didst Thou see the humble flower,  
Field lily of a fleeting hour,  
Beneath the summer sun's strong power,  
Mark how it was arrayed ?

And where the sparrow sought its food  
Didst Thou take note, for human good,  
To make men's value understood  
Within Thy Father's care ?

And didst Thou show Thy deepest things,  
Weary, to woman 'neath sin's stings ;  
Show her how living water springs  
Deeper than Jacob's well ?



Didst show her truth of heaven's plan,  
 She should no more be slave of man,  
 Should spread Thy Good News o'er earth's span  
     Beginning first at home ?

How didst Thou walk, Jesus, Divine,  
 Saviour of men of every clime,  
 Redeemer of this soul of mine,  
     O, didst Thou walk alone ?

Was there none who at last could share  
 Thy travail, a world's sin to bear,  
 Alone reveal love's triumph there ?  
     Complete on Calvary !

\*            \*            \*            \*            \*

Thus Thou didst walk, Jesus, my Lord,  
 By hosts of heaven and earth adored,  
 By Whom alone earth is restored  
     To purity and love.

## FIRE

O crackle and blaze of the woodman's fire,  
     Curling flames that circle and leap,  
 Sparks upward fly, as the brush piles higher  
     Tawny tongues shoot, then roar and sweep :

Swift sheets of light flaming, then clouds of smoke  
     That sail aloft, a mighty roll,  
 Dread mystery, that the solitude broke,  
     Silence changed, as if a soul

Of the ancient forest had lain asleep,  
     Then started swiftly and astir  
 Sent through the azure pervading and deep  
     A flash of blue and purple air.

O wonderful fire, when you first leapt forth  
     How did you come ? and then was man  
 Afraid of you when you first burned on earth ?  
     To burn earth at last—is that your plan ?



And are you cruel, that you can destroy  
Towns in a night, and desolate,  
With dread send forth homeless those who enjoy  
Your genial glow in home hearth grate ?

And is it your purpose not to consume  
Save where the burning shall transform  
To some higher service, and life resume  
In larger sphere good to perform ?

You give kindest service known on earth,  
Warmth and cheer, life's food prepare  
For young ; and infants need you at their birth,  
Old age rejoices you to share.

You join vast continents and overseas,  
You speed o'erland the freighted train,  
Give airships mastery over the breeze,  
'Gainst storm wind e'en return again.

Then burn and flame on, O devoted fire,  
Help man nobly to do his part,  
Conquer and consume each evil desire,  
Your warmth draw nations heart to heart.

## A QUAKER GOWN

My mother had a Quaker gown,  
And it was silver grey ;  
I see her in that Quaker gown  
She wore on meeting day.

My father drove her to Cold Creek,  
O'er sand-hills, gravel, clay,  
It was ten miles across them quite,  
And uphill all the way.

There was a toll-gate on the road  
And there he had to pay ;  
But why he paid to drive sand-hills  
Was more than I could say.

And longer yet seemed the return  
 And dinner's great delay ;  
 So, many Friends each Sabbath came  
 And each pressed us to stay.

I feel again their kindly ways  
 As in those boyhood days ;  
 But, lack-a-day, for Quaker gown  
 One solemn meeting day,

It changed from silver grey to brown !  
 On our returning way.  
 This is how it came about,  
 That time we did not stay.

We had our lunch in a brown bag  
 That sultry summer's day ;  
 'Twas all through me with cherries ripe  
 That gown of silver grey !

The stain was deep into the gown,  
 That gown of spotless grey ;  
 It would not wash, it could not clean  
 To take those stains away.

And so it went into the dye,  
 I've heard my mother say,  
 And out it came a Quaker brown  
 That gown of silver grey !

\*            \*            \*            \*            \*

Alas for each, the brown and grey,  
 They are no more on meeting day ;  
 And kind friends you have passed away,  
 Gone, forevermore, they say.

No surcly ! for I felt you now—  
 Kind father's presence near me draw,  
 Dear mother's hand upon my brow,  
 And Friends, who made those meeting days  
 The sweeter by their kindly ways.

And you can never quite depart  
While memory lasts, for in my heart  
You still live on, you still live on !

And e'en the gown, once dyed to brown,  
Has changed again—it has no stain !  
Glad tears have washed it, like the rain,  
'Tis silver grey, 'tis silver grey !

## SABBATH

## MORNING

O crescent moon of morning,  
And solitary star  
Amidst the early, trailing clouds  
Inset with glory rare !

Dim misty wooded outlines  
Against the distant sky,  
And nearer, pillowy masses  
Leaf rounded to the eye !

Within the little hamlet  
Light early risers greets,  
But dimly heralds dawning  
O'er the deserted streets.

I hear the farm cock's crowing  
O'er harvest gathered home,  
The mist-crowned hamlet's weathercock  
Recalls the Sabbath come.

## WORSHIP

And now the Sabbath glory :  
The whole world led to prayer  
In many a humble meeting house,  
Groined minsters, costly, fair,  
O'er blood-stained fields of battle,  
In war ships on the sea,  
Through neutral nations, watching  
World war's dread rivalry

In awful swift destruction  
Of outpoured life God gave,  
While the Christ unseen descends  
To souls He came to save.

## EVENING

Again the gathering shadows  
Enwrap the closing day,  
The soft September sun that shone,  
The clouds that threatening lay

A great dark bank along the south  
Have vanished, night is nigh ;  
Within a forest solitude  
Nought but a night bird's cry !

Ah, that is but the outward,  
Within, Thou still art found  
O Father, whom Thy dear Son sought  
At dawn o'er dew damped ground,

And in the tense dark silence  
Of dread Gethsemane  
Beneath a world sin's awful weight  
Submitting still to Thee :

And Thou wilt show His followers  
The pathway for their feet,  
E'en though the darkness deepen  
Ere dawning wakes their sight,

Reveals the hidden purpose  
Thou hast had in view  
That waited but fulfilment,  
And prayer to be led through.

And Thou wilt perfect ever  
That which concerns each soul  
Set to be Thine, at any cost  
Whose prayer is 'make me whole.'

## SERVICE

## I

O God, why is it Thou hast made  
All life a service, and a law  
Of being that all ever draw  
Their strength from use, else helpless laid ?

Hast Thou in kindness planned it so  
That none should miss life's highest chance ?  
That every gift used should enhance  
The value of all held, and go

Into the making of new life,  
According well unto Thy plan  
When first Thou gavest unto man  
Nature to know, but noblest strife,

The conquering potency that springs  
Upwelling with resistless force,  
The will that flows along love's course,  
Surmounts obstructions with faith's wings.

## II

I look around, on every hand  
A world of service and of song  
When that which speeds its life along  
Conforms to pattern by Thee planned.

All men and women joined to aid  
In shaping life's appointed work,  
Refusing to connive or shirk  
Their part by which the whole is made.

And wouldst Thou all life's lessons learn,  
Obedience—heaven's highest law ?  
Lose self and gain power to draw  
Others, from vain pride to turn,

To serve in ruling, or in toil ;  
To find in service what is best ;  
In work attempted joy, and rest  
With harvest gathered, enriched soil.

To serve ! It is the common lot ;  
And common things bring greatest good,  
Health and clothing, labour food ;  
Who most possesses but these has got,

Unless it be fresh weight of care,  
A stewardship wisely to use  
For others' aid ; or to infuse  
Vain pride if caught in gain's dark snare.

### III

Child service ! Ah, how vast its claim  
Upon a world e'er growing old,  
Love's tender plants that so long hold  
First place, God's gifts, with our name.

And serve they not by faith and love ?  
Until deception dulls their trust,  
Makes infant sceptics ; most unjust  
When home life blinds to that above.

### IV

And birds serve singing in the sky,  
Or nesting in the meadow grass ;  
They lift our thoughts from clouds that pass,  
Give hope new birth, and bring love nigh.

The very blade of grass that springs  
From out the bosom of the ground,  
To shield the nestlings and surround  
Their tenderness till growth of wings,

Is serving, and its freshness gives  
That makes a green world's restfulness,  
Gives sustenance, else earth's food less  
For all that on its surface lives.



And serves he not whose daily toil  
Produces from the earth its grain  
And fruitage, that men may obtain  
Its strength from cultivated soil ?

## V

How few the highest service know  
With will and choice engaged to serve  
Wholeheartedly with patient nerve  
In daring that true life may grow.

Yet highest service theirs who find  
The way to win the souls of men ;  
To leave themselves, all they have been,  
In trust of God, and know Him kind.

And some who heard this call within  
Were quickened to obey the voice,  
Yet freedom found not for their choice,  
But duty's service to fight sin :

Finding at last, like lonely light  
Upon some bleak and rocky coast,  
Lives there saved were guided most  
By these lives lived thus in their sight.

## VI

No service servile, His the cause  
That brings our powers into use,  
In stagnant minds corrects abuse,  
And shows us what God's purpose was.

Industry, service, 'tis the call  
A new world marred in guidance makes  
To him who pays and him who takes,  
One interest, it appeals to all.

And is his service less or more  
Who humbly in his place fulfils  
The minor part, life's call instils  
For him, though often done before ?



## VII

Service, of yore oft servitude  
That lay upon the earth so long,  
That killed within life's gladsome song  
In races ignorant and rude.

Who captives sold in bondage base,  
Made merchandise for evil men ;  
Destroyed, destroying too, and then  
Were hunted as wild beasts in chase.

O sin of sin, that woman's life,  
Given to give being and content,  
Should go the way her brother went,  
Be worse than brute, instead of wife.

Can it be yet that memory holds  
A world in which it still prevailed,  
A new world, that in sorrow wailed  
Its girls like chattels basely sold ?

## VIIA

High service his who gave ere death  
Fulfilment of young manhood's vow,  
Toiling upon a river scow,  
Slavery to fight till latest breath.

He fell, but from a continent  
There fell the shackles from a race  
He saw sold in the market-place ;  
He saw and felt what slavery meant.

The pride of strenuous honest toil,  
The patriotism of the truth,  
The will to serve from days of youth,  
Nor from the people's call recoil,

Great Lincoln ! yours to serve the world,  
That vast world touching shore to shore  
Your life, your labours, will be more  
Beyond the seas, your fame unfurled,

## VIII

To serve the state, to serve one's kind  
With loyal devotion, probity,  
Striving ever mankind to free  
From evil customs ; and his mind

Enlightened, turn to know itself,  
And know his God, Him whom He sent,  
Obey His will, sin to repent,  
Choose truth before mere gathered pelf,

This is true service, great indeed  
When rid from every selfish end ;  
Humbled, subdued, they whole-souled bend  
Whom God to honour thus has freed,

To serve with service that gives weight,  
Full measure, shaken and pressed down,  
'Tis this that gives to life its crown,  
Makes earth-life fit for higher state.

While grudging mercenary tolls,  
In labour or in payment given,  
Disqualify for state of heaven  
And meaner grow, like miser's doles.

Is it not true that true worth still  
Is found in those who fear not toil  
Whether of brain, or heart, or soil ?  
To tasks assigned bring loyal will

In their performance, count it joy ;  
Enabled, gladly do their part ;  
Or, if required more, with heart  
Give others aid, love's high employ.

## IX

Service of rest and holy calm  
How strange that high its place should be  
Amidst all service, since all see  
That therein lies true labour's balm.

## X

But service is not overstrain  
    Although oft straightened we may be  
    For tasks we apprehend of Thee,  
And Thy work is not ever pain :

The spirit catches Thy desire  
    Thy will embraced is blessed rest  
    Implicit, though by duties prest,  
Since these the soul can most inspire

With deeper longing to fulfil  
    The inward call of heavenly light,  
    Responding, as with secret sight,  
Our being's holiest strongest will.

Yet there are mysteries that grow  
    Within, beyond our human ken,  
    That make us feel we are but men,  
Yet how much more we scarcely know.

And Thou who didst our manhood take  
    For dwelling place on this our earth,  
    That we might know the second birth,  
And our lives like unto Thine make,

Thou hast for us unfathomed stores,  
    Unthought of realms of perfect life :  
    Between Thy will and ours no strife,  
Yet longing ever to be more,

In time to come than we have been  
    Rest and joy of Thy very heart,  
    Fulfilling in our place each part  
That when sought in Thee we have seen.

## THE WAY

Have we oft stood to watch, as those who looked  
From out some safe embattlement of strength ?  
Or as one raised above the inner self  
And conscious of emotions and control,  
Far mightier than our own will could command,  
That flooded all the being thro' the soul ?

These questions, penetrating in their search,  
Have sent their beams of all-revealing light  
Where erstwhile doubt or darkness gloom o'erlaid ;  
Shown that hid, more from ours than other eyes  
Which there transpired, doubtless seen in act :  
The steppings, slow and faltering, we have made  
In passage toward or in the blessed Way.

Yet marvel, wonder ! in the midst revealed  
The Way, e'en when our senses seem to claim  
Our whole attention : as strong noxious scent  
Drives from life its sweet fragrance, meant for us ;  
Or base thoughts at their first beginnings blast  
Those that lift up the soul life ; though it seems  
As if we might reach out and touch the stars ;  
Nay more, could even lay the hand in His  
By Whose creative word they first were made.

How vast in its proportions loomed the life  
And full of mystery, pathways all unknown,  
When at the first child-thought essayed to grasp  
A knowledge of the infinite Way and God ;  
Or rather when it first refused to rest  
In consciousness of inward peace and joy,  
Confiding innocence, knowing no fear,  
The blessed trust of faith in mother's arms.

Nor this for self alone, 'twas meant for all  
Who will the treasure take, and be at rest  
From swift foreboding thought, presage of ill,  
That comes with dread insistence to the child,  
Oft ousts, from its true place, faith from the soul.

Glad glory ere it went ! a blue-eyed boy,  
In child ambitions led and pure delight :  
But most to catch from mother's happy smile  
And fond content, life's essence and its fruit,  
Great enterprise, the shaping of a soul,  
Moulding of mind and spirit where they dwell.

What then concerns me most about this Way ?  
These thoughts of mine, or any of myself ?  
It is not so ; they are my brother's too,—  
They are for all the vast wide world outside,  
Who go by name of man—and hence I write.

From abstract to the concrete may I turn,  
And write of some I saw, in those strange hours  
When, passing from the pathways followed long,  
They chose first and forever this new Way ?

Stupendous ! mightiest transformation known,  
From alienation and estrangement turned  
To new heart choice, secret inmost loyalty  
That sweeps away all distance ; fellowship  
Utterness, glad surrender, face to Face  
With Power, Nature, Essence, Father love  
That sets the soul to issues, which, in form  
And sequent working, mean life in the Way,  
Eternity begun, earth's ills all changed,  
New aspirations found in daily life,  
And deeper consciousness of union known  
With Him who calls and leads into soul rest.

As seen in furrowed paths by storm stream made,  
Amidst the forest ways and fallen leaves,  
A course cleared by its swift and rushing tide,  
Until, lost in some creek, flowing hard by,  
Its short way ended, with storm passing ceased,  
Left but in leaf ridges, along the way,  
These traces where its transient course had been,  
Thus, the observer of his fellow men,

May read in silent but revealing lines  
Of face and feature, and more subtle signs  
In light or darkness of e'er changing eyes,  
Conscious or involuntary movements  
As muscles answer to the inward thought,  
Catch intimations of each fear, or hope,  
Set to the motion of some secret plan  
Or hidden purpose, by the crowd unseen.

And thus, in deeper sense, may souls of men,  
By those whose yielded hearts have opened been  
Unto the plan of heaven, lie clearly shown,  
And their conditions and their need be felt  
Before their spoken word shows light within.

'Twas even thus when first I knew the Way  
To break before one, who had laboured long,  
An honest toiler in life's common round,  
Within the throbbing heart of city life.  
Scarcely had we met, when by the power  
That links our human souls for mutual good,  
Mine was made aware that its destiny  
In some wise joined to his, this toiling man's.  
And I was called to choose between desire,  
And one long summer's sacrifice, rather life's,  
And this, too, if need be, yield e'en for his.

And one beside me, cultured, youngest then  
Of those who studied law passed to the Bar—  
Who promise gave of high advancement gained  
And nobly held since in another sphere,  
Joined likewise this desire and shared its call.

Was it a calvary—this that swiftly came,  
With nought of outward planning or forethought ?  
Rather Bethany, Jesus lifted up  
Seen in ascending, ere to glory caught.

Glory ! aye the thrill of moments such as these,  
Awakened all within, new cords answering  
Unknown harmonies, none e'er touched before ;  
That, once thus quickened, show an inward power  
Sufficient e'en to meet life mysteries.



'Twas heavenly power made this man fall down,  
 Contrite of soul, cry for sin forgiving ;  
 Go forth a new-born being, his family be—  
 Led by him too—forgiven, and made whole.

Joy to trace connection, later called to go  
 With a Seer of God to my native land ;  
 But how follow faithful words, see where they receive  
 Acceptance, new birth bring that life attests ?

'Twere not right or meet to trace here what we hold,  
 Sacred life-bonds given, confidences told,  
 Treasured safe with God, on earth held unknown,  
 Save hallowed memories, inspirations drawn.

We left the land of winter snow and clear keen frost,  
 Well-warmed friendly homes, and yet warmer hearts  
 But ne'er forgot those hallowed happy hours  
 Of intimate communion, soul to soul  
 That had been ours over its wide expanse,  
 In travail great at times, where strife had set  
 Its deep lines in the erstwhile peaceful ways ;  
 And there we prayed to lay a healing hand,  
 Strong love to bind up wounds that opened wide,  
 Oft deeper cut in thought, not in mere flesh :  
 And if we saw not all we hoped we saw  
 Enough to make us humble and to praise  
 The Father Who had by His Spirit led,  
 Shown His blessed Son ever still the Way.

Returned again, surpassing joy to find  
 Opening and urgent call from hungry souls,  
 Athirst, too, for the streams of cleansing life.  
 Midst many who then came and found the Way  
 Was one whom memory brings as one passed by,  
 When, thro' mysterious inward sense called back,  
 And consciousness of guidance, led to him :  
 His need apparent he swiftly found the Light  
 Almost without the utterance of a word.



Then one of giant stature, lost, was found,  
As witnessed by a life turned heavenward,  
With radiance, too, and joy of rested soul.  
Why midst many these stand out it may be  
Because links which bind the memory to them  
All were forged of love, handiwork of heaven ;  
Yet He too led all others, and has cared  
In many different spheres for each of these ;  
And none are lost, though many may have strayed  
At times, and needed to return again to God.

One, a navvy clad in corduroys,  
A rugged-faced, old-fashioned type of man,  
Whose first response, to word of invitation, ran :—  
' I'm not a Christian, you must know.'

He welcomed more for his sincerity,  
None could say just how and when the Way  
Became the chosen pathway for his feet.  
Slowly, surely, light beamed thro' thick crust  
And ruggedness of his exterior life,  
Until it came to be his soul's great joy.  
And crisp keen compass served discovered gifts  
When he reported to his new found friends  
From services, to which he found the call,  
Or others, in their stead, chose him to send  
Their delegate ; and found therein fulfilled  
His mother's thoughts of him when but a child.

Far removed were others in circumstance,  
Strong cultured minds, with intellects as keen  
As constant exercise can make a man ;  
And one of these, resourceful, full of life,  
Wrought not alone, nor where he found the Way,  
But many moved to effort, and truth evinced  
By choice that changed his calling, and new light  
Shone clearer in a life of certitude.

Then other two, who stood beneath the moon  
When silence reigned and gathered friends had gone,  
Impressed, convinced by energy of God—  
That entrance makes, the moment we relax

Our grip that long and tightly held the door  
'Gainst His admittance, entry to the soul—  
Were then and there made conscious of the change  
That sets our current, life in clear outline,  
A course that draws us nearer fellow men,  
Because at last it has drawn near to God.

If more there were, who, in the daily walk  
And pressing needs that stress in business life—  
Amidst its trials, and e'en its failures oft—  
Found lines that led their feet, too, in the Way,  
And sent them strongly hopeful in their youth  
To shape their future for true highest worth  
In manly rectitude and strong desire,  
Serving their God, their country and mankind,—  
It is as it should be, when, by mischance  
The age of infancy passed, saw not change  
That makes the whole world new unto the sight,  
A place of gladness in the love of God.

How varied are the calls, the courses seen,  
In childhood common, in old age more rare ;  
In childhood open, in old age disguised ;  
And intermingled, maiden youthful brow,  
The strong man long inured and claimed for toil,  
Wrecks of womanhood, lost, besotted, bound  
By drink curse, in worse chains than those of old  
Demon possessed, those by temptation snared ;  
Varied, withal how varied paths that lead,  
Yet find at last their ending in the Way.

One where the famed Nile slowly northward flows  
Reclines outstretched beneath the pale green sky  
And o'er a palm leaf pores, arrested now,  
Marking its structure, fibres, tissues, veins :  
Long doubt's disciple, now at last he starts,  
For lo, within him there have deeply stirred  
Emotions, thoughts he ne'er felt heretofore ;  
He catches breath, and all his muscles tense  
Tell of an inward conflict stoutly waged,  
For faith so often foil'd, misusing words,

Has reached his soul now through the fallen leaf :—  
' It had a Maker, who it wisely planned,  
And He who could make this can save a man.'  
What he refused before and lightly scorned  
He now believes, and humbly worships God.

A young girl reads familiar Scripture words :  
' Walk in the light, as He is in the light,  
Therein have fellowship with Him and know  
That His blood ever cleanses from all sin.'  
Swiftly all within her cried : ' 'tis for me !'  
New birth had come and rest had her soul found.  
Another through a few hymn lines unsung  
Accepts their message and that night believes.

Differing as our natures the countless ways  
By which heaven's message—Christ's redemption comes :  
Yet each and all of these are ever known  
To Him whose spirit searches every man,  
And He who made each differing face and soul  
Desires all—that they be led to Him.

O blessed secret of the Most High God,  
Man's pathway to surrender there infilled  
With more than all thus yielded to His will ;  
The inmost being full of new desire,  
The inward sight discerning rest and peace  
Revealed within, where self-will, then dethroned,  
Rests satisfied,—at last is in the Way.

But what is it that we thus call the Way ?  
A method, plan ? A new environment ?  
A course cast up 'midst desolated waste,  
By passion fires once ravaged and destroyed ?  
A counsel of perfection ? visioned dream ?  
A new found hope within the prodigal ?  
Losing self, a finding of the very self ?  
It may indeed be found in all of these,  
Yet these within themselves ne'er make the Way.  
The little child may find it, as its breath ;  
The strongest man in body, mind and soul  
It finding therein ever finds new strength ;

The toil-worn woman, or the labouring man,  
 Gain that no wealth can purchase in the Way :  
 But its intrinsic essence and its force  
 Are mightier than the movement of the sap  
 That through the trunk extends to every twig ;  
 Or than the mighty forces heat and cold,  
 The swift revealing light that mocks at space,  
 Or sound, or quick electric waves that span  
 The thin aerial medium of the sky—  
 Following law of kind, in wave lengths sent.  
 Mighty mysteries these, but few can know,  
 And e'en these few can never claim they do,  
 But wondering see new portents, day by day,  
 That open to their search in earth and sky.  
 Yet greatest of all human mysteries,  
 The problem of each life's high destiny,  
 The utmost good for every mortal soul,  
 The highest honour to its maker God,  
 Is plainly written, as the lines each face  
 Reveals, an index of all held within ;  
 And may be read by all of human race,  
 Regardless of all culture, class, or creed,  
 When low the soul in swift submission bows,  
 Acknowledging its need and end in God.  
 Who can portray the deep and inward thrill,  
 The pent-up strong emotion of the soul,  
 When inspiration's hand leads swiftly on  
 To scale new heights of rapture, cleansed souls feel,  
 As through each quickened sense unfoldings wrought  
 Awake fresh melody, heaven's harmonies ?

Yet these the soul alone touched by their fire  
 Can know the inward ecstasies that burn ;  
 Though not for his own need or joyance, this,—  
 It is for him a deeper blest delight  
 That all thereto may turn, feel life grow warm,  
 With new found hope, fresh courage, stronger faith.

And if there be suggestion in these lines,  
 Or if their complex import and design  
 Call for deep meditation and clearer thought,  
 The sweetness and the rest forgiveness brings,

O blessed Father send these to each heart,  
 Reveal life's lower and its higher plan :  
 Doubt's penalty ; and faith by love out-run,  
 In Thy Son union, human and Divine ;  
 For Jesus, Saviour ever blessed Thou,  
 Giver of gladness, ever art The Way.

O winds of heaven, ye that ever sweep  
 And purge, with wrestling, earth's growth and decay,  
 Ye lay earth's dead and fallen leaves in heaps ;  
 For you the seamen's watch must vigil keep ;  
 The soul that by night sought the way to heaven  
 Was to you turned, and clear direction given  
 When Jesus told the new birth mystery.  
 O flowers that bloom and ever spotless grow  
 In lily whiteness—types of purity ;  
 Or springing grass, with green luxuriance  
 Amidst rain freshness, scorching 'neath the sun ;  
 Or corn of wheat, for human sustenance,  
 Prolific, multiplying in the soil,  
 Ye all tell of the Way indwelling Life.

Yet greater than all these the heart's desire  
 The inward craving, hunger, and the thirst ;  
 The human cry, down thro' each century,  
 Insistant, clamouring for the higher good,  
 Are not these motions of the human soul  
 Momentous in their message for mankind ?  
 Send they not forth forever urgent call :—  
 Return unto your Maker, foolish, froward man ?  
 Are they not stronger proof than science gives,  
 With its e'er changing bases, half known truths ?  
 And shall not man grow weary of fell doubt,  
 Turn from it unto Thee, O Christ, The Way ?

## RECOLLECTIONS OF H. B.

I gaze upon the buds and bloom  
 She painted, whom I knew,  
 Within the homestead great west room,  
 Where honeysuckle grew.



The grass plot 'neath the middle door,  
Lined on the north with bees,  
Beyond each old-time garden flower,  
O'erhead acacia trees,

Where from the swaying branches hung  
Nests golden orioles built,  
Red roses and sweet pinks among  
The flowers their fragrance spilt,

Till all the spring time air was filled  
With richness of perfume,  
And none but some sweet scent distilled  
Around that big west room.

And there I saw the colours laid  
With gentleness and care  
And skill that then a wonder seem'd,  
Art beautiful and rare.

I watched her then, a white-haired boy,  
And now a white-haired man  
I live again the childish joy  
It was her face to scan.

The tender green is o'er the wood,  
The rain-washed sweet young leaves  
Clothe all the dark rimed limbs that stood  
Through winter's chilling breeze,

Yet none of these are half so clear  
Invisioned on the mind  
As her calm face I held so dear  
Full threescore years behind :

The kindly twinkle in the eyes  
That cared for me a child,  
Boy questioning, that often tries,  
And oft to boys denied,

Disturbed not her sweet artist soul :  
Her spirit ever dear,  
Her kindly words that backward roll,  
Her face that seems so near,

Are with me now more than the spring  
 Of this hushed Sabbath day  
 Where all the woods to 'cuckoo' ring,  
 Or nightingale's sweet lay.

I question why it is that some  
 Seem never to be dead,  
 Are with us now, for time to come  
 As if just on ahead.

I ask why 'twas the artist's art  
 Was once a thing decried ?  
 When it so long can cheer the heart  
 With beauty, else denied.

And when a boy I wrote a book  
 Of verse, one summer time,  
 For it thy buds and bloom I took,  
 Revered dear aunt of mine.

And I shall never cease to hear  
 Thy voice that welcomed me  
 E'en while thy brush made to appear  
 This painted mystery.

A full blown rose, three opening buds,  
 Above the dark green leaves,  
 That move me now with warm heart throbs  
 As memory swiftly weaves

The artist's eye and vision clear,  
 The soul that used to wear  
 Beauty revealed in things quite near,  
 And felt all God's world fair.

O love of Nature, to thee known,  
 Would that I might portray  
 As truly as thy colours shown  
 Some truth to live away.



## A BOY

Boyhood bold and shy by turns,  
Boysize, fashion immature,  
Spirit that each girlway spurns,  
Likeness, pattern, not the plan  
Each will shape to as a man.

Whistle that is blithe and free,  
Wakening echoes far away,  
Thrilling matchless ecstasy,  
Recalling, as nought else can,  
Boy thought to old age's span.

Careless, changeful, catching on  
Each sensation, every freak ;  
Courage, praise his heroes won,  
Now and then a serious streak—  
Summer clouds that shadows make.

Adventure, fun, happy play,  
Wild imagination's tales,  
Wakening visions, manhood's day,  
And the eye expands with light,  
Ready to grasp planned delight.

Green the grass and blue the sky,  
Of the warm, sweet summer day,  
Cities, castles, towers on high,  
Returned age of chivalry  
Life to live, oppressed to free.

Sunrise joy and sunset mirth  
Mingling with anxiety,  
Cares to which life may give birth,  
Troubling even thought of joy,  
In a happy whole-souled boy.

What are these but life retold ?  
Miniature of every age,  
Child-life, youth, and those grown old,  
All who ever earth have trod,  
After all these long for God.

## THE FAMILY

What is it makes the family ?  
Choice, acceptance, comradeship,  
The bonds that hold and yet leave free  
Foregathered fruit, faults let slip,

Correcting touch of brother soul  
With love too strong for flattery,  
Secret sister-love's control,  
Divergence drawn to unity ;

Mother care's mysterious force  
Encompassing each child she bore,  
Yet preferring thro' life's course  
Him whose love won hers before ;

Fostering care of fatherhood,  
Judgment slowly gained thro' grace,  
Intention, purpose, understood,  
Faith emanating from his face ;

Where all guests a welcome find,  
Can their own way comfort take,  
Rest that soothes, renews the mind,  
Noblest care given for Christ's sake.

And if to angels unawares  
They welcome give, O Lord for Thee,  
What makes the family then appears  
Love's first fruit, hospitality :

Till every limb of every tree  
And every leaf of every limb  
In the homestead's mystery  
Breathes of God, revealing Him :

Immanence, emergence, gleam,  
Soul light bursting from within,  
Growth of things that are and seem,  
Completion passing back to Him.

Father, Whose each family  
Planned of old to plant our earth  
With growth for perpetuity,  
Here giving unto heaven birth,

Form more fair than fleecy cloud  
That floats on high amidst the blue,  
Songs outswelling long and loud  
Soul harmonies that make life true.

These are they that make of home  
That greater good, the family,  
Encircling all, as home joys come  
Broadcasting them o'er land and sea.

### SECURITY

Jesus, Saviour, in Thy keeping  
Thou hast all life held ;  
Yet the weary world is weeping,  
Stricken, by self felled,  
From high place Thy love first planned,  
From Thy presence, by sin banned.

Outward deep blue of high heavens  
Peeps through clouds of grey,  
And there comes sweet grace that leavens  
Toil, from far away ;  
Life creative that infills  
With soul rest, all earth care stills.

Then task work is changed from toiling,  
Weary and distraught,  
To refreshment, springs up boiling,  
Pressure of high thought,  
Fellowship of One alone  
Who would all past loss atone.

## ON READING 'THE HOUND OF HEAVEN'

I sought the heights and dropt into the depths  
Of gorgeous ritual, flow of sounding words :

They came from one who strove  
To utter the unseen,  
Tell more than angels know,  
The way the soul and will within him went,  
Search for himself, nor upon God intent.

I heard these words of his majestic moan,  
Passionate and extravagant in pain,  
Aloud read by a friend :  
Saw they his life could bend  
Toward the ornate and grand,  
That over-filled all human space and soul,  
And room for God within there was none left :

Nor for his fellow-man, nor meekness grace,  
The highest attribute of God to hold :  
Saw his infinite loss,  
His holiest turned to dross,  
Place, pride, and lust of gold :  
And sorrowed that life's noblest he thus miss,  
His Christ betray for acclamation's kiss.

But God pursued him, and his mother's prayer,  
Grace that a grandsire lived ; and, from afar,  
Took from him, for soul weal,  
That which he sought with zeal ;  
And stricken, dazed and bare,  
Till he bereft should seek the mystery,  
O Christ, of what before he found in Thee.

And these great words that grandly uttered life,  
Mysterious, dark, are hard to be expressed,  
That but the inmost soul  
Interpreting the whole  
Can fathom ; or reveal,  
Save to those who to comprehend are bent,  
Bow low, receive the message as 'tis sent.

Dreadful imagery, gruesome figures shown ;  
 Living inwardness, the illumined known,  
     Truths awful set in light :  
     Desires that hide from sight,  
     Or masquerade at night,  
 Deceived, and still deceiving him they own ;  
 Estranging, and by gusts of passion blown.

Perchance no milder speech availed to reach  
 Where these Titanic shafts, in anguish thrown,  
     May pierce stout coats of mail  
     Encasing souls, that fail,  
     Corrupt within, undone,  
 And many losing, by this pathway shown,  
 Long after he who uttered them has gone.

Yet 'twas in common ways, in speech with men,  
 The Perfect Man—the Christ—came to us when  
     The world for heaven He sought,  
     By His own life blood bought,  
     Esteeming men's praise nought  
 That He might be its Way, its Truth, its Light,  
 Live out the grace in flesh before our sight.

And I knew pain, sore anguish, ever there—  
 Coldness where love should be, soul-death, despair ;  
     More than seen transgression,  
     Like failings of the few,  
     Moral, yet dead, I knew,  
 All God made to love Him by sin pierced through,  
 Parched for the living springs and Heaven's dew.

I looked on nature—but unmoved : at last  
 Saw inward failure, sentence dark of sin ;  
     Nor knew that there could be,  
     One thralldom's bonds would free,  
     Rid life of misery,  
 Since He its ills with word could dissipate,  
 By ray of light, or touch, life incarnate.

Barren of human hope, and lost and strayed  
 From all soul fruitfulness, and to love dead,  
     Nor sense of Christ within,  
     Nor springs that upward start,  
     When He forgiveth sin,  
 Black the unseen, as dead soul in the womb :  
 Conception, past starlight, awoke to God.

I came back to the world from all this quest  
 And lo, the mystery found about my feet :  
     The outreach of the soul,  
     Yielded to God's control,  
     Eternal power unseen ;  
 And prostrate laid, as long ago at night  
 When child faith knew safe dwelling in the Light.

As one of old who passed all human pain,  
 First martyr saw beyond the Son of God ;  
     Knew help, the Christ enthroned  
     For sin who had atoned,  
     Triumphed complete in death,  
 Yet, for our fallen race redemption, sate,  
 Love's perfectness, very God Incarnate.

The gorgeous temple passed, the stones were razed,  
 The veil was rent, prophets and priests were gone,  
     But one transfigured left,  
     Sufficient for our gaze,  
     The glory of the Christ,  
 Long promised, longed for Hope, the Son of God.  
 But for our human touch, the Son of Man ;

I saw starlight of Heaven's vast array,  
 In azure depths,—beyond all thought can reach.  
     Imagination's flight  
     The rare high altitude,  
     O'ercoming human breath,  
 Fell prostrate till One touched, as bier of Nain,  
 Was raised, as that young man, to life again.



Heard His ' arise ' in silent heart and soul,  
 With life insistence, awful, yet that swept  
     The very being's depth  
     With strange new happiness.  
 Gone old soul agonies :  
 Led back, through labyrinth, to Omnipotence  
 And utterness of love unspeakable.

### AT THE FIRESIDE

' We two,' she said, as thus we sat together,  
 Then into silence dropt ; the fire burned ;  
 Its flame and flicker made a soft, low murmur

As bursting heat cells from the wood logs turned  
 The gathered forces of long years of growth,  
 The rain, the sunshine, earth's offspring of roots.

And then she turned the pages of her book,  
 Just now 'twas Milton over whom she pored,  
 While I in silence thought on days of yore.

How wonderful that she and I are here,  
 In restful happiness and secret pride  
 That she is mine, I am hers for life.

' We two ' ? nay, yet Another at our side :  
 He came at first, and turned my thoughts to her,  
 Who, prompted by Him, ere she knew His voice,

Gave utterance to her heart in childhood's choice,  
 Choosing with all earnestness she could feel  
 Making her choice more real each passing year,

Until it filled her life, as she filled mine  
 With rapturous sense of inward, holy joy  
 The Heaven-sent bride and God-given bridegroom know.



## A HUMAN SLOPE

They were a human slope for many years  
Through happy childhood and youth's golden days ;  
But when to man's estate, or womanhood, they came  
The slope was changed from a descending line  
To one like hills and hollows 'gainst the sky.

We who watching from the first saw these grow  
From day to day beneath our eyes, concerned for them  
Not only to protect from ills to flesh,  
More to draw out and cultivate the soul,  
Instruction giving mind by wholesome word,  
Preparing dwelling in them for the Lord.

We saw them grow and following different paths,  
Choice or vocation pointed out, and they embraced  
As those in which to set their ways, meet life demand  
Fulfilling service shown, for God and man.

But who can truly trace life process therein shown,  
The ways and the revealings of inheritance  
That reproduce in act or deed that which we know,  
As coming like a legacy from grandsires laid  
Long since unto their rest, who yet live on  
In generations seen and known to-day ?

The rising sun that wakens each new morn  
Pouring beams of light and gladness all abroad,  
Penetrating mental gloom with morning rays,  
Shattering, shaking to foundations holds of sin,  
Dispersing by air currents its heat cells,  
Many a foul miasma from the brain,  
Comes to the parents' aid when sore perplexed,  
Gives promise oft of new and brighter days.

Then change comes swiftly, as if magic wrought,  
When parentage in turn to them has brought  
The self-same feelings we so long have known  
As love had watched those who to us were born.

O God, is it thus likewise unto Thee  
 Embodiment of grief incarnate when we sin ?  
 Dost Thou know sorrow such as we have sometime felt  
 Toward those whom we gave being and free choice,  
 And saw their highest lowered unto self  
 When we had asked but recompense of life in Thee ?

Art Thou like patient light of distant star  
 That travels ages long, infinite space,  
 Until it strikes our vision and is caught  
 Within the radius of our poor intelligence ?

What Thou hast been to us, we would be unto them,  
 Longsuffering to the uttermost ; yet not supine,  
 In human frailty hiding when we should for Thee  
 Bear witness ; be transmitters of Thy will,  
 Ordained by first and highest ordinance of Heaven,  
 And promise linked by sweetness to command :  
 Yet, knowing Thou art God, we but quickened dust,  
 Help us, and ever, care to cast on Thee ;  
 And, in Thee finding all we need for them,  
 Look upward although it were through our tears  
 Or broken-hearted sorrow, till Thy Hand  
 Touches the sore and aching place in the soul,  
 Gives it healing and comfort of Thy Christ.

And then, too, in their offspring there arise  
 Tender, sweet and fragrant as of yore,  
 Eternal freshness of the little child ;  
 The trailing signs of heaven that ours once bore,  
 Beauty of innocence in their early years  
 Close nestled in the home, nor knowing fears.

Then life's last slope ! to slide, or climb ?  
 O Lord, how oft the former ! be it ours  
 To reach with latest effort and attain  
 The inward nearness to Thee love can claim ;  
 To trust Thee not alone with all we are,  
 Unworthiness love crowned Thou hast made Thine,  
 But unto Thee to yield all Thou hast given  
 Our human slope Thy Christ redeemed for heaven.

## BLACK AND TAN TERROR

April 1921

Beautiful bloom of early spring,  
O beautiful glow of soul  
Your tender grass and young buds bring  
As streams through greenswards roll.

Soft grey mists hang o'er your trees,  
Your verdant hedgerows line  
The virgin fields, where red earth frees  
Its bosom, and sown seeds recline,

Absorbing moisture and the heat,  
That burst the husky sheath,  
As April's sun and showers beat  
On grains that lie beneath.

O beautiful lives of saints on earth,  
Oft virgin woman souls,  
Who find the ministry of faith  
And power that wrong controls ;

As sun's eclipse a fortnight past,  
An angry storm cloud seem'd,  
Ye win souls wondrously at last  
From sin, as Christ's redeemed.

Today, as through our garden land  
Homesteads and fresh ploughed fields  
I saw, and mill wheels silent stand,  
And felt a great race reels

Beneath a blow at honour struck,  
Against its will and rules,  
That conflict e'en be fair attack,  
Not with assassin tools.

Lambs frisked and fed, the cattle grazed  
Throughout our sheltered lands,  
Terror reigns in the Isle men praised  
When ours held heathen bands.

O God, how many life have given  
To see that country free !  
To blind eyes here send salve of heaven,  
Claim women's ministry,

To will that such old errors cease  
And truth regain its hold,  
That England's word give glad release,  
For honour make them bold.

Beautiful then the early spring  
And glow of sin-cleansed souls  
Shall live, a heaven-sent offering,  
To make the sick world whole.

## IRELAND

Dec. 1921

Sad moans o'er the sea and sobs o'er the land,  
Ocean-girt Island, O Emerald strand !  
Long the dark night of sore travail and pain  
Bore heavy on you, and returned again  
After each renewed hope of happy release,  
As the centuries passed, yet never brought peace.

You sent out your sons to people the earth,  
Sent them in sorrow from homes of their birth,  
Often they carried black peat of your soil  
To distant new lands, to cherish midst toil  
That could never estrange their hearts from their home,  
They ne'er forgot Ireland, where e'er called to roam.

Many you sent into pioneer lands,  
With mirth and the viol ; toil of their hands  
Made homes in the forest ; or deep in the mine  
Raised wealth for the world ; you helped every clime :  
Greenest of Islands, warmest hearted on earth,  
And first to world councils to send men of worth.

Oft charged against you, that you love a fight—  
An ignorant charge to cloak withheld right—  
Quick in thought and action, daring and brave,  
The wide world has owed it ; you first to save  
By generous impulse, ere cold hearts would dare ;  
For soldiers and sailors you sent everywhere.

Poor the return for so much freely poured,  
Your life blood, sad Erin, colder hearts stored  
Results of your toil, the offerings you made ;  
Yet, yours the glory—good deeds never fade,  
But live on forever in hearts of true men,  
And make the world better by what you have been.

At last from England deliverance has come,  
The word of her King for much can atone :  
His courage, his candour, his plea ‘ forgive,  
Forget ancient strife, in amity live,’  
Has conquered suspicion, the old feud has healed,  
Makes fair Erin free, has coercion repealed.

And God bless the King, bless you whose new joy  
Has circled the world ; e’er make your employ  
The clean life, strong faith, the generous love  
That freedom have won ; may they ever prove  
Erin nearest the heart of world Empire throne,  
Add glory to all that its brave King has done.

Wide-spread far Dominions, isles of the sea,  
New lands that rejoice, a great company  
Of nations that form vast world commonwealth,  
Your prayer, your counsel and goodwill give health  
To this Island Kingdom, again a free State,  
Confound what would mar or endanger her fate.

Then Erin’s long trial, restored many fold,  
Shall give God glory ; the peace flag unrolled  
Shall float everywhere, throughout every land,  
As shoulder to shoulder, joined hand in hand,  
Together the nations thro’ grief see the way  
To forgive and forget, for all men to pray.

## BURNING OF THE BARN

It stood high up on Pineland,  
Built oblong, stout and strong,  
Huge timbered, all of white pine  
That once woke endless song,

As western winds o'erswept them,  
Their tops swayed o'er the trees  
Of lesser growth surrounding,  
Storm winds or murmuring breeze :

These made boyhood life quiver,  
Or, listless, lie content  
Enraptured with the murmur,  
Heaven's music thro' them sent.

The barn, a gaunt grey building,  
Stood 'gainst all winds that blow,  
Old, bleak and bare, grey-boarded,  
Defying winter's snow.

And there in heat of Summer  
Was stored the golden grain,  
And neighbours helped unmowing  
When threshers came again.

And there my first companion  
Shared boyhood's country ways,  
School-mate in forest school-house—  
How distant seem those days !

And when he left the homestead  
By chance it came to me ;  
I loved it for fond memories  
That seemed to span the sea.

And now across the ocean  
The cable comes ' Barn burned ' ;  
Lost worth ! save youth's emotion  
Thus backward in thought turned :



To feel again kite's flying,  
 My oldest brother made,  
 Stupendous in proportions,  
 From which long cord line payed

Was severed by its straining,  
 It eastward swept away  
 O'er tree tops, till arrested  
 By this barn gaunt and grey.

When found the kite was tattered,  
 Its man's face tale of woe !  
 Sad end for barn and kite made  
 In those days long ago.

Yet oft like this life's story,  
 Plans we success bespoke,  
 That youth saw full of glory,  
 Age finds gone up in smoke.

## SORROW IN THE LAND OF THE MAPLE LEAF

O maple leaf, O day of grief,  
 O day of grief, dead maple leaf,  
 I saw him go away  
 Beyond the sea to strange French soil,  
 To join the tumult and the toil,  
 To stop the foe, his plans to foil,  
 I saw him go away.

His fair youth's brow was clear and white,  
 Health, strength and beauty danced delight  
 In merry twinkling eye ;  
 His step was firm and strong and free,  
 Each movement grace, elasticity,  
 As he set forth for o'er the sea,  
 Yet heart break makes me cry.

To me my boy comes now no more,  
 My days are dreary, my heart sore,  
 My brave boy comes no more :

He fell midst thickest of the fight,  
He felt he must, he thought it right,  
Though it, he said, seemed 'hell in sight'—  
When will it be no more ?

O maple tree, no welcome shade  
Above the battlefield was made  
Where your sons fell so fast ;  
Fell faster than the drops of rain,  
Fell never to return again,  
Fell filling mothers' hearts with pain ;  
Of wars may it be last.

Raise o'er the Ridge the lofty stone,  
To catch, to transmit every moan  
Of mother for a son ;  
Let its draped figures, each bowed head,  
Eternal mourning outward spread,  
Till there shall be no war-slain dead,  
No need that mothers moan.

### A REMNANT IN THE ROCKIES

Majestic brute ! hast thou lived out thy day,  
Earth filled with thy deep bellowing and death moan ?  
Hast thou, from man's haunts driven and far away,  
Sought freedom past wide deserts bleak and lone ?

How once the earth shook 'neath tread of thy feet,  
The heavy, thundering thud of gathered herds  
Startled midst quiet pastures, prairie flowers sweet,  
Charging in droves and startling feeding birds.

Perchance a hunter ambushed sought to slay  
The foremost of thy huge herds, closer drawn  
And set for fierce defence in vast array,  
Wild eyes, great nostrils and firm fore-feet shown.

What moments of suspense lest they should charge,  
Across his hiding-place midst wild rank grass ;  
Nor heed the red decoy set by the marge  
Of tall grass growth through which their huge hulks  
pass.

How long thy flesh was nourished braves to feed,  
Tribes of red men roaming over endless plains,  
Who made great slaughter, frightening on swift steed,  
Killing or capturing strength with terror's chains.

And thou hast gone—within my memory driven  
To far wilds if even there peace be found ;  
Or captured, in great parks, unreconciled  
To loss of freedom and wide grazing ground.

Thy bones still bleaching lie on prairie's waste,  
Thy long-haired manes that once grew round the neck,  
Prized throughout settler lands find now no place,  
Nor longer backs of winter sleighs bedeck.

Yet not in vain thy being ; thou hast shared  
Fate of brute families that have served their day,  
Fed on earth's herbage, for long ages spared,  
Extinct became, forever passed away.

Thou minglest with the mighty that on earth  
Held place for His good pleasure Who made all,  
Fulfilled His purpose, made way then for birth  
Of fresh life that in its turn shall fall :

With high service done ; to have formed a part  
Of this world's worth ; in thy own being given  
Contribution, service, in very heart,  
All thou art or hast been unto man and heaven.

## DECEMBER 1915

Now the season when days shortening,  
The fields rain-filled and flooded pools  
Make the forests dank and fearsome,  
As nature's death-damp winding sheet,  
The country's black limbed dormant life,  
Each solitary hedgerow tree  
Soft and mist saddened in the light  
Of o'ercast and oft weeping skies.

The time of Christmas festival  
 No feasting or rejoicing brings ;  
 Twice it has come midst this world war,  
 The end's no nearer, if as near  
 As e'en a year past it was deemed.

And hell has claimed its monstrous toll  
 Through lust of power, material force  
 Stupendous, past all precedents  
 And science misapplied to kill.

Eyes strain with eagerness toward fields  
 ' Somewhere,' and drenched with human blood,  
 Midst bursting shells and cannonade,  
 Or death chills in the trenches damp.

Few seem to seek toward Heaven's aid :  
 Has impious cant discouraged faith ?  
 Does supplication yield to shame  
 Lest it hypocrisy should seem ?

O God, Whose nature changes not,  
 Thou long hast suffered erring men,  
 Awaken pleadings, call forth prayer,  
 Midst darkness show Thy Light again.  
 We all have sinned, we are undone,  
 Thy power alone the world can save.

### KATHLEEN \*

God in Thy Majesty  
 Lord in Thy might  
 Father of earth and sea  
 Dwelling in light  
 All life has come from Thee,  
 Lives in Thy sight.

\* Whose father, the late Captain A. W. C.—the highly esteemed master and owner of the three masted schooner *St Maurice*—was accidentally killed at North Sydney, Nova Scotia, 13 August 1913, while discharging his cargo on returning from what he had planned to be his last voyage.

Break on the crescent shore  
Ceaseless the waves,  
In creeps the rising tide,  
Mocks at the blaze  
Of the great drift wood fire,  
Burning like Indian pyre.

In creeps the rising tide  
Round the long pier,  
Behind on the farther side  
Home from afar,  
Vessels at moorings ride,  
Care not what storms betide.

Out in the darkening night,  
Like a lone star,  
Shines out the Island light  
O'er Fundy, afar,  
And as her bosom heaves  
A long line of crystal weaves.

Nearer the motor boats  
Flash to and fro,  
Gleaming they pass from sight,  
Swiftly come, swiftly go  
Into mysterious night—  
Lord God, is it so

That this our life goes out  
On shores of Time ?  
That fond hearts questioning,  
As I do mine,  
Why life which Thou didst make  
Thou didst so swiftly take ?

May we Thy meaning read  
In that blue star,  
Which o'er the hill declines  
To shine other where—  
Fulfilling plan of Thine  
That it should ever shine ?

Up o'er the deep ravine  
 Sails the pale moon  
 Veiling her face in cloud,  
 Mourning one soon  
 Called to death's passage make,  
 Swift as white billows break.

Now round the fire they curl,  
 While, wreathed on high,  
 'Tis changed to cloud of light  
 Ere it, too, die—  
 Passes from mist to air,  
 As souls transfigured are.

Friendship of a single day  
 Made me sharer of thy grief  
 At thy father's call away—  
 Can a heart's prayer bring relief ?  
 At his post, life's duty done,  
 Earth completed, heaven begun.

\*            \*            \*            \*            \*

Sweet Kathleen, thy 'Daddy's girl,'  
 Give him back to God Who gave,  
 Let God loudly through him call  
 This land he loved, and ocean wave  
 Bear the word the wide world through,  
 That God would have us all stand true.

Shines soft light upon the stream,  
 Flooding through the harbour gate  
 Where two hours ago I walked,  
 And the moonbeams seem to wait  
 Like angel sentinels of night,  
 To bear him word, afar in light.

Kathleen, dying 'tis we live  
 In the fulness of God's day ;  
 Great it is so much to give,  
 Truly from our hearts to say,  
 'Father, let Thy will be done,  
 E'en the calling father home.'



God be near Thy child to-night  
 Whom Thou hast so soon bereft,  
 Hold her hand, lead her aright,  
 Let her comfort mother left  
 Alone to seek the Eternal shore  
 Where love's light shines for evermore.

\* \* \* \* \*  
 Go forth, Kathleen, bind hearts that break,  
 Give solace, tho' thy own may bleed,  
 Heaven's balm to others for Christ's sake,  
 Seek straying, hungry lambs to feed :  
 God speak thro' Kathleen's dark blue eyes,  
 As Christ spake thro' five maidens wise.

Let the full power of Jesus' love,  
 Like this full tide of Fundy Bay,  
 Pass thro' thy heart, and lead above  
 Young lives which else might wandering stray ;  
 And life shall seem no awful dream,  
 But Christ's own way souls to redeem.

And new life, full, o'erflowing, glad,  
 With Heaven's hope and joy and peace,  
 Shall thro' thee change lives lonely, sad,  
 Bring comfort, make their troubles cease,  
 And Heaven's kingdom here begin  
 As Jesus reigns supreme within.

Thy ways are perfect, God of love,  
 Our weeping eyes but dimly see,  
 Forgive our grief, within us move,  
 That what we should we each may be,  
 As Thou didst paint the glowing west  
 Show us Thy perfect ways are best.

### JOHN KING, R.N.

Under the lonesome tall pine trees,  
 Near the high-banked river,  
 Where it sweeping westward winds,  
 Sleeps my great grandfather,

‘Renommeés’ master, ‘Falcon’s,’ ‘Kite’s,’  
With convoy at Trafalgar,  
Wounded serving in the fights  
For supreme sea power.

Serving country as required  
By old time tradition ;  
Ere love’s dawning, truth inspired,  
Taught Christ’s mightier mission ;

Ere the baleful spirit passed  
Making honour martial,  
While the widowed and oppressed  
Paid life tribute awful !

Could your spirit rise again,  
Look along this valley,  
See its fair white fields of grain,  
Hear the millions tally

Of its orchard fruit sea borne  
Far to Covent Garden,  
Grandsire, could you, would you turn  
Men their hearts to harden ?

From their tillage to sea fight,  
From home joy and laughter,  
From Christ’s rule of love and right  
To strife and human slaughter ?

By the blood that stirred within  
You fiery old sea captain,  
By my own, I know such sin  
You would no longer sanction.

Let the long grey Quaker line,  
One hundred years o’er reaching,  
Since you gave your daughter’s hand  
To my grandsire—teaching

By his stalwart fearless frame,  
By his keen eye searching,  
That a follower of Penn  
Has might and power o'er matching

All the force of arms and war,  
All the broadside's thunder,  
All the bloody charge that far  
Leaves red ruin after—

Let that Quaker lineage tell  
To our heart the answer,  
That, uprising where you fell,  
You would have us ponder.

Brave old captain, strong in strife,  
Strange the badge you cherished,  
The ball that wounding saved your life \*  
When Nelson nobly perished !

By the 'freedom' given you  
In St John's fair city,  
By your daughter, whom all knew  
Christ's minister of pity,

I can answer at your grave,  
Where the pines still murmur,  
You would fight now but to save  
From war's wicked murder.

## MOHONK

'Lake of the Sky,' serene, remote,  
Amidst rock grandeur, silent, lone  
When Indians named thee, whose war note  
Then warned the white man not to come.

\* Captain King was wounded in the thigh, and the ball which was never extracted worked its way down and could be felt just under the skin near his ankle some time before his death, but he refused to have it removed.

Thy solitude, deep, undisturbed,  
 Save by the eagle soaring wide  
 O'er towering crags, to mark a bird  
 Or other prey far down their side,

Unbroken long, till those who sought  
 Seclusion from man's cruelty  
 Settled near, New Paltz, and wrought,  
 Yet rarely climbed up unto thee.

And generations came and went,  
 Unthinking, heedless of thy charm ;  
 Inventions, shaping new worlds, sent  
 Intelligence from mart to farm.

And men, who erst in ignorance  
 And prejudice in warfare strove,  
 Along the Great Lakes put far hence  
 The means by which that warfare throve.

Yet thou wast left an ' Eye of heaven '   
 To look on more than savage breast,  
 When follower of Quaker Penn  
 Possessed by thee, first thee possessed :

And saw in vision, waking sight,  
 How thou to countless souls unborn  
 Might'st be disclosed in nature's light  
 Though not from thy seclusion torn,

A poem, sermon, voice divine  
 Speaking to secret mysteries  
 That live in us—beauty of thine  
 Healing our city maladies.

Then shine, serene Lake of the Sky,  
 O first of recreation homes ;  
 By Thy rare beauty, raise on high  
 Soul worship in each guest who comes.

## TWO NATURES

I find two beings struggling deep within :  
The man of business and the poet soul.  
And yet there is no conflict in sad sense,  
But interchange, or claimants for control :  
Each the other supplements, and each gives  
Its best to make the other true to call  
Of Him who gave it being, shaped its course,  
And both surprised that they together joined  
In one whose fancy and whose early choice  
Lay rather with earth's tillage, and the care  
Of cattle, sheep, and from them carding wool,  
That all a countryside in Winter's frost  
Might be sustained in warmth against the cold.

Why was that choice surrendered ? Why do men,  
Who are not mere self-pleasers, ever find  
The way that higher leads hath depths to cross ?  
Self given up with no cold grudging will,  
Which were indeed no giving up at all,  
Since feeling thus none learns surrender's joy,  
That rests in good for others gladly wrought.

But these two claimants that e'er come to birth  
With sudden swift surprise, o'erpowering force  
As beckoning of some secret finger shown  
Amidst the daily round of toil and care,  
That with insistence claim of right their place,  
Why should not these twain natures in one join ?  
Since highest art is aided not destroyed  
By soundness in conception, just exchange  
With all proportions fair, and worth for worth,  
Grace for the beautiful that never dies.

And trade or business no less make demand  
Upon imagination, truth's control,  
A poet's taste and keen sense of true art,  
If it would meet and hold in minds of men  
Fulfilment by its products for their needs,  
Gain more than passing fancy's soon lost place,  
Nor drop from exultation and soul joy  
Derived from traffic pure and lucrative.

Adventure's spirit needs faith's exercise,  
 Content, slowly to build up stage by stage  
 On no false basis founded, fair exchange,  
 Such stable industry as will endure.  
 And poet's structures—homes not made with hands—  
 In which men's minds and hearts secure may dwell  
 As generations come and go, refreshed,  
 Reveal the truth that beauty has new birth,  
 In trade interpreting what the poet sees.

These each sustained mutual help afford,  
 A larger outlook, compensating gain,  
 The freshness of a wider different world,  
 To thought grown weary, labour's constant round :  
 And more—they call up visions of rightful praise,  
 Each for, or laid upon the other's work—  
 Till complementary action yields a fruit,  
 Sustaining common need, ennobled taste  
 Of those to whom thought ever is more true,  
 If it be clothed in language crystal clear.

Thus these two natures ever more and more  
 Together grow in action and desire :  
 As man and woman in true marriage find  
 Their inward being and the outward form  
 Forever more unto resemblance grow,  
 With passing years, souls in communion's flow  
 Find larger thought than either could alone.

Yet, after all these are a unity  
 Nor could earth's cleverest surgeon separate  
 What God has joined ; and, though unique, diverse,  
 One being made, for purpose of His Own.

### THE POET'S DREAM

A cottage in a lonely wood,  
 A chimney corner's wide embrace,  
 A red pine sentinel outside,  
 Heaven's sweetest boon, a woman's face !



Pine needles whispering in the air  
Nature's sweetest melody ;  
Stirring, shrill, their wakening call  
To noblest life and liberty ;

Soothing as a mother's touch  
Softest murmurs, sorrow borne,  
Emitting fragrance 'neath the sun  
They are fond hope's evergreen.

A fireside light of crackling wood,  
A friend's face in the ingle-nook,  
Soft music from another room,  
Heaven's reflex in a sweet child's look !

Hush and stillness when the soul  
Can sweep its wings to the unseen,  
Or memory from mysterious store  
Bring back the blessings that have been :

The dream, but of a single day !  
And yet to live with days of yore,  
Too fair and sweet to fade or die,  
A lure to all that lies before :

These, and more, the poet's dream  
Holds to cherish and explore ;  
All that has been, or shall be,  
Love faithfulness for evermore.

## HER PICTURE

Face of glorious girlish beauty,  
Light of lustrous deep dark eyes,  
Mystery that they turned to me !  
A child heart woman-wise.

Tonight I looked upon the face  
As first I saw it long ago,  
For twoscore years and five their race  
Have swiftly run, since it was so.

I saw the wondrous light that shone  
From this child-woman soul  
Before I thought that, as my own,  
She would choose my control.

And ever as at night I seek  
The dim subdued soft light,  
That, like the years in looking back,  
Spreads o'er my child-love's sight,

Enlarged and pictured in my room,  
'Tis lighted, as long ago  
The light within would fade and come,  
With soul-inspired glow,

Until each fibre of my frame  
In tension held was ware,  
That grown, that girlish face would claim,  
And her brave spirit dare

Demand devotion in her choice,  
A life give in return ;  
Awaken heart depths by her voice,  
Their secrets all discern.

But rapture of responding love,  
Faith's fragrance, earth oft bars,  
All language fails to tell : above,  
It may be, past the stars

In heaven's blue with beauty's light  
It shall be seen disclosed ;  
And angels answer, at the sight,  
' Thus love on earth reposed.'

IV  
LATER POEMS



## WATER MUSIC

Murmuring, gurgling, running water,  
Ever falling, ever calling,  
O wondrous, matchless symphony !  
Heart-hurt healing, ever stealing  
    Carking cares away from me :

Rippling, turning, swiftly curling,  
In yielding sweetest modesty ;  
Ever downward, falling onward,  
Past all obstructions, happily  
    Thou art seeking to the sea.

Limpid water, O world wonder,  
Great is thy power and mystery !  
'Neath night darkness ever toiling,  
Seas sustaining, and upbearing  
    Sailing barks, white-winged and free.

From the everlasting hill-tops,  
Finding way beneath their pressure  
Thou hast learned fidelity :  
Crystal water, nature's laughter,  
    Surpassing all in constancy !

When strong winds or breezes blowing,  
Midnight hour or at cock crowing,  
These ever hear thy minstrelsy !  
Teach me ever, running water,  
    By thy moving ecstasy.

Show me by the mighty torrent  
And by the lashing sounding sea—  
Moving landmarks, making islands,  
Worlds cleansing of impurity—  
    O water, thy immensity !

## LATER POEMS

Streams and streamlets feeding rivers,  
Loyal, constant, running waters,  
Yours to flow perpetually,  
Earth's completest harmony,  
Music of eternity !

## LITTLE CLOUDS

O little white clouds sailing,  
All tiny clouds that fly,  
O'er heavier airs prevailing,  
Across the pale blue sky,

Your forms, resplendent beauty,  
Translucent, floating, free,  
Have quickened to life's duty  
A wakening call in me :

What still remains of service,  
As these white clouds, fulfil ;  
Let light shine in each crevice,  
And hope lift upward, till

Life shall be full of glory,  
And all earth's toil and care  
Shall be, as in Heaven's story,  
The work that Christ will share.

## LONGFELLOW

O sweetest singer I have known,  
Whose finer strains awoke my own,  
Within my heart each liquid note  
Of song or tale that your pen wrote  
Soothing, vibrating, thrilling smote.

I felt you in the hemlock wood,  
Or where majestic tall pines stood ;  
Your ship of state was built once more,  
It passed to lands untouched before,  
Proclaimed for peace the wide world o'er.



Your ship of Union o'er the sea  
Sailed on, 'neath canvas taut and free,  
Carrying the bridegroom and his bride  
On ocean's bosom, side by side,  
Happy, rested, satisfied.

In thought with red men of the north,  
Whose nobler life your lines set forth,  
A youth I sought the forest's shade,  
Where solitude no sounds invade,  
Felt your deep impress on me made.

And yet, O master, as a boy  
I missed your learning's lasting joy,  
Save that in Nature's school, self-taught,  
I learned her secret hidden thought,  
And for her deeper meaning sought.

And if I wrote anew your tale—  
That, like a heart-break, smothered wail,  
Upwells from countless millions' souls,  
Re-echoes, as a church bell tolls,  
Low, pleading, broken, muffled rolls—

I did not steal it ; but just gave,  
Out on the bosom of the wave,  
From Gabriel's heart, love's great refrain,  
Deathless, immortal, joy and pain  
Commingling with infinite gain.

I life debt to you sought to pay  
With joy strove therein to portray  
Through later knowledge, closer view,  
That sweet romantic land I knew  
Your steps had never trodden through.

Lovers of your sad tale, each year  
From pilgrimage their witness bear  
How truly you described the land  
Scene of infinite sorrow planned  
'Gainst precedent, by plotter's hand.

It lives its life by Minas shore,  
 By morning's first rays gilded o'er,  
     Lies warm between two mountain arms,  
     Modest, sweet, as a maiden's charms,  
     And, as you sang, free from alarms.

Accept, though slight the tribute be,  
 My homage to your memory;  
     'Tis strong and steady as the flow  
     Of currents, tides our great bays know,  
     Scene of your tale of long ago.

Forgive each halting, wavering note,  
 O Master, who with sweetness wrote:  
     Mine would not venture any claim  
     To live with your immortal name,  
     Nor seek unto your deathless fame.

## HONOUR

On the 25th anniversary of the marriage of F. C. and W. I.

Glory and honour, who can tell  
     The pathway to them and the plan  
 By which to gain the magic spell  
 That, like the ringing of a bell,  
     Sends silvery tones adown life's span,  
     Makes one, our fellow, nobler man?

Large souls, to whom past greatness came,  
     Born for some crisis or world need,  
 Whose brows were crowned with wreaths of fame  
 To which they ne'er had made a claim,  
     Whose strength was held for noble deed,  
     The weak to succour, the hungry feed,

These have succession in our day,  
     The form may change, the soul abide;  
 They may care little what men say  
 If inward clearness points truth's way;  
     They are content if on their side  
     Honour and right yield noble pride.

These may care much what people say,  
A noble sensitiveness of soul  
That makes them open as the day,  
Their eyes as windows, soul-light's way  
To spread its radiance o'er the whole,  
Revealing honour's high control.

\* \* \* \* \*

Around me busts and statues, wrought  
In bronze or marble, mother, child,  
The great King whose sagacious thought  
Gave unto Wales the Prince it sought—  
A babe, beside its mother mild,  
That from his shoulder sweetly smiled ;

A marble, life-size, of the bard  
Who sang beside the Scottish plough,  
Who gave to nature due regard,  
Saw 'tim'rous beastie's' nest, ill-starred,  
His plough share had upturned enow,  
Make sorrow-furrows o'er his brow :

Lone figure of the exiled maid,  
Torn from her lover's fond embrace,  
Whose life-long search through forest shade  
For him, or where wide prairies made  
A trackless grass sea to her race,  
Shows constancy in her sad face :

A Scottish lassie from the hand  
Of Scottish sculptor, chisel wrought,—  
A 'daisy' 'twas he said he planned  
As his young daughter's face he scanned,  
In marble to express his thought,  
The pure sweet grace her mother taught :

An angel with her folded wings,  
As she bends o'er a cradled child,  
By her pure face and fair form brings  
The Bethlehem message, that still rings  
In infant ears, by sleep beguiled,  
Earth unto heaven reconciled :

And there are busts of business men,  
     Inventors who sought human weal,  
 Who saw men labour, downcast when  
 The toil was grievous, and who then  
     By day and night were made to feel  
     Its weight, till ease they could reveal.

Again brave Florence Nightingale  
     Amidst war's foulness a pure light,  
 To which worn faces, haggard, pale,  
 Turn as she passes, with low wail  
     When she has vanished from their sight,  
     Shows war black outrage against right.

\*            \*            \*            \*            \*

All these I saw around me stand,  
     And yet tonight we think of one  
 Who long ago sought fair maid's hand  
 And, joined, began love's life they planned,  
     Of which a score and five years run  
     Call us tonight to sing, 'well done.'

The bridegroom, then an ardent youth,  
     And she a fair sweet girl his bride,  
 Are here tonight and are forsooth  
 Still lovers in our midst ; in truth  
     At Silver Wedding may decide  
     For Golden Wedding side by side.

Close linked with loved friends o'er the sea,  
     Supporting, aiding, by the bond  
 Of fellowship, that leaves each free  
 To choose paths helpful mutually,  
     May we and they thus joined respond,  
     Make love by meeting grow more fond.

May you, dear friends, life honour know,  
     That which is higher than men's praise,  
 Honour that lifts when it lays low  
 All self-thought, till the Christ can show  
     To what heights He a man may raise  
     Who follows in His chosen ways.

Our last—our best we breathe to-night,  
    May you high honour ever share,  
Approved by men, and in God's sight  
Bear witness to His love and right,  
    Until before Him, life laid bare,  
    You rest in glory with Him there.

## SILENCE

How wonderful the power to listen  
    With the mind intent, aglow,  
Set to purposed concentration,  
    Not on something we would know,  
But prepared, and for that waiting  
    Wisdom infinite will show :

Waiting in more close seclusion  
    Than a forest's solitude,  
Where a leaf's fall is intrusion,  
    Seeming interruption rude  
To the spirit, held in silence  
    Wrapping round infinitude.

Greatest is the contemplation  
    Of the Source of every good,  
In the stillness of emotion  
    Strong and tense, scarce understood  
By the superficial spirit  
    That ne'er has tasted heavenly food.

Aye, 'tis wonderful to listen  
    In the Presence, 'neath the Eye  
Of the Sovereign Lord of being,  
    Know the Christ, in passing by,  
Pause until we touch His garment,  
    In worship, feeling inwardly

Virtue coming to us from Him—  
    Hidden though we felt to be—  
Courage e'en to dare confession  
    Since from bondage we are free,  
Plague of sin cast out forever,  
    Atonement made on Calvary.

Prepared to listen to our fellows,  
Those in sorrow and in pain,  
Great the grace that holds their spirit  
Till it is renewed again,  
Contact finds afresh with heaven,  
Forgiven, loses sin's dark stain.

Who e'er listened to the lisping  
Of the very little child  
In such wise that recollections  
Came of how, love thus beguiled,  
Life was great in expectations,  
Full of trust and undefiled.

Happy, hallowed, sweet the listening  
When two souls as one are found  
Bowed on bended knees as suppliants,  
And the place is holy ground—  
Place where their hearts know retirement ;  
The Father owns the love He crowned.

And if there be aught more holy  
'Tis the stillness that is spread  
O'er the family ere partaking—  
As children, too, are daily fed,  
Receiving also soul refreshment,  
Divine infilling : Christ the bread.

Youth impatient is of stillness,  
Fails to catch the secret sense,  
Feels it boredom, meaningless ;  
Yet spirits held, controlled, intense,  
Waiting, oft find swift revealing  
Unto them of Immanence :

Enthronement of the highest Power,  
World encompassing in span,  
Fulness for each silent hour—  
Never voiceless unto man ;  
Listening, hear, as Bethlehem shepherds,  
Disclosure of redemption's plan :



Catching cadences of music,  
 Soft and soothing, that relieve  
 Souls with tenderness and pathos ;  
 Whisperings amongst the trees  
 That do not even sway the branches,  
 Or stir the opening tender leaves.

Aged listeners, too, while waiting  
 For the summons and the call,  
 Hear the tread new generations  
 Make, in nature's sounding hall,  
 As they come to fill their places,  
 Know that silence will claim all ;

Silence like refulgent sunset  
 Covering country, hamlet, wold,  
 Catching tints of heavenly glory,  
 Blended, mellowed, red and gold  
 Merging in the soft grey twilight  
 Unspoken mysteries to unfold.

Closely listening, they hear portents  
 Of new Eras, times to be ;  
 Pass on lessons, notes of warning,  
 Needed strength for liberty ;  
 Single-hearted, with true vision,  
 Moral values clearly see :

Wait ; but not as those unwilling ;  
 Wait, with soul intent and keen ;  
 Glad of each reproof or blessing  
 On what they e'er have done or been ;  
 Since their listening souls are waiting  
 Life fulness, here but in part seen.

OLD FRIENDS

The guests have gone,  
 The rain comes down,  
 Chill, resounding : and alone  
 Sitting by the dying fire  
 I hear it on the great hall panes  
 While lips seem echoing ' It rains ! '

Come rain, come snow,  
 Old friends change not ;  
 No one else can ever know  
 Their place, once securely got ;  
 Though long years speed, nor bring them near,  
 They e'er live in the heart still dear.

Cold busts, statues calm  
 Awaken mystic spell,  
 Over mirth's excitement balm  
 Softly steals, that I know well,  
 Oft bringing near joys yet to be  
 Far greater than youth's revelry.

The rain has gone,  
 I am alone ;—  
 Evening guests seem in the home,  
 Footfalls from long past years come,  
 Re-echoes of youth's life, soon done,  
 Resoundings o'er age, still to run.

TO

HERBERT HENRY ASQUITH

CREATED

EARL OF OXFORD AND ASQUITH

14 Feb. 1925

You whom your Sovereign honours now  
 And honour gains, as low you bow  
 At his command high place to take,  
 Greater can this your great name make ?

These high distinctions, nobler grow  
 Since your fine soul, unselfish, show  
 Their worth, great magnanimity,  
 High tolerance and truth's constancy.

Truth gave you prescience and bestowed  
Rare courage to sustain the load  
And burden of the whole world-care  
The nation's blindness made you bear.

You faltered not, nor swerved, nor failed,  
Truth conquered ; rightly you are hailed  
Our noblest, and the greatest soul  
That in our days has held control.

The nation trusts you ; yet the tares  
Sown broadcast in the evil years  
Their baleful fruitage wide-spread yield,  
Ungathered yet from many a field.

O trusted leader, all their best  
Your followers find in you expressed ;  
Go forward still to victory,  
True judgment making peoples free.

## SONNETS OF THE SEA

## I

Ceaseless surging, type of infinity,  
That swells and heaves, a bosom of unrest,  
Awakening deep, like motions in my breast,  
Endless questionings of eternity,  
Mighty influence thine, unmeasured sea !  
Thy storms or calm heed not frail man's behest,  
Thy white foam proudly floats from white wave-crest,  
Winds with caresses whisper love to thee ;  
And what art thou but weakness, drop by drop ;  
Strong in thy flood earth mountains to remove,  
Or with thy mighty ice-floes, naught can stop,  
Remaking earth gorge, fertile valley groove ;  
Thou only waterest every farmer's crop,  
As thou dost pomp and pride of man reprove.

## II

Thou livest thy part unto great purpose set :  
Merrily, joyously, swiftly as light,  
Thy motions meet and mingle, till the sight  
Fails to distinguish sign of storm or fret :  
And yet they may be brewing ere sun set,  
And have stern work to do throughout the night :  
Thou callest the sailor set his shrouds aright  
By deep-long motion, as of two seas met  
That tell the force of strong winds from afar  
Ere clouds have gathered, or the murky sky  
Shuts out the twinkling light from distant star,  
Or lightening slits the gathering gloom on high ;  
Yea thine a world to sweeten, not to mar ;  
To join all nations, seeing eye to eye.

## III

Thy calm, as sweet seductive breathings low  
Of cooing spring doves, or wood-pigeons' whirr ;  
Thy air inhalings, mermaids' scent and myrrh  
Drawn up the land 'neath moonbeams' silvery glow,  
Till soul depths long to have thee ever so :  
When suddenly, with motion, great waves stir,  
As oft with men success may conscience blur  
That but the storm restores to sound health's glow ;  
Or, if this fails, thou hast the hurricane,  
The mighty tempest, sweeping tidal-wave,  
Subduing pride, till man cries out in pain,  
Pleading agonies, praying One to save  
Who only thee can hush to peace again,  
Thy being end, with sea of glass heaven pave.

## THE POET'S MIND

A fair-haired youth whose soul was stirred  
In boyhood by poetic strains  
Of great souls sounding through all time—  
As winds that wake soft murmurings  
Then sough and surge before the storm,  
Or as low chants that rise and fall

Vibrating through cathedral aisles  
Until tumultuous quivering waves  
Resounding break, then die away—  
When manhood's stern strife dying down  
Made years assemble to his view  
Thus told that which he saw and heard  
Of life's vast meaning to the bard :—

He saw things double or threefold,  
Not singly, when the sense of sight  
Had claimed subservience of thought  
And to his inward vision brought  
That which for others than himself  
Should make his vision less his own  
Than for revealing to his friend  
Or lone wayfarer in the world.

Yet with illumined sight from God  
That which he saw he saw alone,  
At first material, that others saw,  
But then again he looked, and lo  
'Twas not dull stuff—a mystery  
Unfolding to his inward sight  
Set cause and sequence, in fresh light  
Their meaning radiant with heaven's glow,  
As countless souls in varying moods  
See at new angles shine abroad  
Fresh glories from creation's God.

Nor yet alone in nature found  
Nor chiefly in creation's frame,  
Though handiwork of the Most High,  
He saw in soul and life of man,  
His grandeur God-like righteousness,  
When set to highest purposes,—  
The throes, the agonies, desires,  
The mystery of the Lord's good grace,  
The mystery of the world's great need,  
The mystery of the fires that feed  
The spark of heaven within the soul.

And still beyond all sight and sense  
The poet's mind and flame-lit soul,  
Rid of self-conscious narrowness  
Rid of convention's warping chain,  
Saw in himself the threefold light  
In shining spark of the Divine—  
The mystery of his primal state  
Planned, fashioned, uttered by the Word  
And like the Utterer's in content,  
Conception, will choice, consciousness,  
A deathless faithful loyalty,  
Glory of soul supremacy.

What most distinguished greatest souls  
Inspired of old and called from men  
To minister in things divine,  
Not by set rite, tithe, cummin, mint,  
But by the word, 'Thus saith the Lord,'  
Spoken when all their efforts failed?  
Was it not vision, inward sight,  
Deep intuition only known  
To seer, prophet or poet soul?

They stand sublime on peaks upborne  
Amidst the struggling mass of men  
Not by self-seeking, but lost self  
That found itself in will of God;  
They stand supreme as ages pass  
While monarchs, princes, priests have gone  
Into oblivion, scarce are known,  
Nor by their arbitrary wills  
That once bore rule have power still.

Yea they were poets who foresaw  
All that endures for good of men,  
And the lawgiver's prayer and song  
Took form from his poetic brain.

Despise not then the wisdom shown  
Compressed and crystalline in form  
Which thro' material still reveals  
Design and purpose, perfect plan



Of the All-Wise who made all men.  
Nay more, made all men equal too  
In that all may the Highest know  
And yield subservience, which is gain,  
True greatness that the proud forego.

He perfect Poet of mankind  
Son Seer sublime, midst life's stern toil,  
Whose words of stainless holiness  
Were life's supreme and deathless poem,  
Cadenced, kindling still truth's power,  
In woman too found ministry,  
Knew depths and riches in her soul  
That men saw not, though standing by ;  
He, great Inspirer, wakens still  
Within the poet's mind and soul  
Need of her faith to win the truth,  
Visions, emotions which reveal  
Need of her God-given loveliness  
To lure worlds from each lower call,  
So long debased, to love's high claim  
In all He gave her man to bless.

In ancient days the bards were seers  
And sought to win the peoples' soul  
Through heroism and loyalty  
To high ideals of human worth ;  
And if at times to baser strains  
They stirred to shedding human blood,  
These rare exceptions but disclose  
That human frailties oft debase  
Life's highest from its true intent,  
Turn beauty, harmony and world use,  
To hideous hate, destruction's waste,  
Mar woman's loveliness, man dethrone,  
Dishonouring thus the living Christ,  
In the true poet's vision seen  
The Father's Gift, the Spirit sent  
Fulfiller of Creation's plan,  
In which the threefold grace remains  
Abiding faith, sweet hope and love,  
Commingle, knowing love supreme

And that the poet's theme is love :  
 Not passion, oft by man misused,  
 Nor fancy, feeder of self pride,  
 Nor feeling, sweeping from its place  
 Calm reason given to be a guide,  
 But highly favoured holy love,  
 Gift unto man in Paradise,  
 Renewed in each one of the race  
 Who claims its altruistic good  
 And pours out in glad sacrifice  
 Unto it and to God the best  
 Of all committed to his trust—  
 The source, the way, the final goal  
 Of all true human happiness.

When the impassioned voice had ceased  
 And silence save the clock's tick reigned  
 Blank faces showed they were but few  
 Who followed and the import caught  
 From utterance of these mysteries  
 That found place in the poet's soul,  
 The world's great call to loyalty,  
 Most blessèd attribute in men,  
 The greater call, the higher claim  
 All human loyalty unto Heaven.

### BOSCASTLE

Here the sunshine tips the tree tops,  
 Rising o'er Boscastle heights ;  
 Murmuring music never stops ;  
 Running water, through the nights,  
 Makes ceaseless flowing harmony,  
 Far sweeter than the restless sea.

And soft cadences are sounding  
 Whispering love notes, glad and free ;  
 Topmost poplar leaflets rounding  
 Skyward shake their melody ;  
 All nature's same glad revelry  
 That came in childhood unto me.

Now the sunshine floods the valley  
Touches flowers red, white, gold ;  
Nestling homes, by path and alley,  
Climb steep hillsides ; claw-like hold  
Against them their unequal side,  
While overhead the white clouds ride.

And hither thither roadways climb  
To historic haunts of old,  
To rocky heights and cliffs sublime,  
To hill-top fields which harvests hold ;  
Reclaimed by man's audacity  
Lands once wild bandit's property.

At night full-orbed the harvest moon  
Rides the sky serene and calm ;  
Attending clouds await her, soon  
Dropping tender unction, balm,  
The hot haste of the time to mend,  
While distant stars in state attend.

Shine o'er the castle, broken, passed  
With ancient days, feudal Kings ;  
While thy soft beams alone are cast  
Radiant 'midst these former things :  
Dost thou remain, and thou alone,  
When e'en the sun has ceased and gone ?

Boscastle, beautiful thou art !  
Glorious 'midst thy constant change,  
Thy wonders captivate the heart,  
Streams and sea and rocky range  
Tell of the great Infinity,  
That, in thy beauty, fashioned thee.

## MEACHARD

O Meachard, couchant lion,  
Serene amidst the strife  
Of currents strong and tempest seas,  
Where no man risks his life,

Yet you are home at set of sun  
To gull life when each day is done.

Their rock of strength, security  
Through darkness of the night ;  
Protection to the harbour's mouth  
When storm seas spend their might  
And break in white foam round your base  
While wild contending currents race.

And they call you Saint Meachard,  
And tell of long ago  
When you joined to the headland  
Ere seas had tunnelled through,  
As now beneath the profile hill  
The blow-hole tunnel booms on still.

Few saints have been as peaceful,  
Few less contention brought  
Than you, grey rocky Meachard,  
'Gainst which sea power seems naught,  
And lion-like in nobility  
Your steadfastness appeals to me.

### MARJORIE PICKTHALL

I never looked upon thy face  
O Marjorie,  
I never heard sound of thy voice,  
I only know thee by thy choice  
Of nature's secrets that rejoice  
Hearts through thy sweetness and thy grace,  
O Marjorie.

I would that I had long ago  
Read songs of thine ;  
Thy lines reveal thy heart to me,  
Each swift sweet cadence, joyous, free,  
Tells thou hadst learned the mystery  
Of this world's gladness and its woe  
Through song divine.

Thy 'Dawn,' Ah, 'tis a dawn indeed,  
O Marjorie !  
It still shines on above the hill,  
It lures one backward, 'gainst the will,  
Then forward points, and upward still  
To thee, from all earth's trammels freed,  
Sweet Marjorie.

## SNOW FLAKES

Falling frailty ! feathery snow,  
Myriad forms and beauteous shapes,  
Uncertain whither each should go,  
Yet no patch of ground escapes  
Your covering mantle, white and pure,  
Though but in memory you endure.

Whence did you come ? and who planned  
Being for each tiny flake ?  
Design, conception, purpose planned  
River and avalanche to make ?  
Are you part of one great whole  
To quicken reverence in the soul ?

Opened wide are infant eyes  
At first wondering sight of you  
Falling, falling from the skies  
Where before was azure blue,  
Answering to the innocence  
Of life that has learned no pretence.

Falling frailty, did I write ?  
Nay, your might is all untold :  
You are working where the sight  
Cannot follow, nor behold  
How you fulfil your high behest,  
As sins are purged from human breast.

Then fall alike, O feathery snow,  
Upon the castle, upon the cot,

Bless the fields where'er you go,  
 Bless, though men may know it not,  
 Beauty of whiteness, warmth 'neath cold,  
 As once you did all earth enfold.

'Whiter than snow' of old was said,  
 Men found it true in Palestine ;  
 As the swift years onward sped  
 Men proved the words to be divine,  
 For covering, healing human sin,  
 For showing whence true joys begin.

Fall ever then snow purity  
 Making all men pure and white,  
 Holding true the life to be,  
 Walking as in Heaven's sight,  
 Purging within from bitterness,  
 Your being made all life to bless.

### AN IMPRESSION

Back in my father's house,  
 Boyhood returns again,  
 Once more young visions reign,  
 Riot, like colts let loose.

I feel the restful peace  
 A mother's presence gives,  
 And in my heart there lives  
 That sweet sense when cares cease.

Concerns that long held sway  
 As if they ne'er had been  
 Now nowhere to be seen,  
 Have left care free the day.

The sounds about the farm,  
 Or village house, are still  
 As voiceful from the hill,  
 As free from all alarm :



Low of cows, bleat of sheep,  
From barn the crow of cock ;  
To pasture driving flock,  
As young lambs frisk and leap :

Can seven and three score years  
Have sped upon this hand,  
In thought all distance spanned  
Boyhood life reappears ?

'Tis morning ; ere day's done  
Life's normal will return ;  
Life's torch will lower burn,  
I'll know its noon has gone !

## TO THAT LAST

O Hand uplifted in my stead  
In supplicating prayer,  
O Saviour Who upon Thy head  
My punishment didst bear,

Thine was the tenderness and trust  
My rebel heart refused ;  
Thy grace has conquered ; and I must  
Give Thee life I misused.

In infant slumbers, gently laid  
By mother's loving care,  
I wilful turned from God, afraid,  
Nor shared her tender prayer.

O dearth and desert ! youthful years  
Which else had been complete  
But for the emptiness and fears  
That hid heaven's mercy seat,

Till lo, the unseen touched my soul,  
Made me confess my sin

## LATER POEMS

And cry, Redeemer make me whole ;  
And Thou didst enter in.

Dear Lord, can ever endless days  
Repay the debt I owe ?  
Eternity with founts of praise  
Reform lost years below ?

Thou knowest : I can leave with Thee  
That future, as the past :  
I only ask for life set free  
To serve Thee to that last.

## THE CRISIS

May 1926

Nation, hoary now with years,  
Britain, not oft given to tears,  
Resolute, nor swayed by fears,  
You stand again supreme !

Great the history of your past  
Since Rome's legions upward cast  
Highways through your forests vast,  
And fords across each stream ;

Planted villas, ordered law  
Left a legacy, and saw  
Commerce open that should draw  
You far to distant lands ;

Draw, until your far-flung trade  
Products brought, the wide world made  
Recipients, under sun and shade,  
Of skill, work of your hands.

Once again you stand supreme,  
Crisis behind, like a dream  
Forgotten, or as things that seem  
As if they ne'er had been ;

Stand, with faces to the front,  
 Stand courageous, as your wont,  
 Calmly, bearing shock and brunt,  
     From freedom faith to glean.

Manhood of these British Isles  
 Be not changeful, let the smiles  
 Of effort that e'en toil beguiles  
     Make all give of their best.

Then shall constancy appear,  
 Love that casts out every fear,  
 Deeper mutual trust each year,  
     Life's recompense and rest.

### THE INFLUENCE OF A FLOWER \*

Glorious bloom of England,  
     Emblem of her pride,  
 Full-bloom rose of beauty,  
     Yours not in shade to hide,  
 Yours the sweetest fragrance  
     To scatter far and wide.

Above your spiked and rugged stem  
     Your perfect foliage spread  
 In crimp-edged green and tenderness  
     Round folded petals red,  
 As flaming glory from a bud,  
     Raises its regal head.

How oft you bring remembrance  
     Of days long since gone by

\* It is told of Mungo Park that when exhausted in an African desert and about to give up hope, the discovery of a solitary flower blooming in the arid waste lifted his thought up to God and brought to his mind the question: 'Cannot He who preserves this flower in the desert also preserve my life?' Inspired with new hope he resumed his journey with renewed vigour until he found shelter and sustenance in the huts of the Kaffir.

When thus you flamed across the sea,  
 Raised boyhood's hopes on high,  
 Gave sense of life imperishable,  
 Love that can never die.

And you preserve remembrance  
 As low your petals fall  
 And leave a crown of gold above  
 A seed of hope for all,  
 Or pressed within some ancient book  
 Long after love recall.

Glorious flower of England  
 Take root in all her realms,  
 Send forth her seeds of robust faith,  
 Purge out all that condemns,  
 Make justice that which gives her place,  
 Truth crown her diadems,

The greatness of a larger life  
 Than she e'er yet has known,  
 Her power for peace and righteousness  
 In wise forbearance shown ;  
 Her choice, the law of sacrifice—  
 Thine, sweet red rose, full-blown.

## VISION

At Jordans, Sept. 5th-8th, 1919

Some, who gathered from the limits of the wakening  
 eastern world,  
 Brave, courageous, dauntless spirits, strong when danger's  
 flag unfurled ;  
 Others, who midst wartime carnage, help and healing  
 strove to bring,  
 Glad to make the great surrender, e'en love's supreme  
 offering :

Some with clear thought's high distinction and deep in-  
 ward power were brought  
 Into the Spirit's living union in the vast embracing thought

Of a world of men new fashioned, not by standards known  
of old,  
Lives of men esteemed more precious than earth honours,  
or its gold :

Were all joined in one endeavour for a new and living  
way  
To the heart-need of each nation, and for its advance to  
pray ;  
Depths in each unto depths calling in the humble search  
for truth,  
Willing to receive its message from unlearnèd or from  
youth,  
If the wisdom fraught with blessing be at God's call  
thus conveyed,  
And His spirit manifested, witness : 'lo for this they  
prayed ! '

In the stillness, weighted silence, bearing life's momentous  
thought—  
Yea, and deeper and more holy than has e'er from mind  
been wrought,  
Struggles of the inward being shooting upward into light  
With vast range, penetration, more swift and luminous  
than sight—

Gathered where of old great spirits waited for the Spirit's  
power,  
Gathered from two worlds in union, meeting, fused, as  
love spread o'er,  
Melted, in the white-heat Presence burning up all worthless  
dross,  
When each gave their all, receiving truth increased and  
without loss ;

There was consciousness of greatness given of God to  
youth and maid,  
Finding more than human knowledge has attained, or  
e'en assayed :  
Inward conquest o'er the spirit of strong selfhood, slow  
to die,

Willingness within to listen to each call sent from on  
high ;  
Judgment, purged from predilections, led unbiassed into  
truth,  
Age and intellect in gladness catching visions seen by  
youth.

They returned then from the vision seen within the  
hallowed dell,  
Where of old our fathers worshipped, with anointed lips  
to tell  
Love that makes of all one kindred, faith that holds  
eternal life  
Too supremely crown of being to hold seed of selfish  
strife ;  
Hope that paves life's common pathway with the very  
steps of One  
Who invites thereon to follow knowing His joy, as the  
Son :  
With abandon of surrender to the will and power of love,  
Exaltation of adventure, will of God, known from above.

CANADIAN PRIME MINISTER,  
THE RIGHT HON. W. L. MACKENZIE KING

March 1924

You, Premier of a people's heart,  
Born of our best, yet your renown  
Fruit of achievements, well played part,  
Fame from your people's hands, who crown  
Accomplished labours for world weal  
With the approval loyal hearts feel,

You stand today in high regard,  
You fill the post your true worth won :  
Dominion growth naught can retard,  
Her right to large place 'neath the sun,  
Broad-bosomed wheat lands, nationhood,  
Fair smiling homes where forests stood.



O hardy race, O pioneer  
Who sought his freedom midst the wild  
Where walnut, maple, pine uprear  
Their crown ; or, tangled, lay up-piled,  
Through centuries intermingling grown—  
Nor touch of white man's foot e'er known—

Ne'er yet in ballad, nor in song,  
Have your heroic deeds been told ;  
Could your hushed lips their tale prolong,  
Not grasp of greed, not lust of gold,  
Deeds brave hearts set in freedom's cause  
Were seen, lives given for righteous laws :

And child-birth pains of nationhood,  
And throes of severance from old ties,  
Lands and possessions forfeit stood  
For loyalty that never dies ;  
Alone left to bring hope to birth,  
Change forests dense to well-tilled earth,

Immeasurable and lifelong toil ;  
Yet this least of heroic deeds :  
Greater the welcome to your soil  
Of stranger, brother to his needs,  
To give him of your freedom won,  
The largesse of work bravely done.

And you, O Premier, in your veins  
Hold heroes' blood, although you last  
To boast, who have unbound the chains  
That crippled labour ; and your past  
Is fragrant, as with sweet flowers' scent,  
Thro' powers to great needs nobly lent.

### HIS DAUGHTER

She, her father's youngest daughter,  
Independent grew and daring,  
With the spirit of adventure,  
All his nature fully sharing :

For in him had strangely blended  
Robust strength and sympathy,  
But in her each was attended  
By artless grace, piquant, free,

That gave her glorious perfect beauty  
Charm mere form fails to impart,  
Disclosing from its hidden glory  
Rare sweetness of a woman's heart.

And her voice, rich and melodious,  
In common speech arresting, bright,  
In song, as on a bird's flight, led us  
Upward into joy and light,

Where earth's discords are forgotten  
In the reign of harmony,  
Where earth's ills, that long have been,  
Are lost in blessing that shall be.

In a blest home she has learned  
From a mother, beyond praise,  
Whose example wisdom turned  
Thro' life's joyous pleasant ways.

Rare and lovely little daughter  
Grown now into womanhood,  
Intellect that does not falter  
At tasks, by most misunderstood,

That a woman's mental powers  
No whit less than man's should know—  
Though she is not man, nor borrows  
From him gifts she can bestow—

The sum of life's philosophy,  
Thoughts that fashion swift decades  
Uttered in forms all may see,  
Glowing with light that ne'er fades,

For the great World's betterment,  
That it long has missed or lost ;  
That she, too, was heaven-sent,  
Nor should be misused, to man's cost.

As morning glory that has kissed  
Each cottage roof with its warm glow,  
Caught chimney tiles, nor red pine missed,  
Tipped amber clouds rouge below :

'Tis thus her spirit holds and draws  
By a secret subtle charm  
That moves the heart to love, that knows  
Truth—the wise do no soul harm !

And she is wise, as well as good ;  
Fragrant as a breath of heaven  
Shedding radiance and handing food  
For thought ; unto kindness given.

And she draws from sage of old,  
Poets, masters, art and truth ;  
Sifting the old time dross from gold  
Skill, not often found in youth.

Does the future hold for her  
Distinction, or the lowlier path  
Oft the way for highest worth,  
To labour long, to live in faith,

That He Who calls and Who inspires  
Will in His Own good time reveal  
His purpose for each soul He fires  
With love toward those whom He would heal?

Little daughter, let thy spirit,  
Like thy glad songs, ever soar  
Upward, that at last it merit  
' Well done,—none could have done more.'

## FAIR WEATHER

Land of heroes and great divines,  
Green restful hills, purple heather,  
Where long ago I dreamed sometimes  
I should bring you in fair weather !

In land of romance and of song,  
Of chivalry in days of old,  
You chose that I to you belong ;  
Thus love of fifty years I hold.

Ten years of that, far o'er the sea,  
Your girlhood dreamed of days to come :  
I waited, and you kept heart free,  
Believing I would build your home.

Then you came, and forty years  
We've been lovers, man and wife ;  
Elgin sealed you mine, though fears  
You might not live haunted my life.

Southward, homeward now together  
Since seeing in her cap and gown  
Of nine our youngest : O fair weather  
That which with this our life should crown !

Land of heroes and fair lasses,  
Land of dream days long ago,  
Live your streams and mountain passes  
While heather blooms and waters flow.

## MONASTIC CHOICE

Monastic England, why were streams  
Your founders' choice in days of old ?  
Did running waters ban all dreams  
Of family joy, life manifold  
In which was seen sweet wife and child ?  
Or were you by self-thoughts beguiled ?

To some indeed the Christ was dear  
And thought of Him and words misread  
Made you choose solitude, and fear  
To follow where His own words said  
There would be found the holy way  
Of self-denial for every day ;

And that a cross of light should rise  
As in that pathway you were found  
Bringing each morning glad surprise,  
Praise for His favour ; holy ground  
To toil and suffer for His sake ;  
E'en if but handling hoe and rake

The food to gain for family need,  
And for the stranger at your door ;  
To feed and clothe, with comfort speed  
On life's rough way the needy poor,  
And thus, unconscious, lay above  
Heaven's treasure, only won by love.

O Brothers of old orders gone  
You thought you service did for God  
To wound the flesh and mind : alone  
To pass sad life beneath a rod ;  
And thus while some think of you blest,  
Thus from life's conflict to seek rest,

Others there are who deem that you  
Made life of God to be refused,  
The cult the privilege of the few,  
Nor for the life of all be used ;  
And kept within monastic wall,  
Or tried to, blessing meant for all.

The murmuring music of the stream  
More understood and followed on  
Had turned to fruitful life your dream,  
That brought not manhood's highest crown ;  
Had made glad fathers, and the race  
Enriched by learning from your face,

As your eyes met each childish look  
 With answer of a father's love ;  
 Not learning, sealed up in a book  
 Coloured with artist page above,  
 Nor toil inscribed and written word,  
 But that which children from Christ heard.

The Minster church, 'tis said, once tolled,  
 Far in the distant ages past,  
 Its bell to gather to the fold  
 You, Brothers, from your holy fast :  
 O, were you better—the world worse—  
 Because you chose this your life course ?

Was your soul conquered, captive made  
 Unto the Christ of Galilee ?  
 Who oft upon the hill-top prayed  
 That all His followers should be free ;  
 Or did you find within you still  
 Rebellion, pride, lust of self-will ?

Lo here, beneath an oaken tree,  
 An iron seat, with back ingrown  
 Into its bark and wood, and free  
 To weary feet and limbs ; thus shown  
 Rest all may share on heavenly road,  
 Too rarely found in monks' abode !

A spider in the lead-lined font  
 Has 'neath close web now made her home ;  
 The old oak lid, ironbound, was wont  
 Not to be trap for flies that roam,  
 Whose limbs dissected strew the base,  
 Save where the spider nest has place.

\* \* \* \* \*

Far in this deep dell, on these hills  
 They sought seclusion—they were men ;  
 Thou, Father, knowest all our wills,  
 Thou knowest if they found Thee then :  
 Lead in our time, O Lord, each day  
 Men midst the world no less to pray.



Lord, teach me by the open door  
Of Minster church to ever pray  
Thy light shine in this dell, and pour  
In hungry souls its healing ray ;  
And may all memories that may last  
Be filled with reverence for its past.

## A CALM CORNISH SEA

O kissing and caressing waves  
Soft amorous motions of the sea,  
Like lullaby your water laves  
This rock-bound coast of destiny  
Where feet of ancient king once trod  
Who listened for the voice of God.

O Arthur, great in legend lore  
And great in hearts of men today  
When poet tales are pondered o'er  
And noble deeds, that live always,  
Live on, as Thy knights' bravery  
Ere they on Grail quest turned from thee.

And rocky headlands ye have seen  
Law-breaking smugglers, wreckers cold  
To human pity, turned to glean  
Death's harvest from wrecked seamen bold ;  
Ill-gotten gain, debasing soul,  
Nor cleansed though waves should o'er you roll.

They missed the whispering of the sea,  
They heard not call the uplands gave,  
Till one here told of Galilee  
And Him who stilled the boisterous wave ;  
Then they were changed, and kindly grew  
Whose grandsires cruel plunder knew.

Then whisper sweetly, murmuring sea ;  
No dearer County England holds  
Than yours, O Cornwall dear to me,  
That warm Gulf Stream in arms enfolds,

And o'er the rocky headlands steep  
Your fields give gain, in cattle, sheep ;

But greater, far and wide have gone  
Your sons and daughters to all lands :  
For vision and for insight known,  
For skill at sea, with mining bands  
Experts in finding precious ore,  
For love of God yet honoured more.

### PINE TREES OF LEADER

Distant comradeship of pines,  
Glow of evening sky,  
Wind-swept trunks in fellowship,  
Dark plumes tossed on high—  
Wondrous skill of painter's hand,  
Thus to make all life-like stand.

Whispering breezes, ye that blow  
Ere the sun sinks down  
Tell the painter, let him know  
In the distant town,  
As thus I gaze upon each tree  
His artist soul has made me see

Beauty, caught from setting sun,  
Glory, of his pine trees born ;  
Richness, of their red-rimmed bark ;  
Murmuring melodies of the morn,  
When their needles trembling play  
In the breeze at break of day.

Sandy, bleak, and bare the land  
Where red pine-trunks grow ;  
Rugged hillsides, cloven rocks :  
Yet, you God's care show,  
Since your nature suits your place,  
You earth's poverty embrace.

And a deeper message still  
You have sent me, artist soul,  
That severest trials fulfil  
A God-sent part, make life whole ;  
After fruit, an inward calm,  
Fragrant as the pine trees' balm.

For their wrestling sends each root  
Deeper in foundation soil ;  
And the tiller's eye can note  
Day dawn glories, ere his toil ;  
In the fresh air, keenness find,  
With healthful labour, peace of mind.

And beyond all toil and care  
God reveals beneficence :  
After seed time, harvest sends,  
For all true life, recompense ;  
Beauty, e'en as throned on high,  
Soul-rest joy eternally.

## THE INHERITANCE

Visions, mystic splendours, dreams  
Such as came with earliest time  
Peering out through childhood brains,  
Wakening shadowy worlds, sublime  
In their power to fire the soul  
With imagination's flame,  
Even in a white-haired boy  
Holding heaven in eyes of blue.

Out from them his world begins,  
Sunlight on his mother's face,  
Soft and tender, smooth and sweet  
To plump fingers' fondling touch.

Flaming maples guard the home,  
Locusts where the orioles build  
Hang nests in the swaying boughs  
Round the long house on the hill :

And the hemlocks eastward rise,  
Catch the earliest sunrise beams,  
Where the dark-plumed pines are set—  
Either side, great giant trees  
Towering, waving mighty limbs  
Monster arms across the sky,  
Grasped by golden eagle claws,  
Serene midst the strongest winds.  
High the maple 'sugar bush'  
From the north winds shields the farm,  
Higher still the Murray Hills  
Break into the blue skyline ;  
Snows of winter sending down  
Through the trout streams, past the ponds,  
Driving saw mills, grinding corn,  
Then to river and to sea.

What is the inheritance  
That at threescore yet remains  
Of a childhood that was spent  
On that undulating farm ?  
Chickens soft as balls of down  
In their yellow new birth dress,  
Goslings with their broad pink feet,  
Large pink bills and furriness ;  
Frisking lambs and milk-white calves,  
Eager, greedy sucking pigs,  
All young life the country child  
Learns in earliest years to hold ;  
Or perchance a colt, his own,  
Or to please him thus so called !  
These, are these inheritance  
That, found first, still holds his thought ?  
Memory often backward turns  
Runs thro' lines the deepest wrought ?

Nay, these were then, they are still,  
Outward things—possessions ?—true,  
Only glint on pigeon's wing  
Fading light of rainbow's hue  
Fair impressions made and passed,

Left the child's soul deep within  
Full of questions, hopes, desires,  
Rising to a higher plane  
And indelible their aim.

Deepest, fondest, sweetest then  
Thoughts of mother, home and heaven :  
Her horizon knew no bounds,  
Her fond smile was happiness,  
Made a world, a universe,—  
None had more, how many less !  
And home to this blue-eyed boy,  
Meant too playmate, ' Come my wife '—  
So soon set of heart's desire  
Instinctive, strong, holiest  
Of earth's thoughts, and next to heaven's :  
And heaven's seem'd both to hold  
As their chief good ; for heaven is trust,  
Their commitment, for 'twas love  
That then made heaven to the child.

Did it pass ? Why was he left  
Unto himself to seek the truth ?  
Could a three-year child inquire  
Way to heaven and holiness ?  
These his need : how soon revealed,  
Wilful ways that shut out God,  
Feel Him remote : want nearer touch,  
A hand's caress, love to feed  
Keen soul hunger inward thirst,  
None but Christ can satisfy.

This the scheme high heaven devised  
With soul riches e'er to bless  
Each child, at first consciousness  
Nestling at the mother's breast.

Heaven of childhood, which way found ?  
Puff of smoke from wide hearth fire  
Circling o'er the hanging crane  
Rising to the upper air,

Going hence, but how, and where ?

Mother love and mother care  
Childhood's sweetest ministry,  
Drawing upward, guiding home  
Earliest wakenings of the soul ?  
Subtle musings, tenderness,  
Solitude in forest depths,  
Melody from lofty pines,  
Circling flight of swift-winged birds,  
Starlight night, serene and still,  
Shooting stars, the ice crack's boom,  
Sunrise sending light's first rays,  
What to youth do all these tell,  
All earth's vocal, constant praise ?  
Hast Thou made them tell of heaven  
Mighty Father of the soul ?  
That old farm be named and loved  
With the passion of child choice,  
'Twas the place that gave him birth,—  
Rolling fields o'er hill and vale,  
North woods, south woods, deep cool spring,  
High banks that the burst dam left,  
Barns and stables, drive house, loft  
O'er the granary that he chose  
Boyhood's summer sleeping place,  
Where the night winds sweeping through  
Sashless windows, opened door,  
Soundest lungs and strong limbs gave  
As began life's strenuous days.

Earlier still the painted floor,  
Yellow ochred, hard and firm,  
Of the dining-living room,  
Where the chairs his team became,  
Benches upside down his sleds,  
Lounge his rest at sultry noon,  
When the hum of countless bees  
Through the shaded window came  
From the garden by the well.  
Half a lifetime through his thought  
All, was woven, warp and woof,



All the colours, shades, contents,  
As stout cords bound cut brown cloths,  
Mingling yellow, blue, dark green,  
Crimsons, flaming reds in strips,  
That rag carpeted the floors  
Of best parlours and spare rooms.  
Inheritance, in that farm ?  
No, it never was his own,  
Not a foot of its fair fields,  
Nor its ancient forest trees,  
Orchards, gardens, streams or hills ;  
Yet no rood of earth e'er owned  
More fondly loved e'er has been :  
For the soul of boyhood held  
All it was throughout the year,—  
Late spring freshness, wild May flowers  
Of the month that he was born,  
Heat of summer, in dry grass  
Crickets' song, and 'neath the trees  
The panting sheep, restless cows,  
Intense noontide's quivering air :  
Crisp and cool the autumn days,  
Mellow, hollow sounds that held  
Spirit spell-bound, ere the winds  
Of autumn tore the flaming leaves,  
Sent them broadcast o'er the land,  
Whirling, woodland hollows filled,  
Circling, dancing midst bare trees,  
Through rare Indian summer days.  
Or when swift and startling change  
Oft wrought in a single night  
Transformation, as north winds  
Biting cold from Labrador  
Wrapped the world in spotless snow,  
Gleaming, dazzling, wintry white :  
These, all these inheritance  
Of his very life and thought,  
Moulded, shaped and fashioned him  
To the inwardness that wrought  
Deepest memories, made him know  
Consciousness of greater life  
Invisible ; these but types,

Shadowy patterns, or portents,  
Reaching not into the real  
Seat and centre, inmost soul.

Ne'er yet fell the covering snow  
Swifter following gold-tinged days  
Than the message—'plant more trees  
'On the farm, sometime I may  
'Wish to come and settle there'—  
Words that swept away his dreams,  
Sundered thoughts a lifetime held  
To his senior by three years :  
Past imaginations, glow  
Of life's constant cherished plan,  
Gathered hopes, they only know  
Who view the unseen by things seen.  
Greater joy to share with him  
Brother, partner fifty years :  
That possession, this love's gleam,  
The last greater than the first.

Sharing ! not in common sense :  
Gladly yielding life-thought's claim :  
With reluctance ? nay, with joy,  
Else no yielding there had been  
Worthy even of the name ;  
For that which we give and hold  
Still in part, Sapphira like,  
Is no gift, but selfhood held,  
Doomed to death and endless shame :  
Heart's gift lives through higher law ;  
Love that shares a brother's joy  
With more keenness than his own,  
Multiplies his own therein.

Once his fancy saw arise  
A plain simple meeting house,  
Paintless seats, men set apart,  
As old Quaker custom was,  
When dark persecution fell  
Haled them rudely oft to prison,  
That their women might be safe

Separated by themselves.  
In the pine groves it was planned :  
How he visioned drawing boards  
From the mill to sheet its sides,  
Beams and timbers for its frame,  
Winter wood stove for its warmth.  
And in fancy, too, he built  
A wool factory on the stream,  
Where the humming cards and looms  
Prepared and wove farmer's wool ;  
E'en more vivid to him still  
Splashing water o'er its wheel,  
Seen in early boyhood's scheme,  
Than greater works, since life's care.  
Yet those visions proved boy dreams,  
The meeting house was never built  
Nor the factory he had seen :  
For with boyhood scarce complete  
He left these homestead hopes, at call,  
For duties in his father's stead,  
Travels through that hemisphere ;  
Later, too, far o'er the sea  
With that brother nearest him.

Mighty distance separates  
Early thoughts, so long retained,  
Nourished, as the years rolled on,  
Past mid-limits of his days ;  
Yet above life's strenuous throes  
They have floated, hovering near,  
Fond as first love of the soul,  
Sweet as cadenced song to thrill,  
Dawning hope when cares assail,  
Life looms up the steep ascent,  
Its last laps, or lessened strength  
Makes to seek diminished toil,  
Living potency they bring,  
Youth's elastic buoyant step,  
Quickened mind to live once more,  
Mental outlook, that remains  
Heritage that knows no change.

Then life standards too were made :  
Few are conscious of this task  
We take upon ourselves, and pass  
These measurements through all our days !  
Persons, faces, characters,  
Voices tabulated, filed,  
In the brain cells laid away  
Oft unconsciously much used !  
Down the stream of life these flow  
Memories of that long past time  
Swift and silent, supple, strong,  
Tugs on recollection's line ;  
As of old red speckled trout  
Darting, wakened thrills of joy,  
Pulling on boyhood's rude line,  
Ere 'twas landed on the bank !

Then wood fires reflection made,  
On the window panes a flame,  
Flickering, answering from outside  
Even midst fierce winter's snows,  
Mocking mirage, like a smile  
Scarcely skin deep hides a soul  
'Neath face muscles, teeth in rows,  
Or sometimes shows there is no soul !

Near a neighbour fond of him,  
Yet who never won his love  
Since he loved not his own boys,  
Nor his wife as much as gold.

How she toiled ! what store of cheese  
Fresh delicious from her press,  
Fried cakes sugarless, yet made  
With a skill ne'er equalled since ;  
Apples sweet and water-cored,  
Cider fresh, school eggs hard boiled,  
Winter apples, juicy, crisp,  
When all neighbouring stores had failed :  
What inheritance had she  
When her family grown had gone ?  
To e'en seek a neighbour's aid,

Make claim for share in that home  
From which then by her husband turned !  
Husband ! nay, no husband he  
Selling soul and wife to hoard  
Though nameless mortgages he held :  
Rich, yet poor in all that's worth.

Happier he whom most called ' Judge,'  
Considerate, calm, slow of speech,  
In spring toiling at his mill  
From earliest dawn until day's close ;  
Drawn from water, ' lumber ' made  
Of logs that winter sleds had rolled  
Side by side and end to end  
In countless numbers o'er the pond.  
How the great saw rose and fell,  
Sent the sawdust down the stream,  
While the lumber sold was more  
Than the farm for family needs.  
Here it was that first were known  
Graft fruits in the neighbourhood,  
Their size and flavour even made  
Fruit of ' common trees ' seem poor.

Strong boy friendships ! what the pain  
Felt in that he could not share  
Trips with judge's second son  
Week ends to the teachers' homes !  
Yet was compensation found  
As the gifts they gave he shared :  
Tin horses, cows, and sheep on wheels,  
Gum transparent, amber-red !

This friend married, left the farm,  
Long years passed ere their eyes met,  
Yet flamed friendship's early fires  
And it was joy to recollect.  
Then that happened which fulfilled  
Promise given to all life lost  
For His sake, or given forth  
For a brother's happiness :  
Eastward homestead and the mill,

Judge's farm, his playmate left,  
Judge long dead, the family gone,  
Found for sale, was offered him,  
Became e'en his inheritance ;  
Was a recompense and rest.  
Thought re-clothed its former state,  
Drew fresh outlines yet to make  
It bear choicest fruits of earth :  
And the golden eagles' haunt  
Where they built their mighty nest  
Coracle in pine tree top  
That heaved and swayed by strong winds prest :  
E'en alongside the old home  
Thus this farm became his own.  
Was this then inheritance  
That his inward craving met  
For homestead in his native land,  
Round which oft might centre thought  
Visioned plans for later days ?

It was, indeed, a pure delight :  
Swaying pinewoods lived again  
Deep dark surging waves of green  
By the creeks seen from the hill  
As before the woodman's axe  
And Judge's mill had transformed them  
To builded houses ; or o'er the sea  
Sent their knotless planks and beams,  
Matchless wood for England's homes.

Yet scarcely less his joy when time  
To his brother brought the farm  
Once the sad old hoarder held  
Whose life-joy was so self-marred.

Side by side as years went on  
They passed thither o'er the sea :  
Choice fruit from the homesteads came,  
Pleasure gave to thousands here  
Within the world's metropolis,—  
Apples red and green and gold,  
Incomparable, perfect fruit



Canadian air and sunshine made  
In swift summer's ripening heat.

What inheritance lives on  
When encircling outward things  
Re-shape themselves, changing days,  
Swift as poet's fancy springs  
When his inspirations sweep  
Tumultuous, swift imperious throes  
Of soul surging thro' the mind  
Gone ere thought their forms retain ?

'Twas there poets woke his soul,  
To passion for the truth they told,  
Life and love, with insight keen  
Deep discernments of the seer ;  
There his hero rolled great stones,  
Grey granite, and green diorite  
Dropped back ages from ice floes  
When fierce currents ground earth's face :  
Then he listened to wild tales,  
How imagination thrills,  
Excitement burns, childhood starts,  
Through the forest after dark.

Near by her noble father taught  
Wooed and won the dark-eyed girl  
Whose babe's childhood sweet romance  
To this youth gave deathless love.  
When in fulness of God's time  
She went with him o'er the sea  
Fair, as Eden's bride at first,  
This inheritance supreme,  
Richest heritage, heaven's dower,  
Love's sweet solace midst life's toil,  
Sharer of his inmost soul,  
Visioned present fifty years.  
Ere he left the old hill farm,  
Set round with a higher range  
Pine crested, lo a vision came—  
A city fair to look upon,  
It was fashioned in the sky,

Castled towers, minarets,  
More wondrous than all chiselled stone  
Human eyes e'er looked upon.  
When skies faded, yet again  
Memory made it oft return  
Vivid, picturesque, and fair.

Since that visioned city rose  
Years more than threescore have passed,  
Jesus, Thou hast been to him  
Saviour, Guide, Deliverer, Friend :  
Thou didst even call him Thine,  
Then must follow Thou art his,  
Subject to no changing chance  
As possessions of the earth :  
Thou eternal life hast given  
Love's inheritance from heaven.  
Presence, Human and Divine,  
More real to faith than sight of yore  
To those by sweet blue Galilee,  
Visioned in his infancy.

Was it they of old, too, found  
They should have inheritance  
In perfect Manhood, led of God ?  
Over billows, waves wind press'd,  
Over mountain fastnesses  
Waving corn, the vine, the fold,  
Nature, e'en inanimate,—  
Know its greatness is but small  
Set within infiniteness,  
Vastness of a universe,  
Countless millions turned to earth,  
Buried deep within its soil,  
Each of whom had consciousness  
Of things greater than themselves—  
Power to know, to be made free,  
To find life immortality.

Beyond the poet, prophet, seer,  
More than all the good of men,

Past all persons ; its vast sphere  
 Limitless, of the unseen,  
 Infinite inseparable  
 Inheritance they obtain  
 Losing self and life in Thee,  
 Jesus, Saviour of all men ;  
 Everlasting life, Thy peace,  
 Through eternal love become  
 Sharers, attributes of Thine,  
 Possessors of their souls in Thee,  
 This inheritance complete  
 Riches of eternity.

## THE PASSING OF QUEEN ALEXANDRA

21st Nov. 1925

O Nation, glad amidst your tears  
 For her who, once a Sea King's child,  
 Came to your shores the nation's bride,  
 To whom God gave enduring years,  
 Whose gracious presence time beguiled,  
 Hushed into restfulness our fears,  
 And quickened in our hearts true pride,

How may your people ever tell  
 The joy she gave thro' three decades ?  
 The place she won so long ago,  
 The sorrow that on all hearts fell,  
 As from the sky the sunset fades,  
 Or curfew sends its parting knell,  
 To love that would not she should go ?

She long our gladness and our rest,  
 Our faith in noblest womanhood,  
 True pattern for the humblest, made  
 By constancy, love which each breast  
 Might hold, and naught has e'er withstood,  
 Conquest, by tenderness e'er press'd,  
 Which helped, but never made afraid.

O loved Queen Mother, while our race  
Holds British blood and Danish worth,  
The fragrance of your fair renown  
Will, in all time, still hold its place,  
Will echo round our Mother Earth,  
Will lighten each grief-saddened face  
With radiance, e'er your beauteous crown.

W. C. B.

Soul that travailed deeply at youth's dawn  
In life's first quest to save another soul,  
Today vast sorrow that strikes deep within  
Came to us, telling thou wast prostrate laid,  
Gone outward from our sight, not from our hearts,  
By swift unapprehended hand of death.

Great thou wast e'er in energy of love,  
Wise in its just expression ; strong and true  
In loyalty to great causes, and to friends,  
Though years might pass ere close occasions show  
Again the free glad comradeship first known.

Mysterious that thy call thus quickly came,  
When we and countless others longed for years  
Of thy wise counsel and ripe judgment, shown  
Through deep researches making history live,  
Fascinating the mind of young and old.

I read again thy letters sent in youth  
Nigh forty years ago when manhood dawned,  
And thy keen intellect e'er able, strong,  
Held with diffidence, shyness genius shows,  
But opened out to greatness thou shouldst gain  
Before life's swift, intrepid course was done.

Thou wast laid to rest upon a pine-crowned hill  
Surveying wide expanse, abroad an English vale  
Dear to thy poet mind and statesman's soul  
Full of prophetic vision and Christ's zeal.

Thine was high heritage, thy father's son  
In greatness of true saintliness ; mother love  
A noble heavenly treasure, to pass on ;  
To answer vast new problems of world life.

Yet thou hast gone amidst incessant calls  
By hand of hidden ailment stricken down ;  
No warning given, nor failing, nor lost strength,  
Amidst the keen activities that thronged.

But why ? we cannot fathom, though we peer,  
With tear-dimmed vision when we feel our loss :  
Again with exultation, in review  
Of labour vast, accomplished work well done :  
To live through unborn ages spreading truth,  
Strong witness to life's conquest in God's Son,  
The holy exaltation He confers on men.

Thy deep-toned voice of love, resonant, clear  
Is hushed in silence, mortal dust returned ;  
We look no longer on thy kindly face,  
Yet since thy swift transition, in us more place  
The quickening and soul-warming flame within  
Is felt a burning life that but few know,  
Which was transmitted to thy pen for truth,  
As love within thee lived perpetual youth.

We waited long in stillness near the trees  
That wove their mournful cadences unstayed ;  
From murmuring needles trembling fragrance stirred,  
Unto us bringing comfort by their song ;  
And raising thoughts on high, to vast unseen,  
Unfading, undying in Thy sight, O Lord :  
There him we deeply loved we left with Thee,  
Exaltation knew, the life that lives in God.

## I LOVE THEE

King of love by right Divine  
Supreme of heavenly birth,  
King of love in soul of mine  
O reign o'er all of earth,  
Blest Answer to world inmost need  
Great King of promised heavenly Seed.

Thou wast the Presence and the Fear  
Through childhood and in youth,  
But heart-love had not brought Thee near  
Nor loved I Thee in truth,  
As e'er within I knew was right—  
That only pleasing in God's sight.

An unimpassioned lover, Lord,  
As, by the Unseen led,  
'Neath sense of distance, in the dark,  
Prostrate the body laid,  
That it might rise with faith in Thee :  
Thy condescension set it free.

It rose and knew another world  
Though yet emotions sealed,  
Founts of thought, will's choice unfurled  
Redemption's grace revealed :  
Acceptance of a wandering soul  
Repentant, come to be made whole.

It was Thy love that drew me  
To seek Thee at the first ;  
Yet oft old life thoughts hindered,  
Nor let self see its worst,  
Nor beauty of Thy risen Face,  
Nor sweetness of Thy tender grace.

And now, Divine Redeemer,  
Thy love Supreme the same



Stills every inward murmur,  
Enshrines within Thy Name,  
Gives sole life-work I have to do,  
That every deed love to Thee show.

## THE HILL CHURCHYARD

Dark the cloud that hides the moon  
Rising in the eastern sky,  
Gilded edges that will soon  
Flaming glory shed on high,  
While the o'ercast shadows make  
Mystery in the moonbeams' wake.

Through white pillared hill churchyard,  
Moonlight touches each headstone,  
By the higher hills long barred,  
Now it seems to bless each one  
Slumbering in God's acre here,  
Speech is hushed as we draw near.

At our left the silent aisles  
Of the church with open door,  
Scene of blessing, bridal smiles,  
Babes, unconscious, given o'er  
To godfather thought and prayer  
Who need mother love and care.

Night birds call ! Hark, the owl's cry  
On the stillness, startling, near ;  
' Goodnight ' from youths passing by ;  
Stars through amber light appear,  
Mountain stream comes tumbling down,  
Its soothing waters earth cares drown.

Thou Who mad'st so fair a world,  
Full of beauty, hallowed peace,  
So much sweetness hast unfurled :  
Moonbeams after day's surcease  
Sent their nightly watch to keep  
O'er hamlet dwellers who here sleep.

## CORNISH HILLS

Softest grey of the Cornish hills,  
Tender green of the fertile vales,  
Yellow of broom, murmuring rills,  
Glory supreme, when sunset pales ;

Nestling towns and castles on high,  
Quiet and rest of common life,  
Romance ; that ancient lore brings nigh,  
The tales of errant knights' bold strife

To cleanse the land of old time ills,  
Bandit chiefs, marauders bold :  
Who quickly returned, as flood tide fills  
Each shore inlet and rocky hold.

'Twas vain, and failed, unless perchance  
One found therein a change of heart  
Who, Gawain-like, no more held lance,  
Nor followed the oppressor's part.

But Cornish men turned to the deep  
Braved the perils of the sea,  
For food its mackerel, pilchards sweep  
A shining harvest o'er the lea.

Then came Redemption's songs of grace  
Answering to soul-hunger cry,  
And on all lips they still find place  
From dawn until the night is nigh.

O'er softest green of Cornish hills  
Gentleness is in the air,  
Midst tender green of fertile vales  
Cottage homes are full of prayer.

## A SEA LOVER

I thought I did not love thee  
Wild and boisterous sea !  
I had not then awakened  
To all thy majesty ;  
Controlled, and full of grandeur  
That stills complaint in me.

I saw thee calm and peaceful  
Around this rock-bound coast ;  
Now thou art beating wildly  
Like mighty maddened host,  
Yet this fierce tumult's passion  
Is that which holds me most.

Beneath my feet it thunders,  
Each cavern sounding far,  
With roar and boom and wonder,  
Conflict of Nature's war,  
By man's lips unutterable,  
As God's voice from afar.

It speaks ; it calls for silence,  
As of the mighty dead ;  
Recalls infinite Power  
That rules from overhead :  
Now I have learned to love thee,  
Complaining thoughts have fled.

I feel thy strong enchantment  
Extended unto me ;  
Hear thy majestic music,  
And learn thy constancy,  
Saving our world with savour  
Of thy salt depths, O sea.

## SEA MELODIES

Music o'er the rocky headlands,  
Murmurings of the rising tide,  
Mingling surgings and caressings  
Of waves breaking, waves that ride  
Inward up the ancient harbour,  
Once with vessels, side by side ;

Ribboned uplands stretching eastward  
Intermingling green and grey ;  
Higher, farther, checkered farmsteads,  
Windows catching sun's last ray,  
When the sun sinks down to westward  
O'er blue of ocean far away !

The sea-gulls close their wings to rest  
Upon Meachard's lonely isle ;  
A mother watching toward the west  
Thinks of her youngest son, the while  
Fleeting, flaming, day is pressed  
To amber glow, like heaven's smile.

Hush and silence reign around,  
Save the softened distant roar  
Of the ocean, and the sound  
Of the waves along the shore ;  
Between the headlands, in the coves,  
Music that lives for evermore.

## CANADA

Dominion Day, 1926

Great land now threescore years save one  
Since you launched forth for nationhood !  
Your mighty leaders who then stood  
Have passed, their great work nobly done.

They led you forth upon the way,  
They heard before the mighty tread  
Of millions unborn, who would spread  
Afar o'er lands beneath your sway :

The fertile prairie's sun-kissed soil,  
The snow-capped mountains' sunset shore,  
Your great fruit valleys, the world's store,  
Lands cleared by pioneers' great toil.

Statesmen, Macdonald, Laurier, King,  
You each your contribution made  
To our Dominion, and displayed  
New lands, where great world's harvests spring.

You hardiest nation known on earth,  
The greatest of all lands to be ;  
Your mineral wealth none yet foresee ;  
Those greater, who in you find birth.

Indeed a man's age you have run  
Since your first great Dominion Day,  
Supremely joyous, sport and play  
Held all from rise to set of sun.

Vast Canada, in pristine strength  
Of manhood, you today proclaim  
The power to guard your own fair name  
O'er your Dominion's breadth and length.

May one who left the mighty sweeps  
Of seaboard, mountains, prairies wide,  
For half a century to abide  
Where Britain her great empire keeps,

Write of his first-loved boyhood land ?  
There Empire's readiest sons are found,  
Most strenuous tillers of the ground,  
And learning thrives on every hand.

Far from your writers of great worth,  
Whose lines have inspiration drawn  
From your sunset and your dawn,  
May mine, too, claim Canadian birth ?

I turned today the ancient tome  
Of fierce Wacoustas' tragic tale,  
That made young boyhood's heart to quail  
Within the forest birth-place home.

The glamour of those earliest days,  
The mystic sense, the mighty dread  
Of lynx and wildcat overhead,  
Felt, when I passed dark forest ways,

Come back again with deeper thrill,  
And joy, for terror boyhood knew,  
Since seeing threescore long years through  
Back to those vistas memories fill.

I read today, with swelling pride  
Canadian birth and boyhood give,  
Mair's great *Tecumseh* that will live  
Long to make loyalties abide.

The long high head, the piercing eye,  
The power-indicating nose,  
The sinewy frame, the chieftain pose  
Of honour, courage, ne'er can die.

Fit setting these the poet gave,  
Immortal trust 'neath swarthy breast,  
Intrepid, heroic, finding rest  
Where none could boast they killed the brave.

Your pride, O Canada, to hold  
The honoured flag within your grasp  
That red men trusted, knew would clasp  
Their hands in friendship, strong and bold.

How oft this symbol of word kept  
Gave passage free, security,  
Through loyal remembrances of thee,  
Land where the deer through forests leapt.

If now but remnants few are found,  
They still feel strong paternal care ;  
These, allies yet, not subjects are,  
And free within their settled ground.



A poet-singer of that race  
Passed westward to Pacific's shore,  
Lies 'neath the trees, where evermore  
They murmur o'er her resting place.

And in his chosen island-home,  
Mair, great amidst Canadian bards,  
Fourscore and seven defies time's shards,  
Scatters good cheer, and still would roam

The fields elysian, hear the call  
High heaven gives the inspired soul,  
Its purpose toward men to unroll,  
And lift up those who faint or fall.

And eastward where the Fundy tides  
Their mighty waters raise, to fall  
With long receding, and leave all  
The shores with mud-bank glistening sides,

There, Roberts, great in storied lore  
Of these old lands of a new world,  
Tells how the flag of France was furled,  
And Britons peopled diked lands o'er :

Tells the proud history of the bands  
Of Loyalists, who crossed the sea  
Beneath old Britain's flag to be,  
When outlawed from those once their lands.

Tells more, the poet's insight keen  
Of life that is, and what might be,  
If men gave hearts and eyes to see  
Truth that shall be, and that has been.

And one who loved the *habitant*  
Who held the best of old New France,  
Holland, whose narratives entrance  
And make all love seignorial law,

Long you will live, who truly caught  
The genius and the inward light  
That through the *patois* sparkled bright,  
And made life richer by your thought.

But hush ! how shall words softly tell  
Your sweetness, Marjorie Pickthall ?  
Sorrow for your untimely fall,  
Hushed swiftly by death's early knell.

Untimely ? Nay, while beauty lives,  
Or radiant glory on moth's wing,  
Or Lalemont's fame, 'twas yours to sing,  
Your life its inspiration gives.

Valancy Crawford, rare sweet songs  
You wrote, inspired from above,  
Shall yet thrill soul-depths of true love,  
Though few gave praise that life prolongs.

Why should the war-song chiefly force  
Soul blindness even to discern  
The fires that in the poet burn,  
Nor then see purpose and their source ?

Of old the great bards sang of love,  
And men and maidens listening stood  
Where circling slopes made hearing good  
To catch their words breathed from above :

And harp-strings softly sent their thrill,  
Unutterable, supremely sweet,  
Save love of lasses, at their feet,  
Or men's songs, echoing hill to hill.

Two hundred poets whose lines swell  
Vibrating o'er Dominion's span,  
Watson, Campbell, Carman, Lampman,  
On these may others later dwell.

But sounding onward through the years  
Great Howe shall oratory give  
And courage, that the truth may live  
Untrammelled by ignoble fears.

Still lives the memory of M'Gee,  
Whose tragic end enhanced his worth  
And patriotism, that had its birth  
In conscience, that his land be free.

Foul sin against a clean-souled man,  
Whose base assassin thought to stay  
The powerful influence of his sway ;  
He multiplied it, for there ran

A mighty wave of sympathy,  
Spread everywhere through young and old ;  
'Tis fresh today, as when first told,  
Life-fame that filled the country.

Others whose works old tales reveal,  
*Seats of the mighty*, Parker's fame ;  
Scott, Eaton, Kirby, Sangster's name,  
Murray, Martin, o'er memory steal.

Gordon, whose strong Glengarry tales  
Sing toils of sturdy pioneers,  
The lumber camp, where pine uprears  
Majestic plumes to fiercest gales.

Brock, your heroic spirit caught  
That which at first Canadians bore,  
You never said ' Men go before ' ;  
But by ' Come on,' true courage taught.

Great leaders in the legal world  
Have left their impress, men who saw  
Connection between right and law,  
Made peace their purpose, war-flags furled.

Osgoode, bequeathing to the land  
Name and location for her youth ;  
Lafleur, M'Carthy searching truth,  
Robertson, Clark show where laws stand.

When Haliburton early wrote,  
And found themes that caught o'er the line,  
He pioneer, who could combine  
Rare humour as he stoutly smote.

How many since have followed on  
The trail he blazed so long ago ;  
Though few they are today who know  
How large share Canada has won.

What shall be said of those who saw,  
Before old lands had seen the light,  
That free schools were the children's right,  
With full provision made by law ?

Who dared insist school sections be  
Reserved in every neighbourhood ;  
That this profession highest stood,  
Shaping youth's course to make life free.

To name but one, good Ryerson  
Gave life and labour to this cause,  
Saw progress made, enacted laws  
Making schools free to every one.

How far it seems back to those days,  
Years swiftly pass, threescore and ten !  
A mighty Nation, made since then,  
Of age to plan her onward ways.

And Art, the nation's youngest grown,  
Has made her name in motherland :  
Field's, Varley's, Thompson's paintings stand  
With Allward's sculptures, world-famed known.

Romances of your lands await  
A great soul, great enough to hold  
The secrets of what made those bold  
Who saw before a mighty state :

And through their vision clearly saw  
The need of sound foundations laid  
In true home life, communion made  
By faith more than by creed and law.

One great enough to comprehend  
The magnitude of purpose planned  
Ocean to ocean one State, spanned  
By those to whom all lands might send.

Wonder! to gird great Canada  
Twelve thousand leagues of steel rail lines  
Extend, and man's achievement shines  
Thro' Van Horne, Strathcona, Beatty, Hanna.

But farther back, intrepid, brave,  
The pioneers' heroic band,  
Grant, Fleming, Moberly, Rogers planned  
Passes, Pacific lands to save.

O Canada, you pattern show  
That your great mother first displayed,  
Empire of different nations made  
That all might largest freedom know.

A leading type the Loyalists gave,  
They welcomed all men to their soil;  
They asked but that they share the toil  
And join earth's commonwealths to save.

And you call nations by the might  
Of the enlargement of their good,  
To be one world-wide brotherhood,  
Nor brother kill in name of right.

And Canada, refuse the lure  
Mere acquisition oft displays;  
Guard all your getting, hold the ways  
Your fathers laboured to keep pure.

Ocean-bound land, sublime the thought  
Your strength and chivalry unfold:  
Courageous, loyal, as of old  
Set to fulfil truth's mighty ought,

Imperative, compelling, free,  
An inward urge youth often knows  
Of vigour, that with right use grows,  
Clean, kind, blessing the world to be.

Then shall o'er teeming homestead lands  
Sweet family life reign everywhere ;  
The opened heart, the hand to share,  
Great Nationhood that for God stands.

### WHEN NIGHT IS FALLING

When the night o'er me is falling,  
Like shade across the withered grass,  
When I hear a far voice calling,  
Clear, insistent, that will not pass ;

When other life shall stir within,  
Enkindled in this house of clay,  
When here decay's slow works begin,  
The old unto new life gives way ;

When this strong frame, Lord, Thou gavest,  
Falters, feels earth's course is run,  
When vision new fills that which fadest,  
These eyes close on setting sun,

Then remember, Lord, Thy mercy  
Thou hast shown me : once, a child,  
I turned from and did not love Thee !  
Though fifty years now reconciled.

Saviour grant me still the guidance  
That never has been far away,  
Thy work to finish : know going hence,  
Soul clearness, at the close of day.

### VALENCY

Beautiful Valency  
Foaming at the feet  
Of your high attendant hills  
That seem the sky to meet  
And hold its high encircling dome  
Like cover for your valley home,



You flow on forever,  
A thousand springs unseen  
Yield your crystal water  
Nor fail to sing, I ween,  
As they their store to you afford  
And gaily mingle in your flood.

You awaken thoughts of one  
Who sang far o'er the sea  
Tale of Canadian settler's home,  
Love's vast infinity  
That makes all earth its resting place  
And lives e'er to lift up the race.

She bore your name, Valency,  
Yet her sweet songs stillborn,  
Or that e'en died upon her lips  
Ere by cold critics torn,  
Cost her her life, left her young fame  
Uncared for, to that new land's shame.

'Tis true the Settler's clearing  
Cost toil, early and late,  
Left little time for reading ;  
Yet man makes his own fate,  
If food and raiment his sole care  
Lost to his soul riches more rare.

But you flow on, Valency,  
Throughout the rounded year ;  
You wait not for the praise of men,  
You have no need to fear,  
The dews, the rains of heaven supply  
Your crystal clear stream melody.

## A CROMWELLIAN FIREBACK

Old Ironside what vicissitude  
Led you to this at last,  
That here, within a log hut rude,  
I see you bolted fast ?

Once you a mansion-fireplace graced,  
'Twas Cromwell's, and the flame  
You radiated when he faced  
Your figures, still the same,

Gave glow to Skippon and to Rous,  
Milton perchance and Nye,  
Although you Royal arms espouse,  
And such all these put by.

It was a strange chance brought you here  
Within this ancient wood,  
O'erlooking Windsor, where uprear  
The towers, that long have stood

A type of England's noble land,  
Secure 'midst hamlet homes  
About each towered church that stand,  
Where no intruder comes,

For first I saw you in Bond Street  
'Midst fashion, wealth and pride ;  
And then at Acton was your seat  
High o'er a fire-side,

Where many questioned whence you came,  
And what your history,  
Heard of your Master's world-wide fame  
When he ruled land and sea.

But as your Wilsdon glory passed,  
Thus too your public place,  
For next, beneath oak and beech mast,  
You warmed a woodman's face.

And now distinguished you remain  
In hut of English oak ;  
You are the centre ; all again  
Your kindly aid invoke

To warm them in seclusion's calm,  
Where no town's noise is made,  
To glow with radiant heat's sweet balm ;  
As Commonwealth gave aid

In purging out pretence and dross  
Of flattery and vain show,  
That good might live, nor suffer loss  
Though Cromwell's rule should go.

Long service to you, back-iron mine,  
Within this ancient wood,  
Since Cromwell and Royal right divine  
You both long since withstood.

Yea, Royal will from you may learn  
They rule best who can serve,  
Who Heaven's purposes ne'er spurn  
From truth and right ne'er swerve.

## THE END

I know not when the end will be,  
I know not if to me is given  
To see old age—a century !  
Vouchsafed unto but few by Heaven.

The crowns of mountain mist that pass  
In dimness glory peaks enshroud,  
And in their grandeur oft surpass  
The rugged outlines without cloud.

The ways of life we dimly see,  
But hold to, feeling they are right,  
Oft have been found the way to Thee  
Who called to life of faith, not sight :

Yet Who no less the vision gave  
Of glory Human and Divine,  
Sufficient all from care to save  
Whose aim, Lord, to live lives like Thine.

I would not choose to go or stay  
One moment past life duty's call,  
Nor would I know the time nor way  
Life seen shall end, life unseen fall.

But it were blessed this to know,  
The way to make life left worth while,  
O'ercome its ills, make joy to grow,  
And heal its sorrows with love's smile.

### DEVONSHIRE HOUSE AND FRIENDS' HOUSE

The glory of the old house  
Was not of brick or stone,  
Convenience, comfort or display :  
It dwelt in lives alone  
Which there had found communion sweet,  
Rejoiced each year with Friends to meet.

By saintly lips, from its high seats,  
There came the words of life ;  
Or solemn stillness hearts controlled  
And hushed all thoughts of strife,  
While differing minds thro' sobered thought  
Were into hallowed union brought.

Memories of the old house  
Live not for place alone,  
But in truth's cherished sanctities  
That can for change atone,  
And still live on and greatly dare  
New work for God, called elsewhere.

The worthies of the old house  
Lived not their lives in vain ;  
Although no more from raised seats  
Shall followers there maintain  
Their witness to the eternal truth ;  
Yet shall they live in hearts of youth.

High purpose and consuming zeal  
Shall quicken as of old,  
The call of God to sacrifice  
Shall still true life unfold,  
And youths and maidens shall arise  
Who make with sin no compromise.

Glory of the new Friends' House  
Not framed oak, columns tall,  
Nor sweet severe simplicity,  
Nor great well-seated hall :  
Its glory if it all men bless,  
Lead all the Lord Christ to confess.

Glory of the living Presence,  
Comfort of Love's broken bread  
Given each spirit there ingathered,  
Truth's anointing for each head,  
Inward, living, holy peace  
Christ's glory that shall never cease.

Great and noble heritage  
Drawing nigh three centuries old,  
Union's glorious harmonies,  
Silent sanctities untold,  
Father make Friends' House Thy place,  
Fill it with Thy heavenly grace.

## THE PRODIGAL

' I will arise ! '  
So spake the prodigal,  
And through his being swiftly ran  
Emotion, mightiest known to man,  
And he arose.

' Perchance as slave,  
Though never more as son,  
He will me food and shelter give,  
In sin no longer will I live,  
He may forgive.

Home or I die !  
     Weary beyond belief  
 My sin-sick soul, come to itself,  
 Knows human lust, self-will, nor pelf  
     Real pleasures give.

Father to thee  
     And to my boyhood home  
 Of which erstwhile I was a son—  
 Unworthy now e'en this to own—  
     I broken come.'

Low sank the sun,  
     Gathered mass'd clouds glowing,  
 Matchless red and gold surround,  
 Flaming, as if o'er holy ground ;  
     Prostrate the prodigal.

Afar from heights  
     The father's love outlooked :  
 Lo, in the distance his keen eye  
 Marks halt of slow steps drawing nigh,  
     Sees his son fall.

Swift as the light  
     The father's footsteps run :  
 ' My son ! ' he cries, ' it is my son,  
 'Tis he, 'tis he, my long lost son,  
     My dead son lives.'

' Father ! ' his lips fail  
     To utter words prepared :  
 The arms of love about his neck  
 The bonds of sundered sonship make |  
     To break no more.

\* \* \* \* \*



‘Robe, ring and calf,  
O these let brother have ;  
Father, thy son, I need no more,  
Greater than life that went before,  
It fills my soul.’

Joy’s revelry !  
The brothers now embrace,  
Room for both in the father’s heart,  
Love joins those once so far apart,  
And it is home.

## THE OCEAN

Boom, boom, boom, ||  
Thunder and boom !  
The ocean is calling,  
Make room,  
Make room !|

Held by the land,  
Pulled by the moon,  
Strange voices calling,  
More room,  
More room !

Tempest-tossed ocean  
Hark, ’tis your doom ;  
Sea, you shall pass ;  
Your doom, |  
Your doom !

Your only answer  
Thundering boom ?  
The blow-hole sounding  
Too soon,  
Too soon !

## LATER POEMS

Ocean majestic  
    You croon, you croon ;  
Yet midst your agonies  
    Men swoon,  
    Women swoon.

Soothed, as child's slumber,  
    'Cuddle doon, cuddle doon,'  
Ocean, man's wonder,  
    Your rune,  
    God's rune.

## THE OLD YEAR

1926

Dying, old year ?  
    How long you are dying !  
Weeks, days and hours,  
    So slowly expiring !

Leaves of life's book,  
    Only one by one turning,  
A book every year,  
    Now shelf of life cramming !

Wind in the trees  
    Murmurs life's days are brief ;  
Last crimsoned leaves  
    Tell of winter's relief.

Sunbeam-laden air  
    Mellow, perfumed, and sweet,  
Where the field flowers were,  
    Golden grain-burdened wheat ;

Now frozen stiff ground,  
Like the joints of old age ;  
Hark ! creakings sound,  
Year's and life's close presage.

Flickering wood flame  
In the open wide hearth,  
What skill can claim  
Mystery of your birth ?

Who knows the way  
That our spirits go home ?  
Year, dying today,  
Tell us how new years come.

## THE QUEST

What have I seen and felt and known  
In compass of these written lines ?  
Do they express all ? Have they shown  
Source, destiny, the wide confines  
O'er which the mind and spirit went  
'Neath inspiration's urge, upon truth bent ?

Men's souls I knew through my own soul ;  
These, these, do they live most herein ?  
Do these indeed make up the whole ?—  
Being, faith, unfaith, proneness to sin ?  
Inspiration's hope enthroned on earth ?  
Divine Love giving human love new birth ?

In silence, unknown, I can wait,  
Nor strive, nor the clear call deny,  
Unsought by conscious mental state,  
Though answer to deep inward cry  
For Presence with me upon life's pathway,  
His peace, and for all peoples—e'en today.

## LIFE'S EVENTIDE

It is little, less than little,  
    Let it go,  
Be it only like the babble  
    And the flow  
Of the brook below the meadow—  
    Life I know.

Only seen in fleeting moments  
    On the wing,  
Like the melodies of childhood  
    Mothers sing,  
Snatches of old songs remembered—  
    Love's offering.

Once it grew to seeming greatness,  
    Boyhood's joy :  
Checked e'en then by impotence  
    Of a boy,  
Ambition, unfulfilled desire,  
    Fear's alloy

Limiting the opening powers,  
    E'en in play,  
Building castles, visioned day dreams ;  
    Manhood's day,  
Looked to for the great completions—  
    Slipped away !

Little is it ? Yet its blessings  
    All untold,  
Led by One ne'er foiled, defeated,  
    Will unfold  
Where all secrets of the present  
    Are unrolled.

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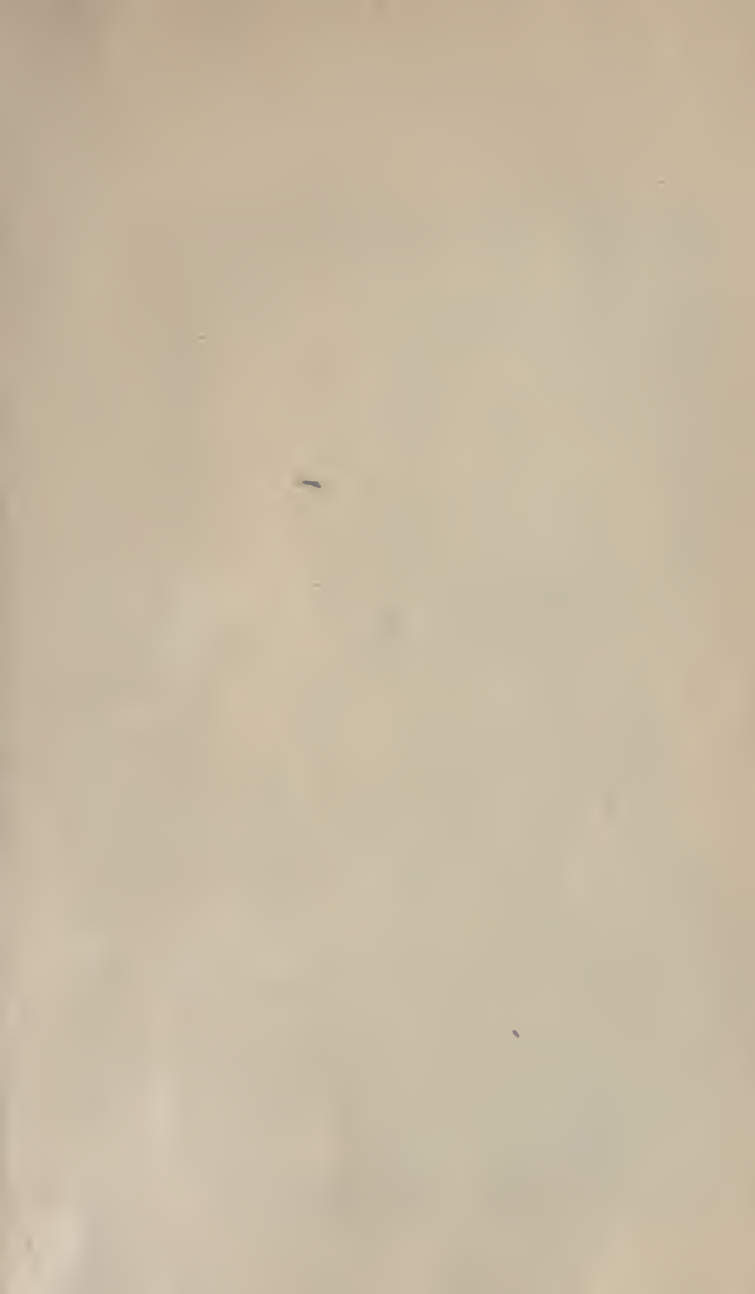
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